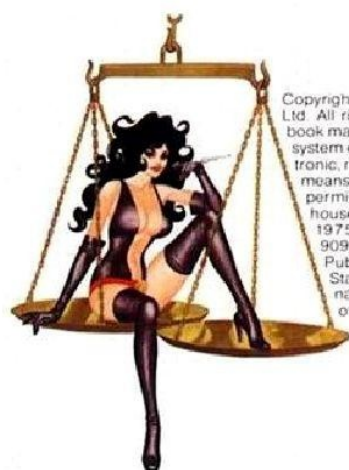


PENTHOUSE®

\$2.75
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OH, WICKED WANDA!



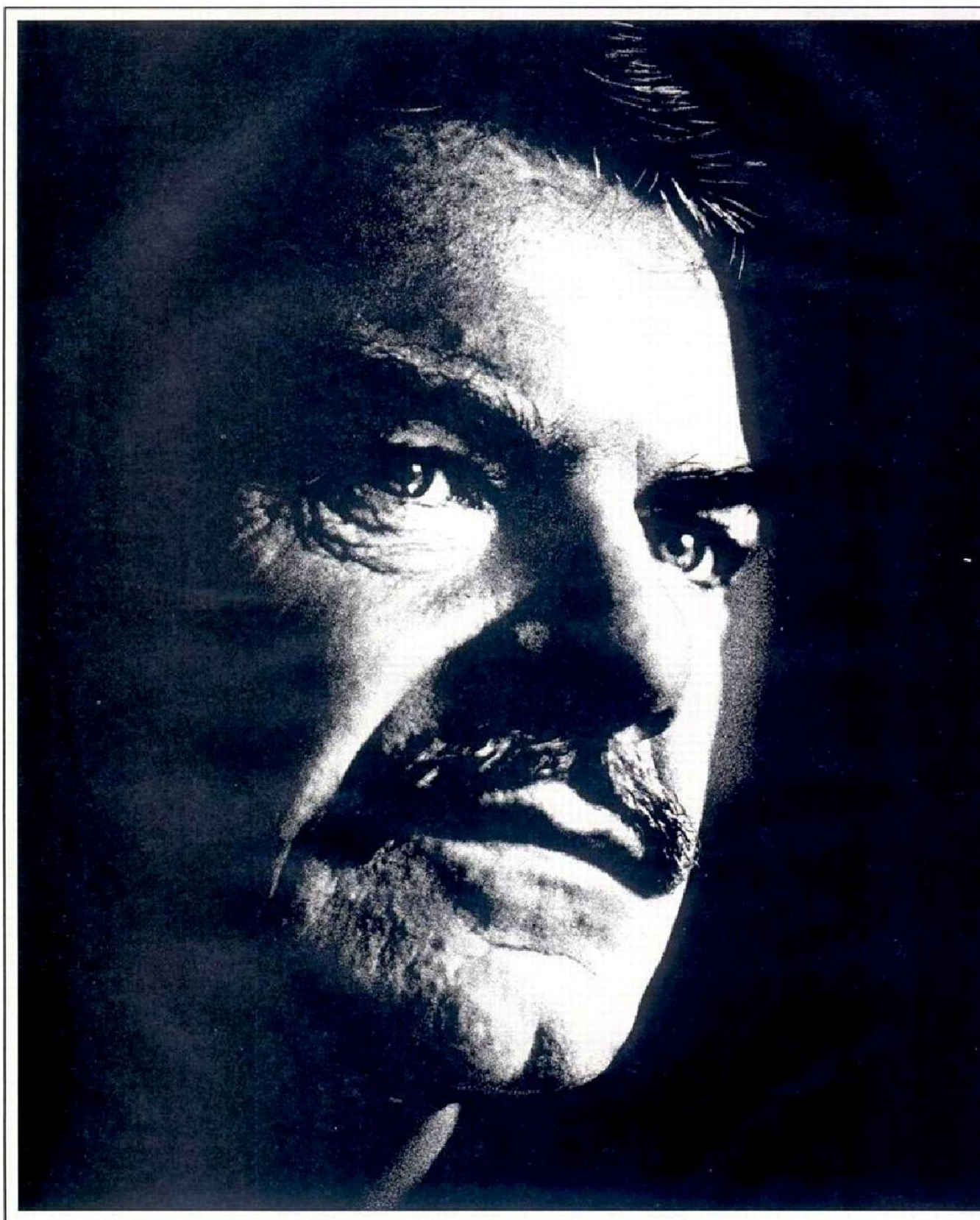


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OH, WICKED WANDA!

Hold on to your heads as the most explosive heroine of the twentieth century whips across your brains. Wry, whimsical and wet, her bizarre adventures romp across the dark corners of the imagination, lighting flames to keep you hot and squirmy through many a winter night. Turn the page and leap into erotic fantasy unsurpassed...





PENTHOUSE

Born in London and launched upon a brilliant writing career with his first job as a journalist on India's "Statesman of Calcutta," Frederic Mulally hit his stride in 1945 when Aneurin Bevan, the man responsible for instituting England's National Health Service, invited him to edit the left wing paper "Tribune." Within two years, leading newspaperman Hugh Cudlipp gave him his own political column in "The Sunday Pictorial." By then he had already written, in collaboration with Labor MP Fenner Brockway, the political best-seller "Death Pays a Dividend." He followed this up with "Fascism In England" to establish himself as one of the leading political writers of the late 1940s and early 50s.

His first novel, "Danse Macabre," became an immediate bestseller, which he followed with another, "Man With a Tin Trumpet." Four more novels, mixtures of sex, suspense, politics, and foreign travel, came out in regular succession. His most recent work, the semi-autobiographical "Clancy," was published in 1971 and dramatized in five parts by BBC Television.

He now lives in Malta and devotes his considerable talent to scripting "Oh Wicked Wanda."



H

e was born in London in 1930, and began his career in fits and starts, as he puts it, "studying art sporadically." However, his natural creativity and talent overcame a tendency to drift, and in 1960 he was elected a member of The Royal Institute of Oil Painters.

His paintings have had numerous exhibitions in Europe, the United States and Australia, winning a large number of prizes.

Ron Embleton's work has also ranged into the fields of graphics and commercial design, and he has "illustrated more books and magazines than I care to remember." Foremost among these was the "Wulf the Briton" strip he drew in the 1950s for the now defunct "Express Weekly." This was one of the first cartoon strips to be executed in paint and is now a collector's item.

In addition to continuing his painting and design careers, Mr. Embleton now lends his extraordinary talent to the drawing of "Oh Wicked Wanda," transforming the cartoon concept into a vehicle for his flamboyant gifts as an artist.





THE PLAYERS

Six masters of sex in search of a scene

GERMAN GRRR—Commander of PIF (Puss International Force), Wanda's private army of butch-dikes, of which Candyfloss is the Adjutant-Genital. She matches wits with the feared Henry Kissandrun and the fiery Jane Fondle.



J. HOOVER GRUD—Wanda's jailer, a master of implements of torture. His deformed body houses the brain of a brilliant thinker and so falling into his hands becomes a hideously intellectual experience.

WALTER VON KREESUS—The most lascivious and degenerate man who ever lived... Wanda's father, the originator of the castle's lists of erotic horror. Now dead, his perfectly preserved body oversees the salacious capers of his depraved daughter.

WANDA VON KREESUS — Hot, hip, raunchy and wild. And with untold millions to carry out every last debauched fantasy her feverish brain can conjure up. The passionate, cruel and tender mistress every man has dreamed of.



HOMER SAPIENS — The castle's evil resident mad genius, capable of inventing the most diabolical instruments for Wanda to carry out her complex schemes of lust and adventure. The air continually crackles with his insane laughter.

CANDYFLOSS — Wanda's soft and cuddly blonde nymphet, always ready, always eager, with puppydog eyes and a body like melted butter and whipped cream. She knows a thousand variations with her tongue alone.

OH, WICKED WANDA!

AS AN UNEXPECTING WORLD GOES ABOUT ITS PALTRY AFFAIRS, WANDA VON KRESUS — HEIRESS TO HER KING-GNOME FATHER'S INCALCULABLE MILLIONS AND ALL BUT ONE OF HER DISEASED MOTHER'S UNIMAGINABLE VICES — LOLS IN THE PINK BOUDOIR OF HER SINISTER SCHLOSS ON LAKE ZURICH. CANDYFLOSS, HER NYMPHET ACCOMPLICE, AND HOMER SAPIENS, HER RESIDENT EGGHEAD, ARE DOING THEIR RESPECTIVE OWN THING, WHILE HER CHIEF JAILER, THE ODIIOUS J. HOOVER GRUP, STANDS BY FOR THE NOCTURNAL WORKOUT

WHAT'S THAT HORRIBLE RACKET OUT THERE?

MMMM... TASTES DELICIOUS!

SOUNDS LIKE THE DOGS ARE EATING AGAIN

KERUNCH

AAAGH!

SHAR!

ROAR

ANOTHER DRAGGY DAY COMING UP FOR LIL' CANDYFLOSS AND ME WONDER WHAT THE ORDINARY FOLKS ARE DOING FOR KICKS?

LOOK, WANDA! JUST AS WE ALWAYS SUSPECTED!

by *Frederic Mullally*
and *Ben Embleton*

ANOTHER LATE START... MAYBE I OUGHT GET IN THERE AND START WARMING UP SOME OF THOSE BLACK HIDES FOR THE MISTRESS

ABANDON HOPE ALL MEN FINKS WHO ENTER HERE

THAT WAS WONDERFUL, PLUTO, MY NEW SENSOR MONITORING DEVICE WORKS PERFECTLY I COULD TASTE EVERY YUMMY MOUTHFUL!

"FLOAT LIKE A BUTTERFLY, STING LIKE A BEE..." WHO DID HE THINK HE WAS KIDDING? SO WHAT'S NEXT ON THE MENU?

THAT NUTTY MURALIST YOU HIRED TO DECORATE YOUR OLD MAN'S PRIVATE CHAPEL ... YOU WANNA SEE HOW IT'S GOING?

OKAY—BUT THE CHAMP OUGHT TO HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT FIRST. RUSSCAKE. WHAT DO YOU SAY?

I SAY THERE'S NOTHING LIKE BLOWING ONE'S OWN STRUMPET, DARLING

GROAN







ABOARD ONE OF THE
VON KREESUS EXECUTIVE
JETS, RETURNING OUR
DISAPPOINTED HEROINES
TO THE SCHLOSS.

LOOK, CAP'N—ISN'T
THAT ONE OF
THOSE DUTCH
DIKES DOWN THERE?

NEGATIVE.
COMMANDER
WANDA'S GOT 'EM
ALL SIGNED UP
TO HER PUSS
CORPS

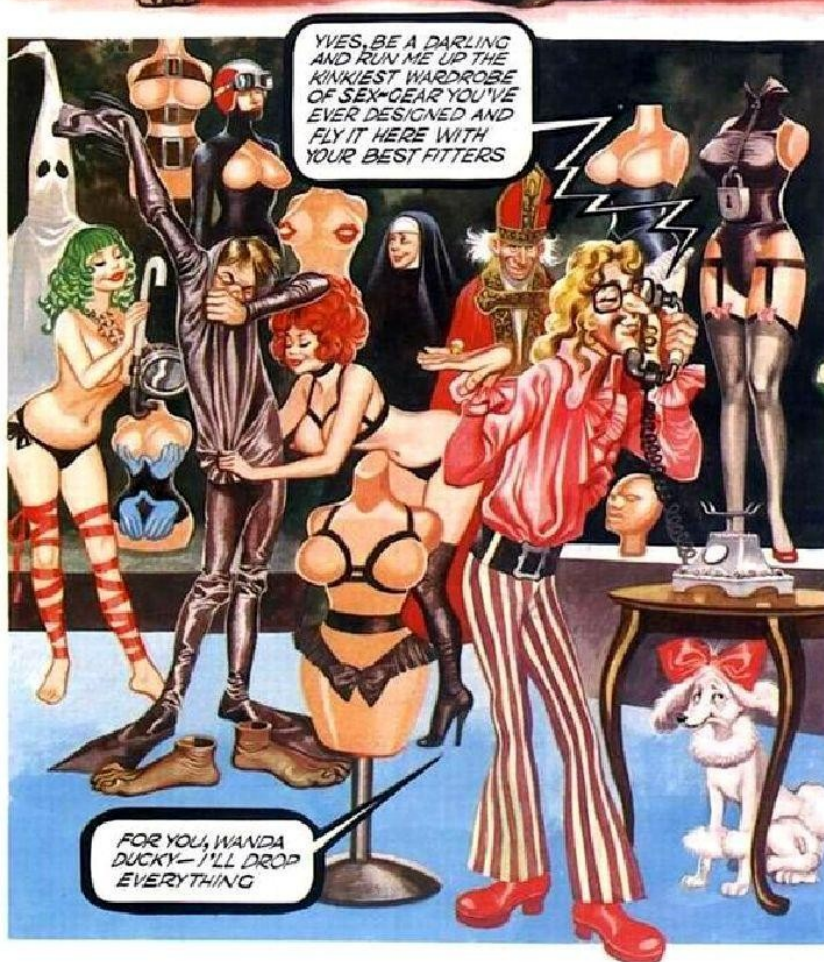
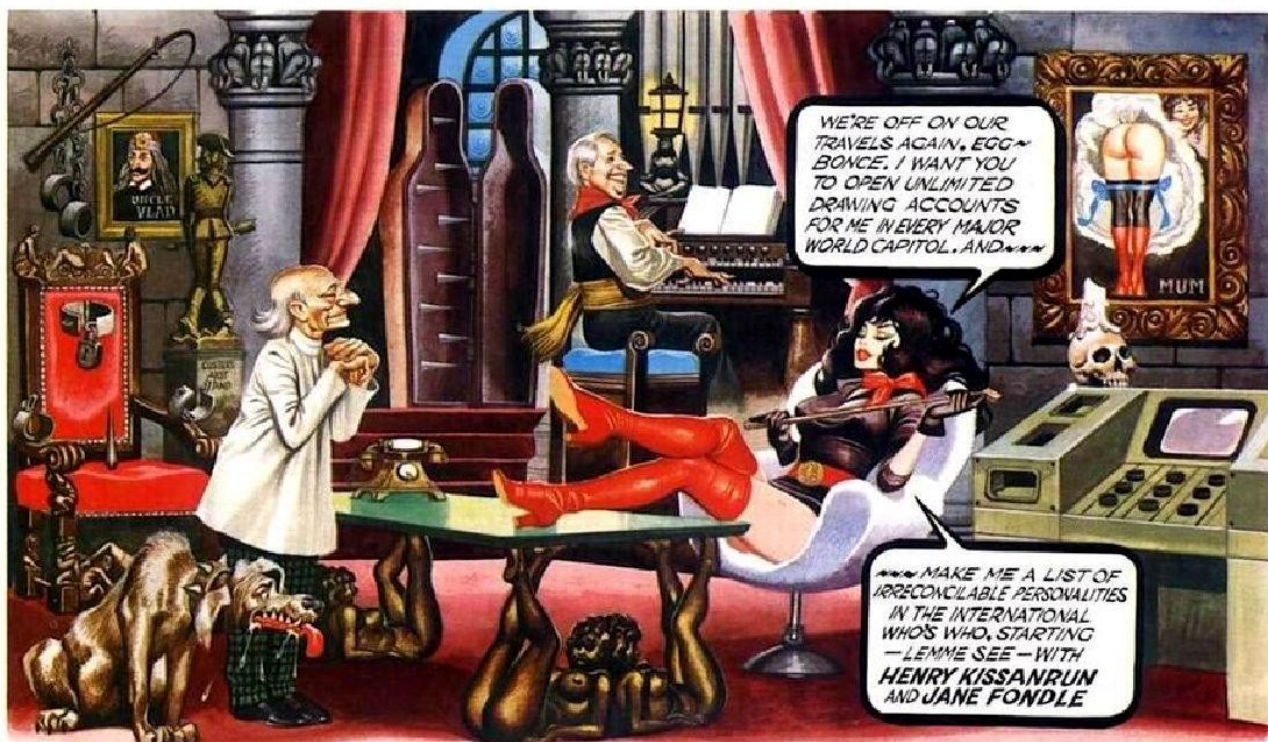
THAT TUSSAUD'S WAS
A REAL DRAG. WHO
WANTS A BUNCH OF WAX
DUMMIES? IF I GO INTO
THIS THING, IT'S GOTTA
BE THE AUTHENTIC
LIVING FLESH, HONEYPOT

I'M TALKING ABOUT
PEOPLE, YOU NUTTER!
OUR OWN UNIQUE
MUSEUM OF HUMAN
APES—LIVING TABLEAUX
OF TOP PERSONALITIES. HOW
DOES THAT GRAB YOU?

SUPER! CAN WE
START WITH BURT
REYNOLDS—OR
THE RED ARMY
CHOIR—OR...??

GREAT, BOO'FUL. IT'S
LIKE I KEEP SAYING
— WHY DON'T YOU
TRY THE **REAL THING**
FOR A CHANCE

IF YOU DON'T
CONCENTRATE
ON THE JOB IN
HAND, PUSSCAKE,
WE'LL BE STARTING
OFF WITH **GENERAL
AMIN!**



ON THE PARADE GROUND, WANDA BEGINS HER INSPECTION WITH THE DISCIPLINARY RITUAL SO EAGERLY LOOKED FORWARD TO BY HER PRIVATE ARMY OF BUTCH+DIKES, THE PIF (PUSS INTERNATIONAL FORCE) OF WHICH SHE IS THE PIFCO.

HEY! THIS IS YOUR SECOND TIME AROUND!

NUTS!

COMRADES! TODAY YOUR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IS OFF ON A NEW ADVENTURE WITH HER ADJUTANT+GENITAL, CANDYFLOSS. SOME OF YOU WILL HAVE A PART TO PLAY IN IT, NO DOUBT. MEANTIME, WHILE YOU AWAIT MY CALL, YOU WILL FAITHFULLY OBSERVE YOUR PUSS FORCE DUTY WHICH IS TO **THINK WICKED** AND **NEVER GIVE A MALE SUCKER AN EVENINGS BREAK** OR AS OLIVER CROMWELL ALMOST SAID, "PUT YOUR TRUST IN THE LEWD BUT KEEP YOUR PUDENDA DRY"!

SHOULDERS BACK!

EXHIBITIONIST!

AND WITH THAT ROUSING ORDURE OF THE DAY WE SAY "BON VOYEURAGE!" AND "VAYA CON DILDOS!" TO THE TERRIBLE TWOSOME. DON'T MISS THEIR ABOMINABLE SEXPLOITS IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

OH, WICKED WANDA!

WITH THE GRIM SILHOUETTE OF THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS FADING IN THE DISTANCE, WANDA GUNS HER NEWEST TOY—A CUSTOM-BUILT ORIGINAL 160-MPH SUPO DELECTO PENISO FLAGRANTE—TOWARDS THE SWISS FRONTIER AND THE START OF HER BIZARRE NEW ADVENTURES; A WORLDWIDE QUEST FOR 'TABLEAUX VIVANTS' WITH WHICH TO FURNISH HER PRIVATE

MUSEUM OF MISFITS

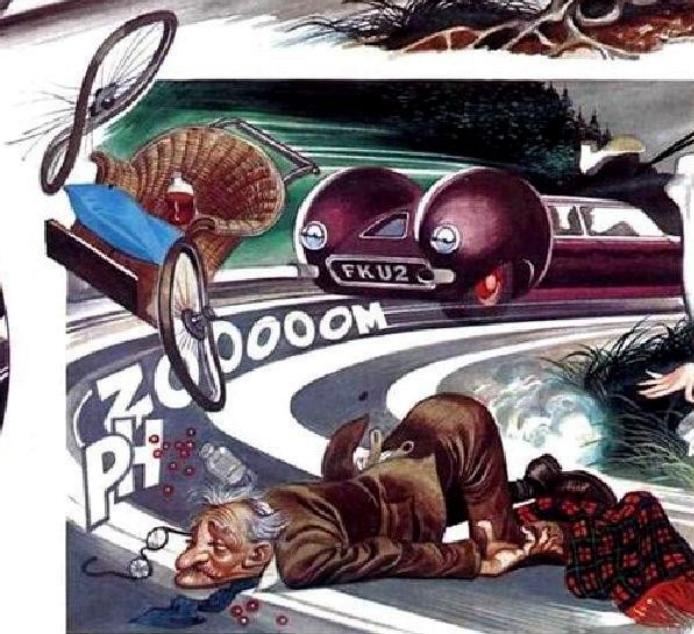
IT'S ALL THERE IN THAT INTERNATIONAL EDITION OF THE HERALD TRIBUNE, CANDYFLOSS—UNDER THE HEADING "CYRIL BLUE-STOCKING LICKS BRIGITTE BIDET IN FILM BAR"

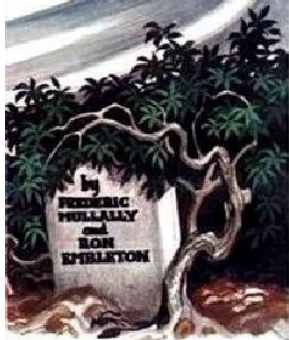
SOME SELF-APPOINTED BRITISH PORNOPHOBES, THANKS TO 'DEAR CYRIL' BIDET'S LATEST PICTURE, "BLOW ME SENSELESS" HAS BEEN BANNED FROM THE CINEMAS

SO B.B GETS LICKED. SO WHAT ELSE ISN'T NEW? ANYWAY, WHO'S THIS BLUESTOCKING CAT?

SHE'S HOPPING MAD AT HIM—WHICH IS WHERE WE COME IN!

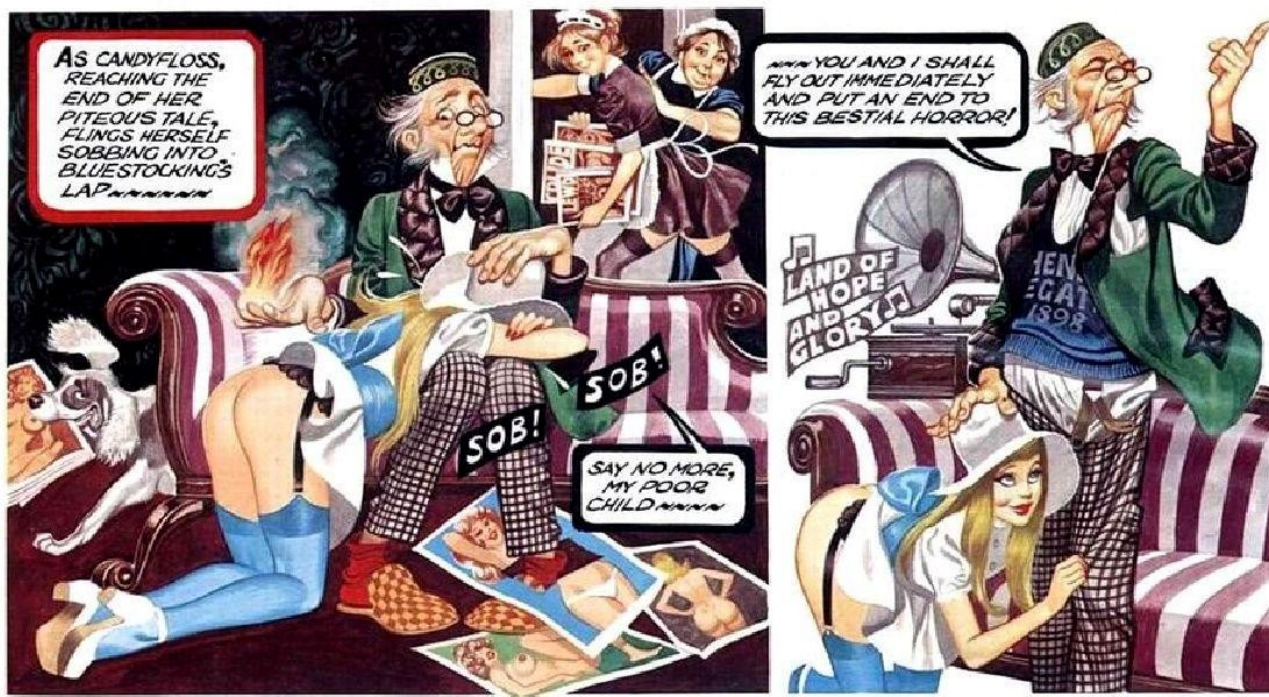
THAT'S REAL JUICY, BOO'FUL, FILL ME IN SOME MORE!



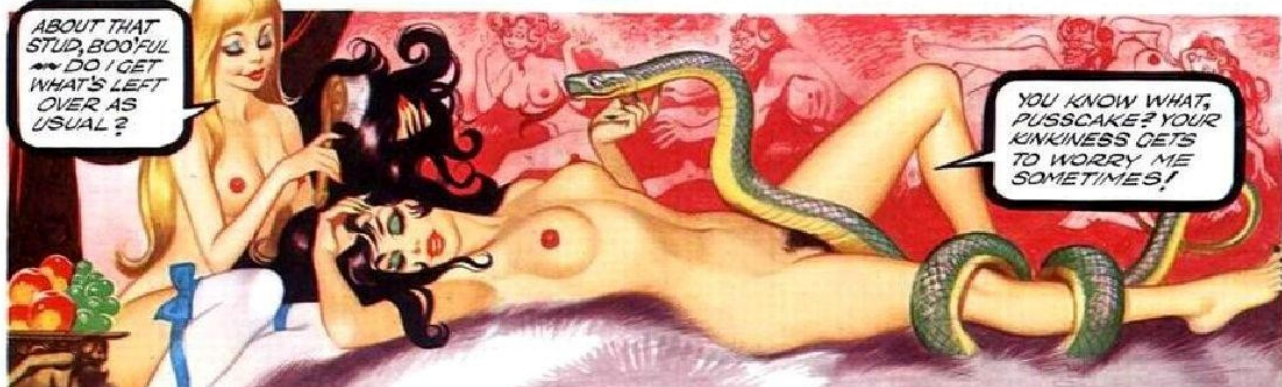














HEARD THAT YOU AND
BIDET SHARE A SECRET
LOVE NEST ON THE CHAMPS
ELYSEE... WELL, CONSIDER
THIS YOUR LAST TANGLE
IN PARIS, MR BLONDO!

THE INJECTIONS
WORKED
PERFECTLY.
MISS WANDA.
CARE TO
TAKE A LOOK
AT OUR FIRST
EXHIBIT?

A MASTERPIECE,
HOMER! HOW
LONG WILL THEY
STAY FROZEN?

UNTIL YOU DECIDE
TO RESUSCITATE
THEM. OUGHT TO
BE A REAL GIGGLE,
HEIN?

RESERVED

SIGH!

BEHOLD
THE COMING
OF THE
LORD!

SLAVER

ROO



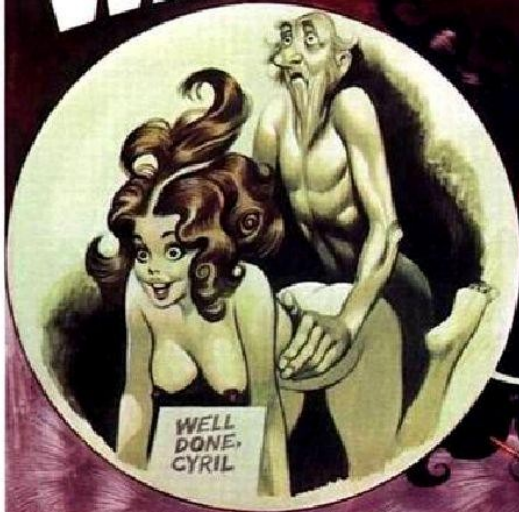
A PERFECT
ENDING TO A
PERFECT DAY,
WANDA HONEY.

BUT WHAT HORRENDOUS,
CRIMINALLY PATHOLOGICAL
AND SENSELESSLY
DELICIOUS CAPER ARE
YOU COOKING UP FOR
OUR NEXT BIG NUMBER?



SOMETHING, MY
LITTLE FRUITCAKE,
THAT MIGHT
SURPRISE EVEN
YOU

OH WICKED WANDA!



IN PURSUIT OF A GHOUlish WHIM, THE WORLD'S RICHEST AND WANTONEST HELLRAISER, WANDA VON KREESUS, IS ASSEMBLING A BIZARRE MUSEUM OF FROZEN-ALIVE MISFITS IN THE CHAPEL OF HER SINISTER SCHLOSS ON LAKE ZURICH. BRITISH PORNOPHOBE CYRIL BLUESTOCKING AND FILM ACTRESS BRIGITTE BIDET, WERE THE FIRST VICTIMS OF WANDA'S PERVERSED HUMOUR. IT'S GONNA GET WORSE.

I WAS MIMING THINKING, WANDA HOW ABOUT A COUPLA SLURP OF POLITICIANS FOR THE MUSEUM?

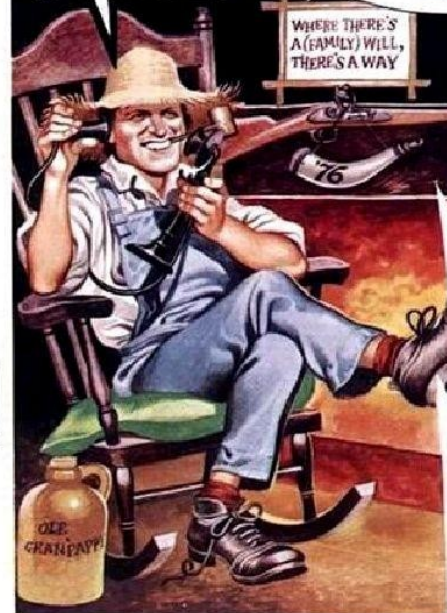
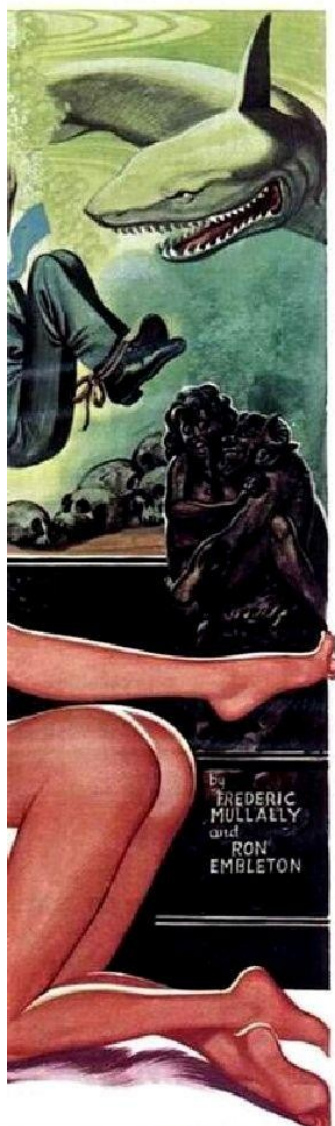
OKAY, WE'LL COUPLE 'EM WITH--LENNE SEE--LITTLE ANNIE UN-FUNNY AND THAT FRENCH RAYER FROM 'LUST BANG-O IN PARIS'--ANAL-MARIA SCHMIEREN

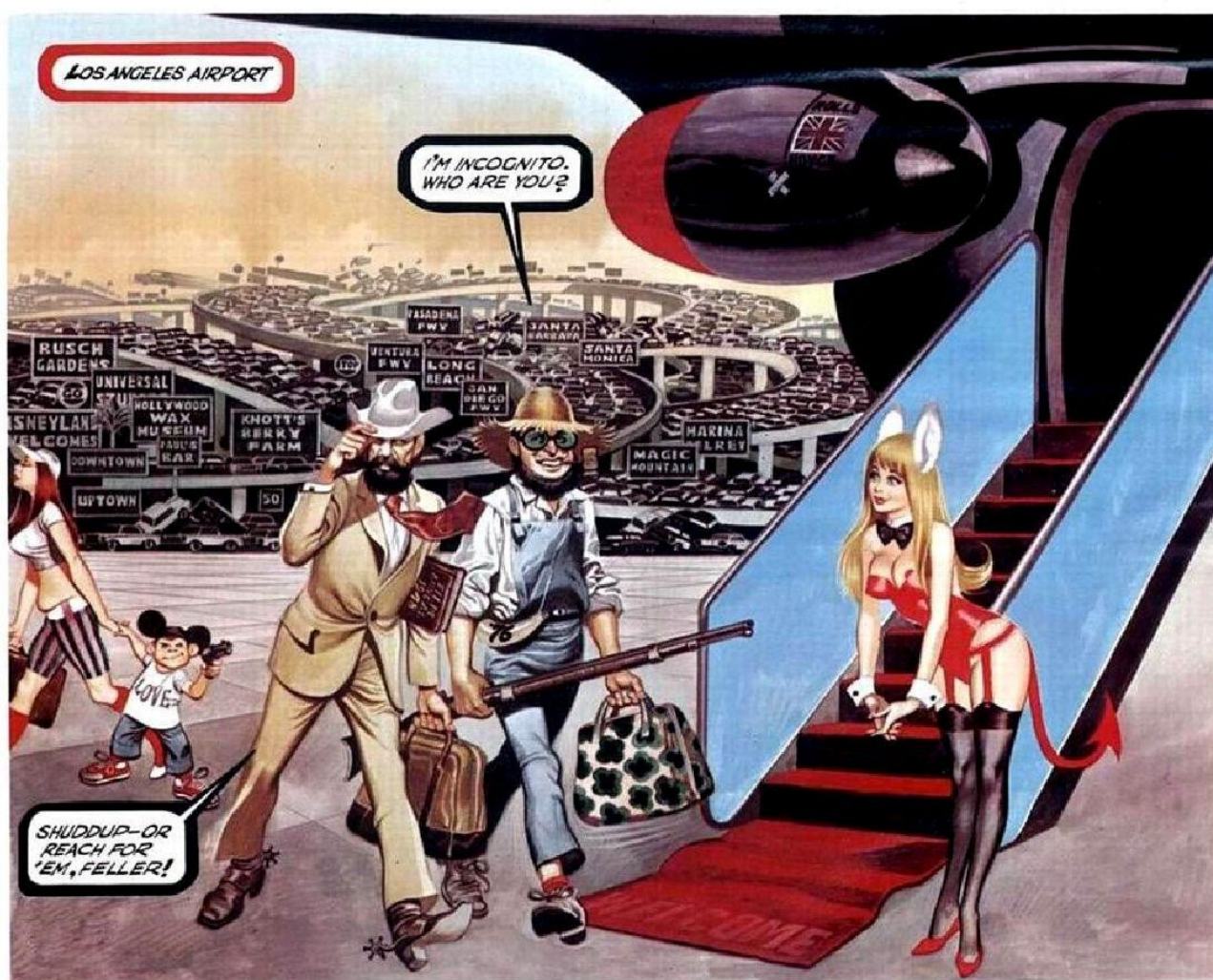
SCHMIEREN? ISN'T THAT THE GERMAN VERB FOR 'TO GREASE OR LUBRICATE'?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TEACH ME GERMAN, PUSSCAKE

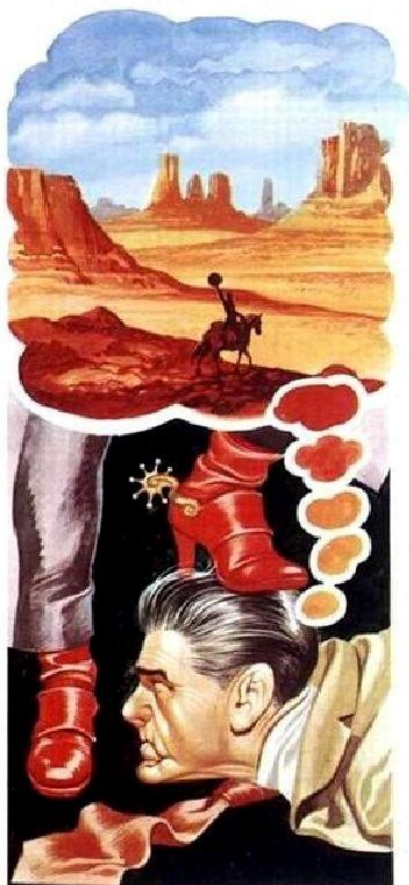
BACK TO THE POLITICIANS--HOW ABOUT GOVERNOR REEKIN', THE SCOURGE OF THE CALIFORNICATES, AND SENATOR BEDWELL CLEVERLY?

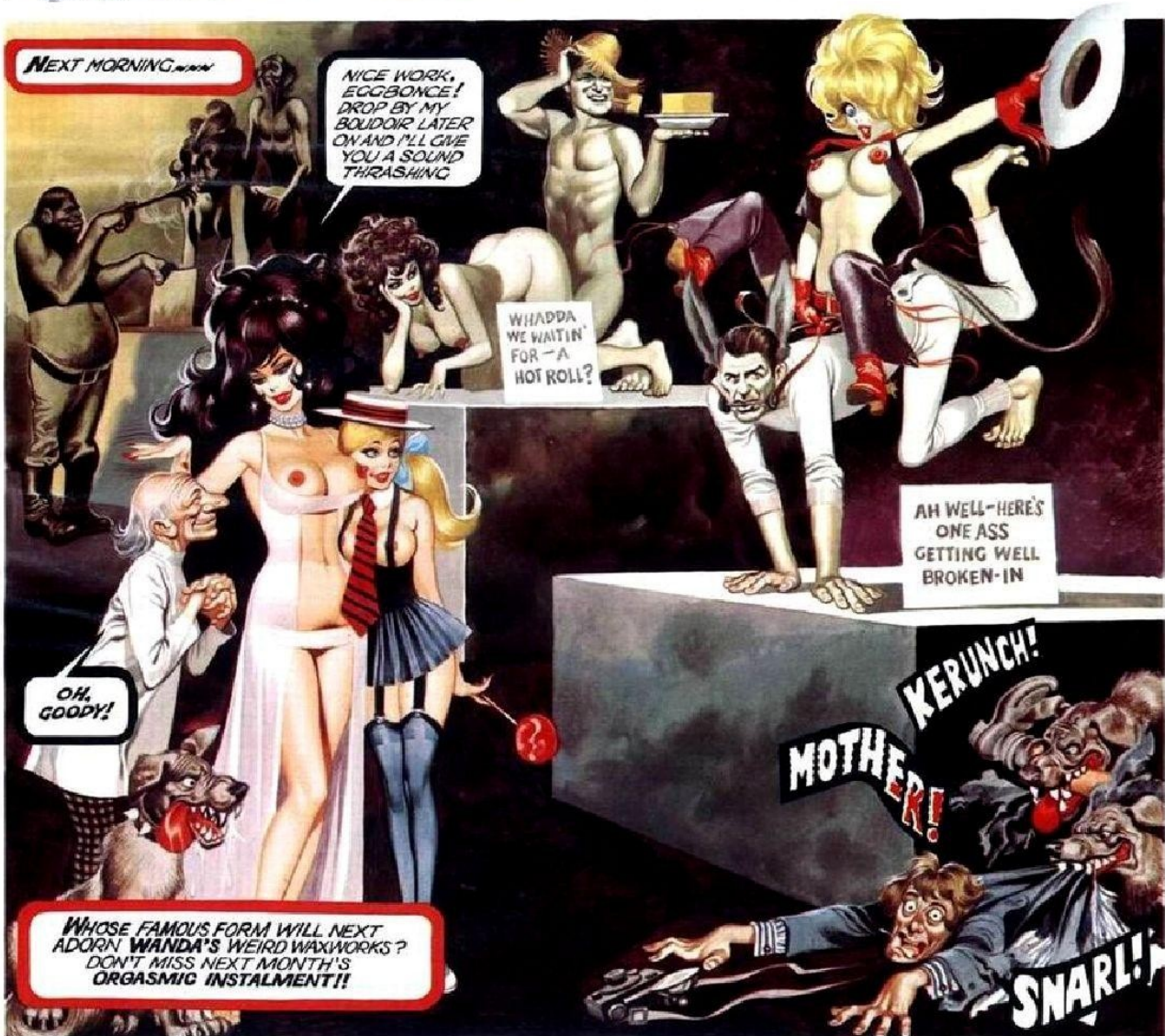
SOMETHING'S DAWNING. I'LL PUT HOMER SAPIENS TO WORK ON IT









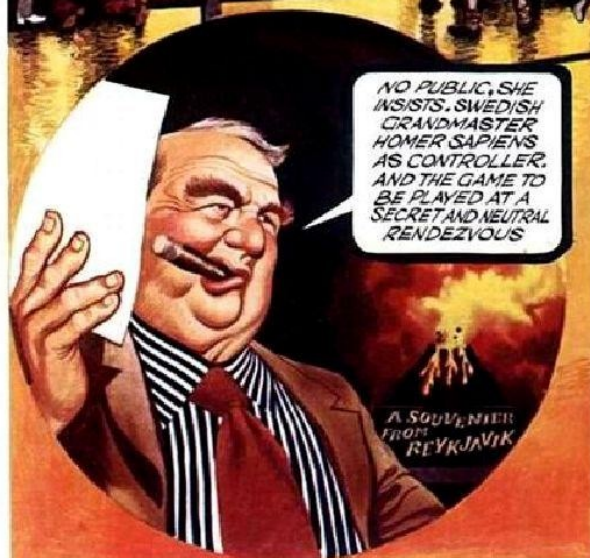
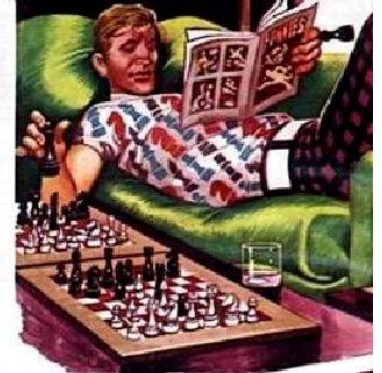


OH, WICKED WANDA!

♪ EAST SIDE ^{AND} WEST SIDE ♪

HIGH ABOVE THE HEART-THROB OF THE CITY, IN THE AIR-CONDITIONED APARTMENT OF BERNIE FISHFINGER, ARGUABLY THE GREATEST CHESS PLAYER IN THE WORLD...

HEY, BERNIE—HOW ABOUT THIS? SOME CRAZY BROAD NAMED TANYA IVANOVNA IS CHALLENGING YOU TO ONE GAME, WIN OR LOSE, FOR A MILLION DOLLARS!



NO PUBLIC, SHE INSISTS, SWEDISH GRANDMASTER HOMER SAPIENS AS CONTROLLER, AND THE GAME TO BE PLAYED AT A SECRET AND NEUTRAL RENDEZVOUS

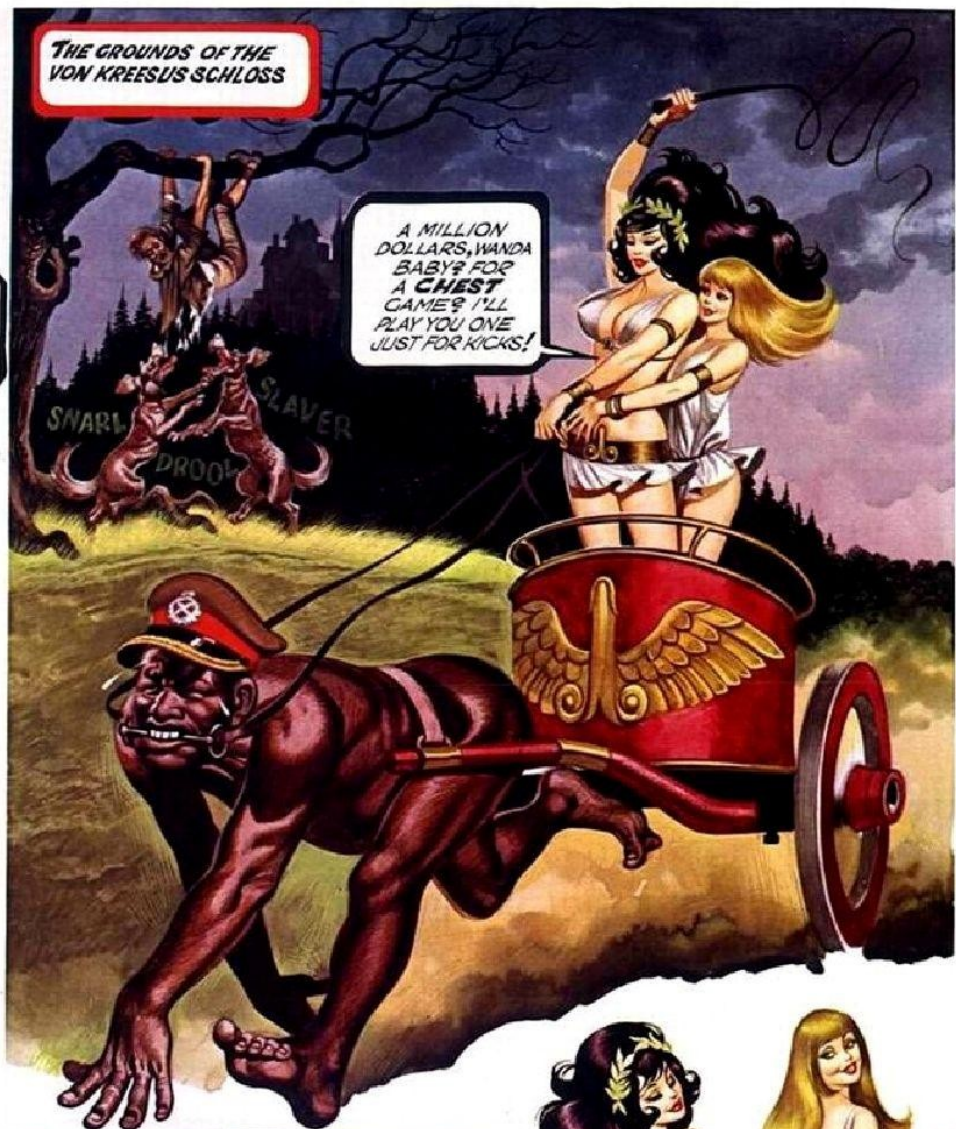
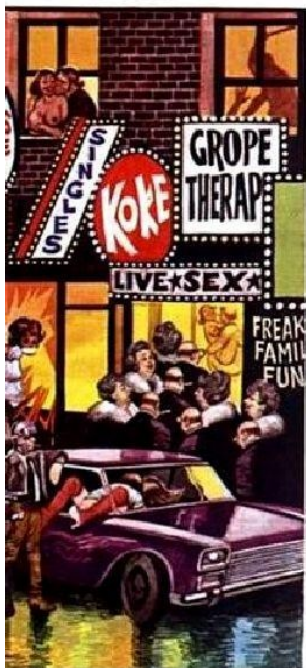
A SOUVENIR FROM REYKJAVIK



IT REEKS OF GUILE AND CHICANERY—SO I LIKE IT! TELL HER TO HAVE THE STAKE IN THOUSAND DOLLAR BILLS, AND GET THE WHITE HOUSE TO GIMME PROTECTION...

CHECK CHECK and CHECK

THAT'S MY BOY!





A CHALET IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS, A WEEK LATER



THAT

EVENING, THE MILLION DOLLAR CHALLENGER MAKES HER FIRST APPEARANCE



THE GAME BEGINS

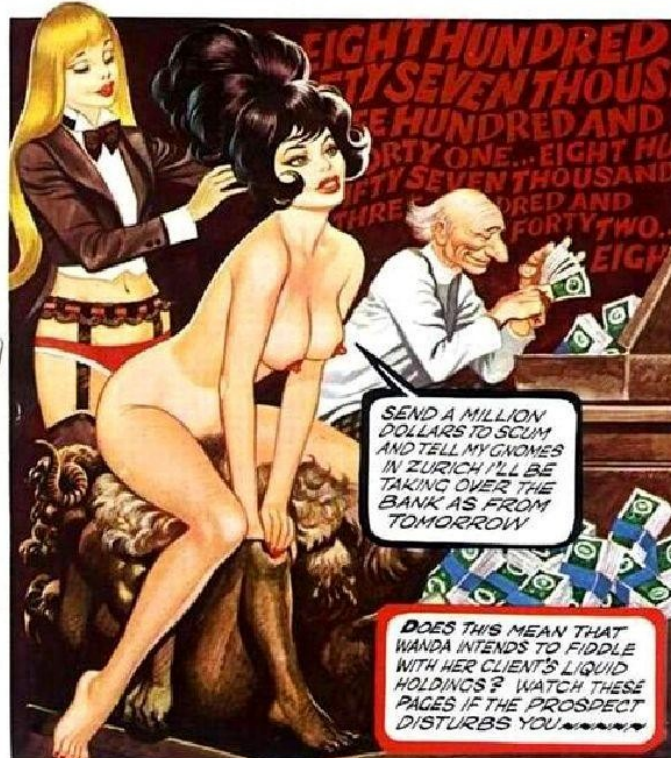


BUT AS FISHFINGER'S 'HEAVIES' MAKE THEIR EXIT FROM THE CHALET, WANDA'S INTREPID PUSS FORCE SWINGS INTO ACTION

CEASE FIRE!



ESCORT FISHFINGER TO THE SCHLOSS AND INFORM MY VALIANT PUSS COMMANDOS THEY'LL BE AWARDED THREE STRIPES EACH ON MY RETURN



OH, WICKED WANDA!

**WANDA WANTS MARTIN BORMANN
TO MATE WITH BERNIE FISHFINGER
IN HER MUSEUM OF (FROZEN)
MISFITS. FISHFINGER IS IN THE
BAG. AN EMISSARY FROM THE
FORMER NAZI LEADER PRESENTS
HIMSELF AT ONE OF WANDA'S
SWISS BANKS.**



CORDE

**WASTE
PAPE**



MY FÜHRER WISHES
TO KNOW WHY YOU
HAVE FROZEN HIS
LIQUID ASSETS?

**A VAULT IMMEDIATELY
BELOW THE PRESIDENT'S
OFFICE *******

EEH.

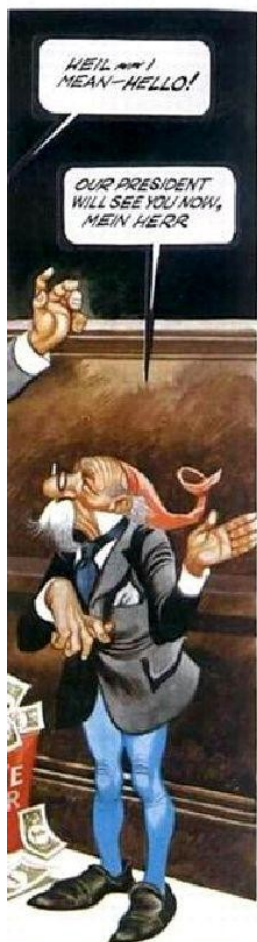
IF THEY WON'T GIVE
IT TO US—WE'LL
GET IT OURSELVES!

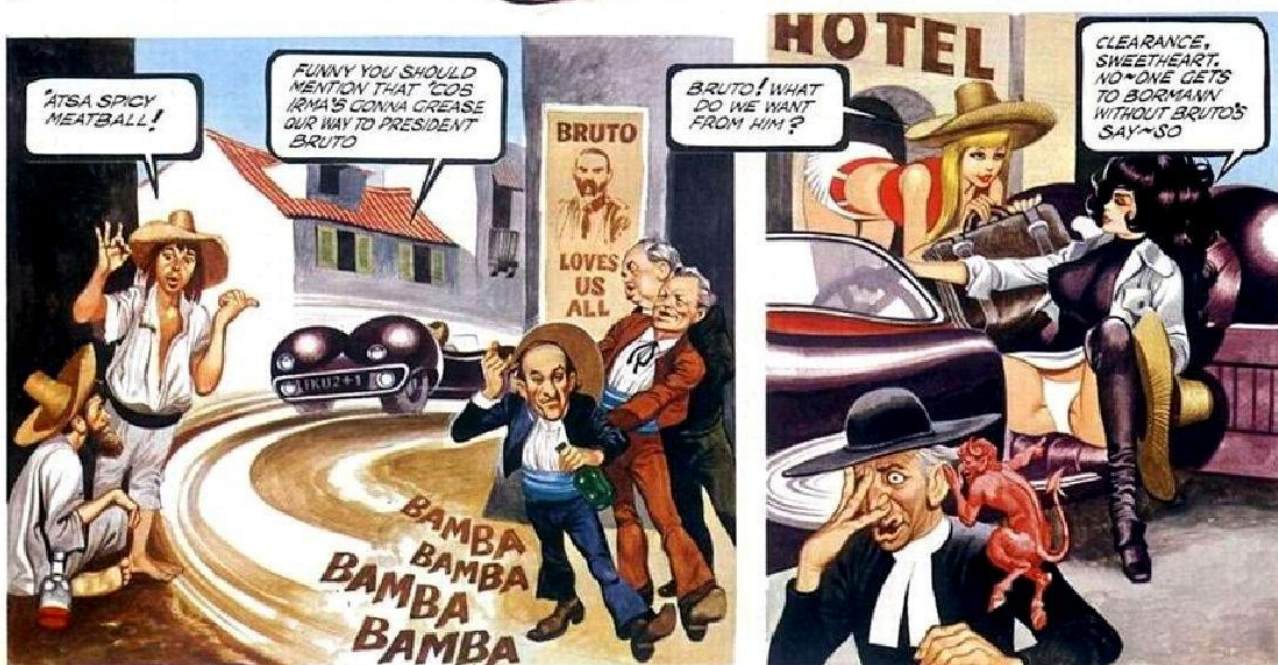
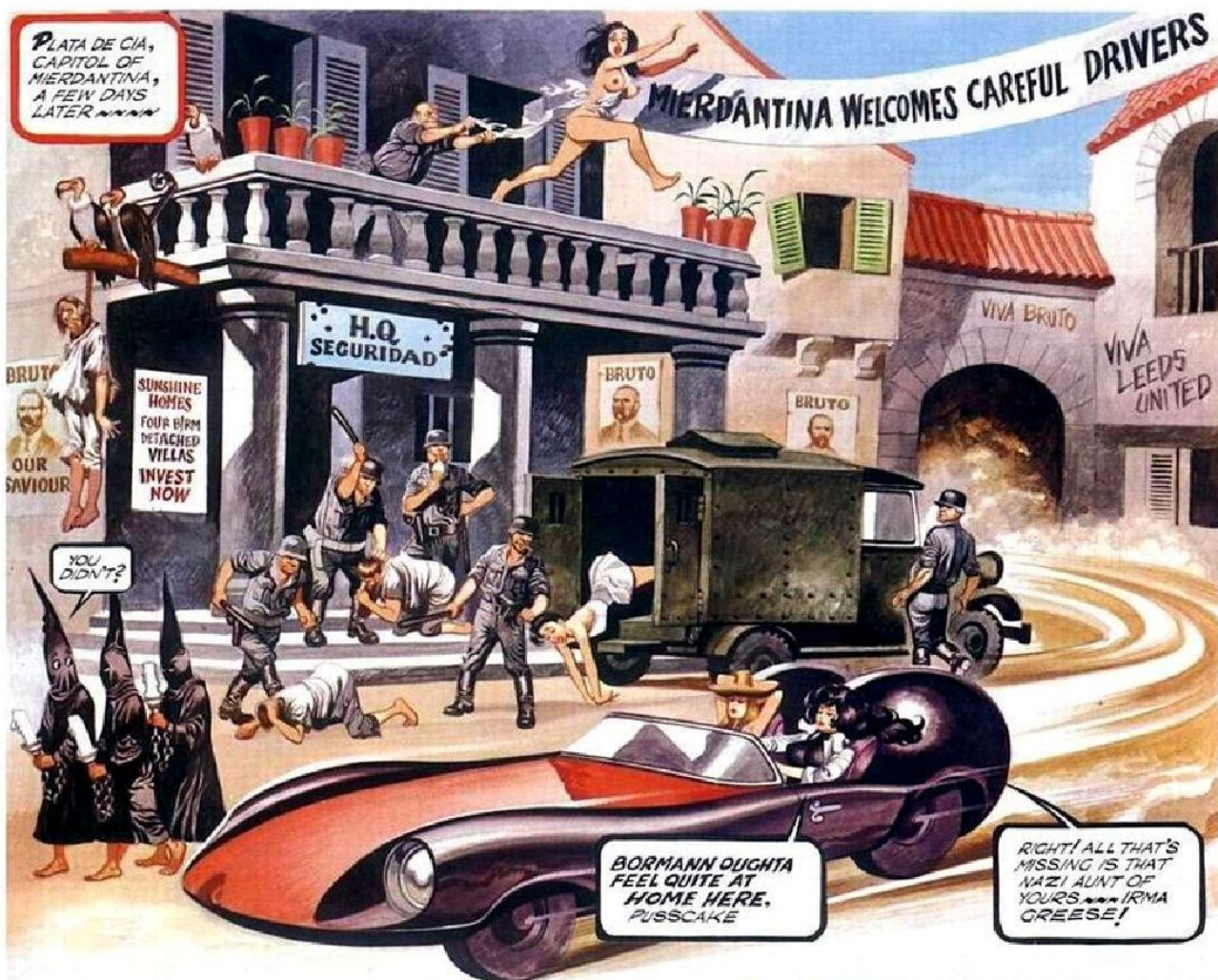
**INFLATION
POLICY**

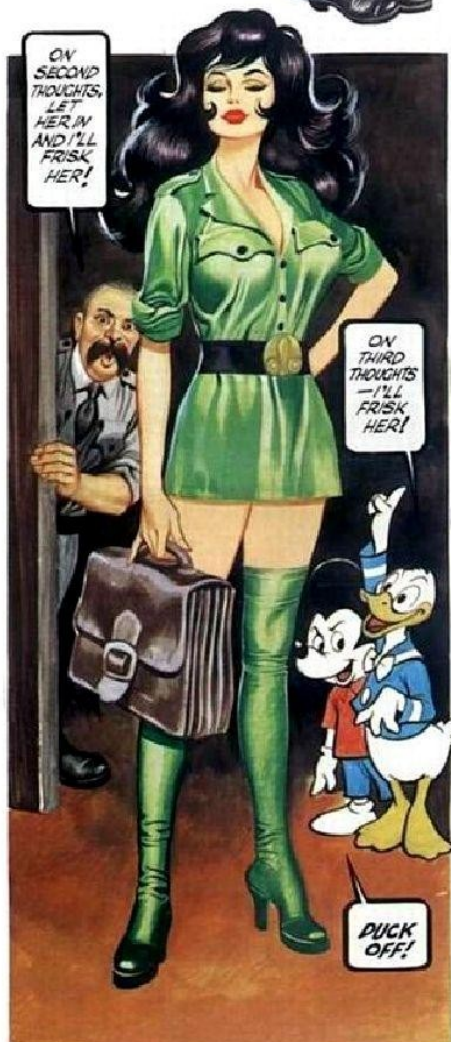
LAUGHS

CHANNEL
TUNNEL
SCHEME

CLICK











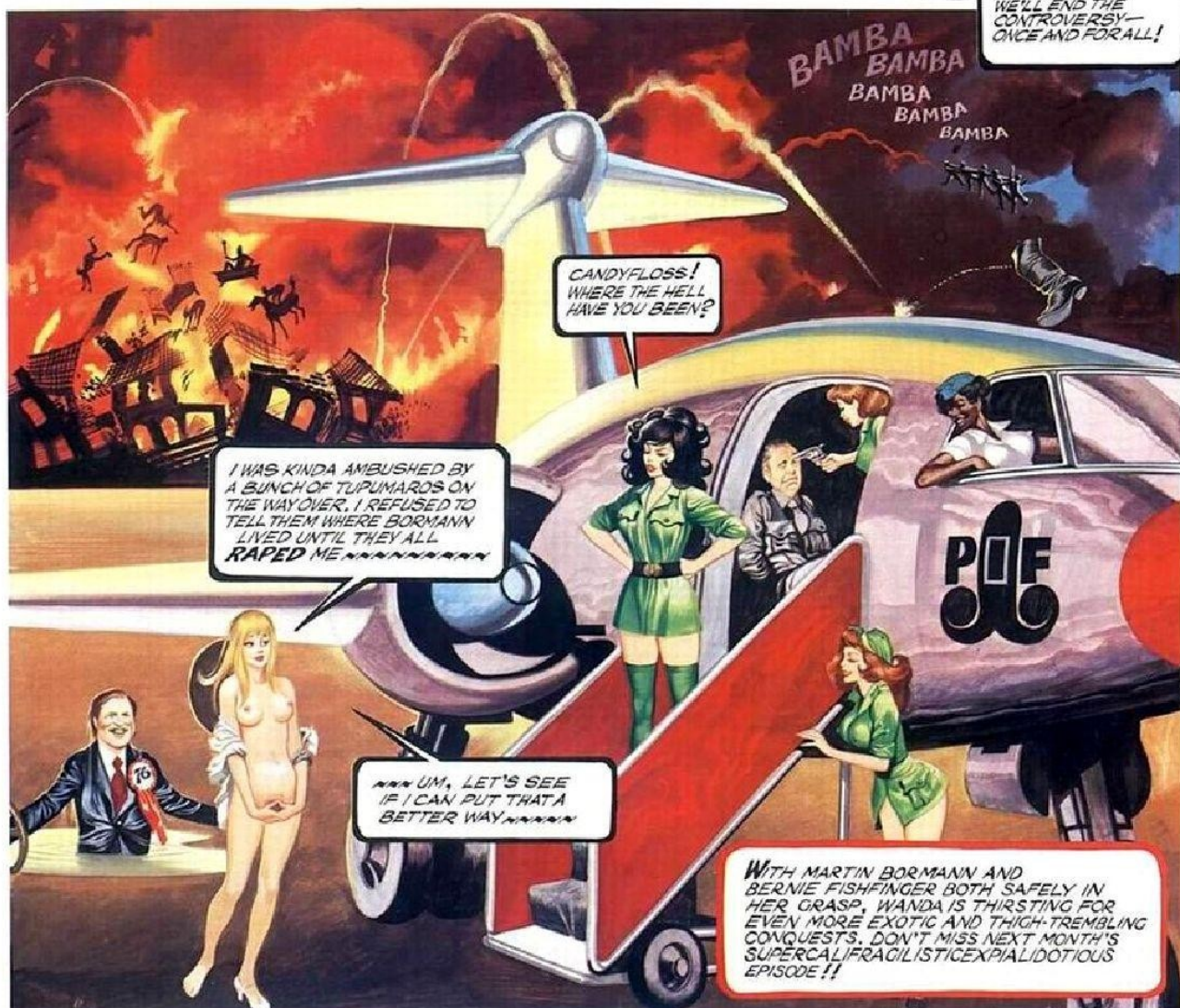
AFTER ABOUT ANOTHER TEN LASHES, I GUESS!

THE ENTRANCE TO BORMANN'S PRIVATE AIRSTRIP



INFORM CONTROL TO GIVE CLEARANCE TO THAT JET CIRCLING UP THERE!

ONE WRONG MOVE, BORMANN—AND WE'LL END THE CONTROVERSY—ONCE AND FOR ALL!



BAMBA
BAMBA
BAMBA
BAMBA
BAMBA

CANDYFLOSS! WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN?

I WAS KINDA AMBUSHED BY A BUNCH OF TUPUMAROS ON THE WAY OVER. I REFUSED TO TELL THEM WHERE BORMANN LIVED UNTIL THEY ALL RAPED ME

UM, LET'S SEE IF I CAN PUT THAT A BETTER WAY

WITH MARTIN BORMANN AND BERNIE FISHFINGER BOTH SAFELY IN HER GRASP, WANDA IS THIRSTING FOR EVEN MORE EXOTIC AND THIGH-TREMBLING CONQUESTS. DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPIALDOTIOUS EPISODE !!

OH, WICKED WANDA!

IN PURSUIT OF A GHOULISH WHIM, WANDA IS ASSEMBLING A BIZARRE MUSEUM OF MISFITS IN THE PRIVATE CHAPEL OF HER SCHLOSS ON LAKE ZURICH. BRITISH PORNOPHORE, CYRIL BLUESTOCKING AND BRIGITTE BIDET, MARTIN BORMANN AND CHESS CHAMPION BERNIE FISHFINGER ARE AMONG A GROWING LIST OF CELEBRITIES THAT HAVE ALREADY BEEN FROZEN ALIVE TO PROVIDE COMPANY FOR WANDA'S EMBALMED FATHER, KING-GNOME WALTER VON KREESUS. IT'S GONNA GET WORSE.

SCENE: OLD WALTER'S TROPHY ROOM--A STOREHOUSE OF THE OLD MAN'S YOUTHFUL MEMORIES

WELL-- DO YOU LIKE IT?

PERCY! COME ON OUTTA THERE

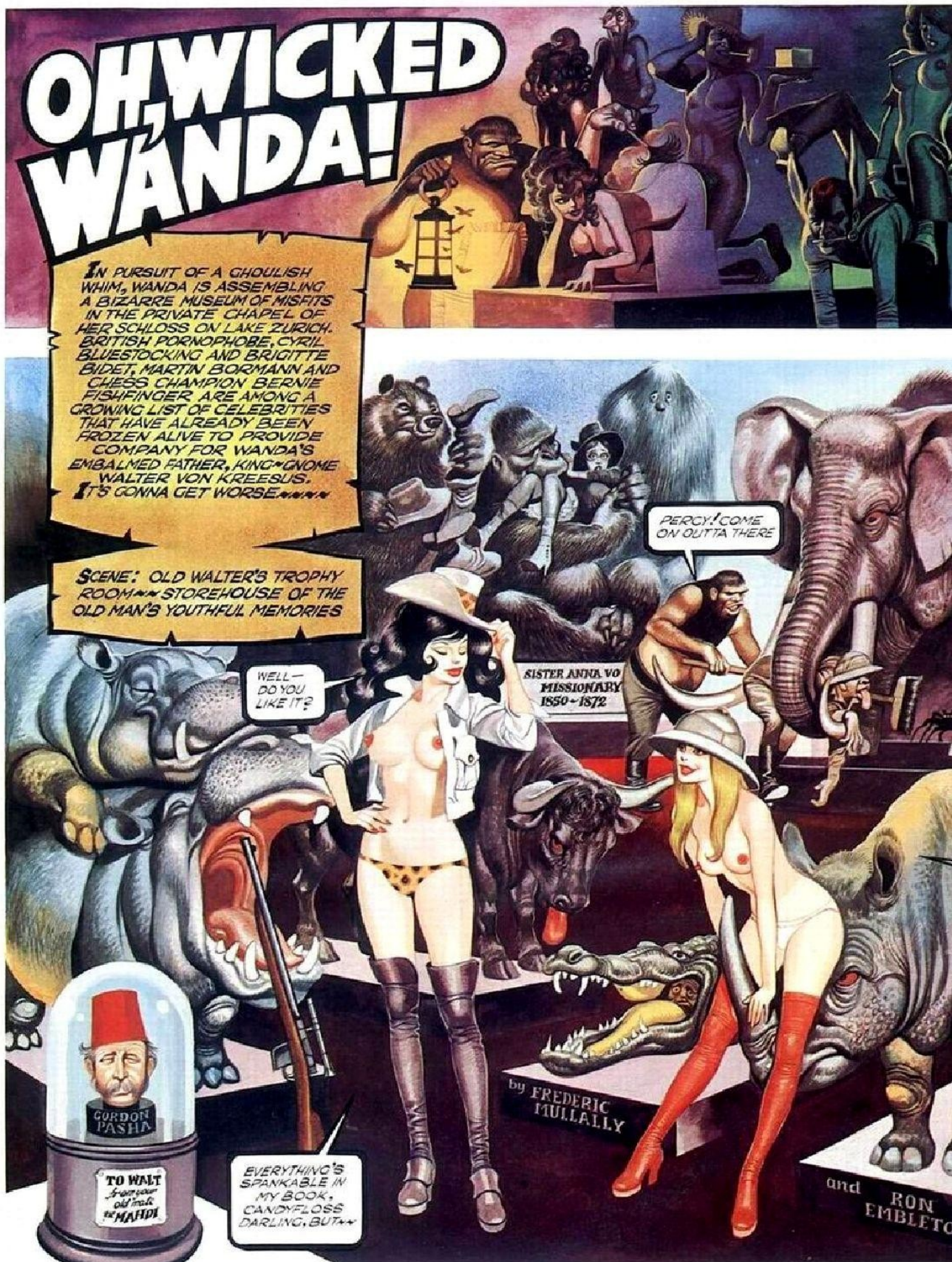
SISTER ANNA VO MISSIONARY 1850-1872

TO WAIT
-your
old mate
the MAHDI

EVERYTHING'S SPANKABLE IN MY BOOK, CANDYFLOSE DARLING, BUT--

by FREDERIC MULLALLY

and RON EMBLETON



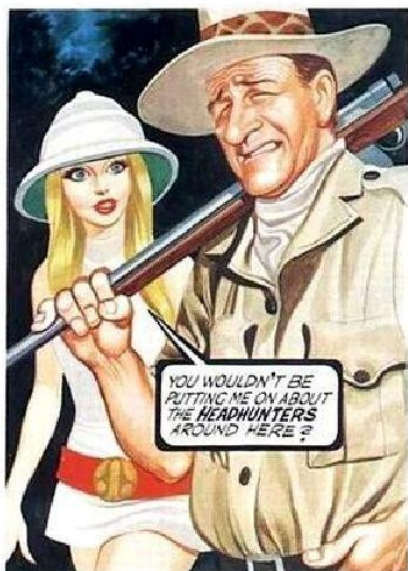
SUPER GEAR,
WANDA —
SPECIALLY THE
BUSH-JOCKETTES.
IS IT SPANKABLE
TO ASK WHAT'S
BEHIND ALL THIS?

AND SO, DEEP INTO THE BORNEO JUNGLE ♦♦♦♦

TARZAN! TARZAN BABY - CAN YOU HEAR ME?

DR LIVINGSTONE, I PRESUME?

GET LOST!



YOU WOULDN'T BE
PUTTING ME ON ABOUT
THE HEADHUNTERS
AROUND HERE?



I MEAN, I MAY
LOOK THICK,
BUT



GULP!...
YOU'VE MADE
YOUR POINT!



CEASE
FIRE!

I BRING GREETINGS
FROM THE GREAT WHITE
QUEEN ACROSS THE
BIG WATER

GET A LOAD
OF THIS
GUY!

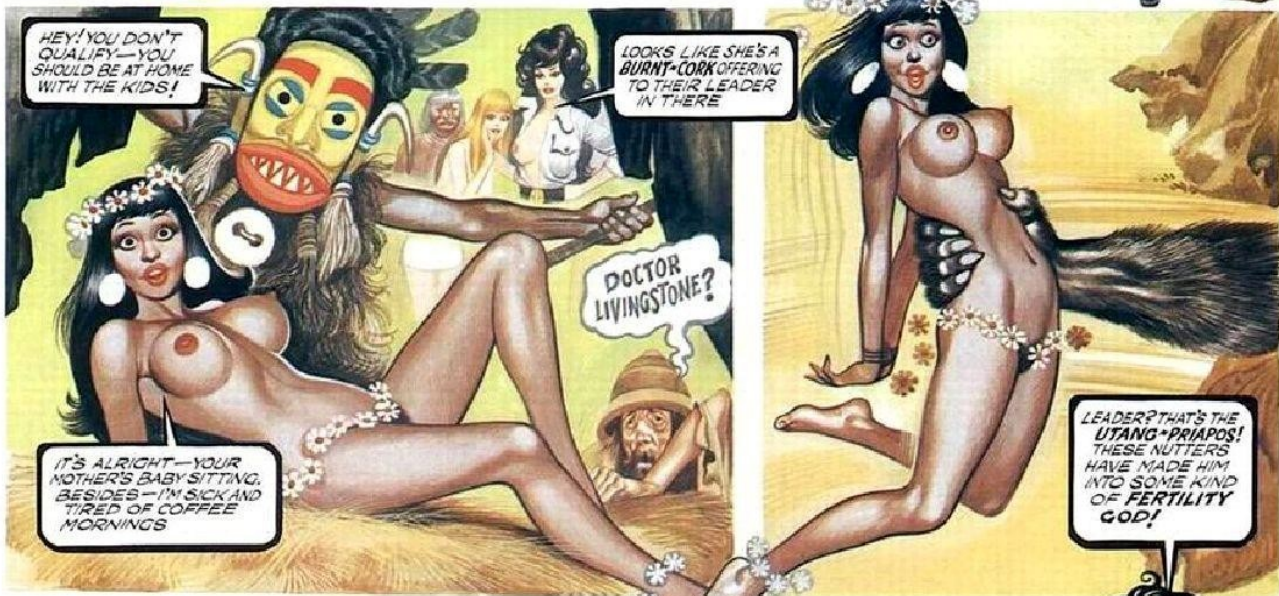
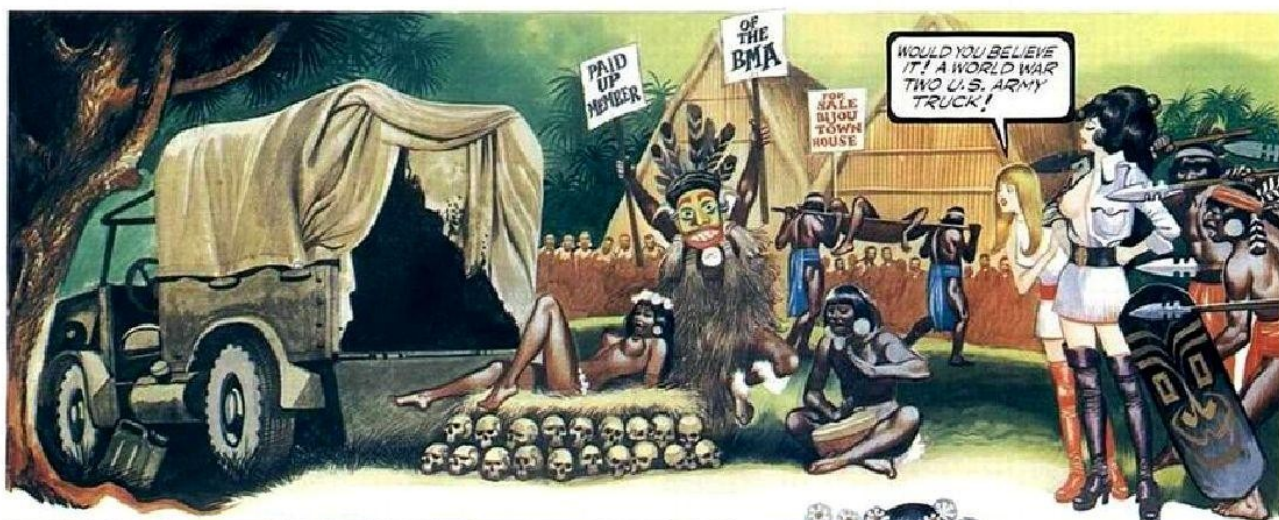
UH-T-T-TAKE US
TO YOUR LEADER-
UH-P-P-PLEASE,
GENTLEMEN!

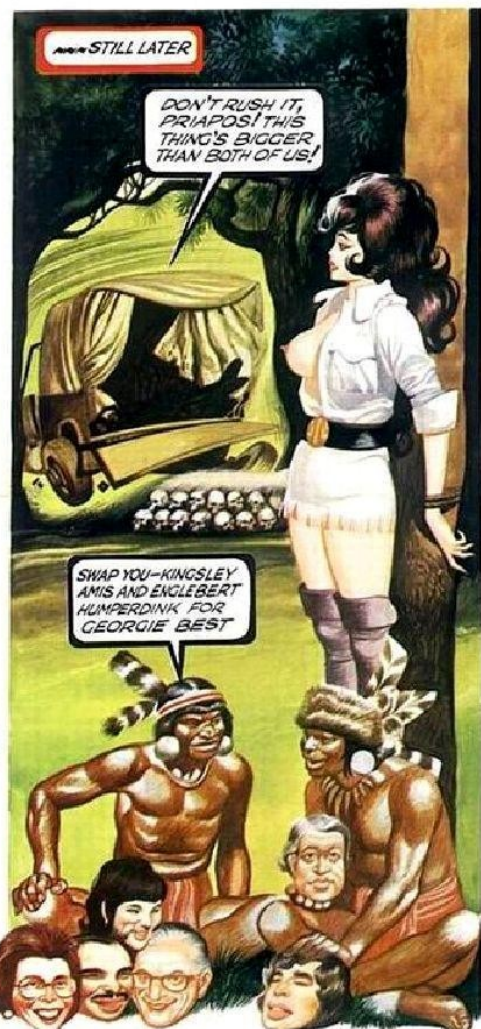
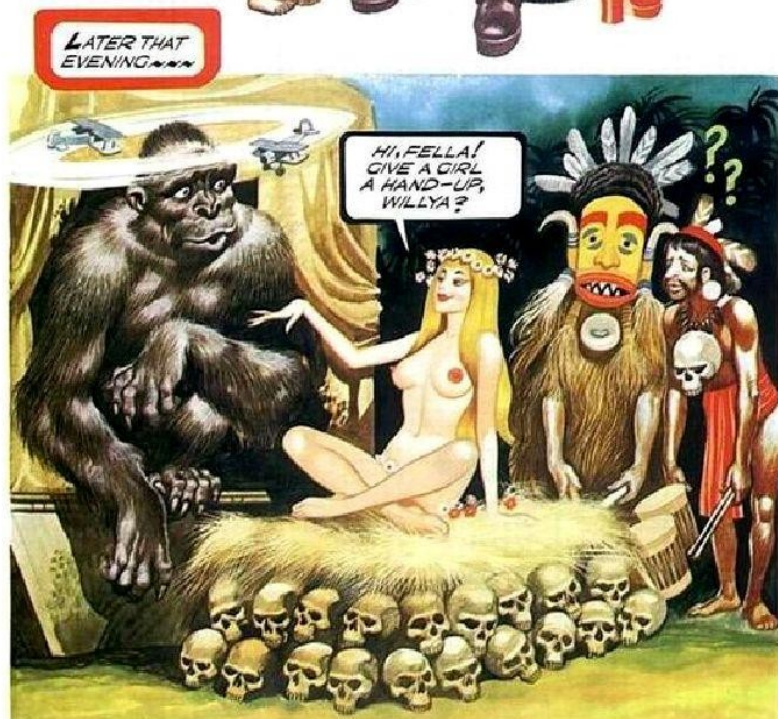
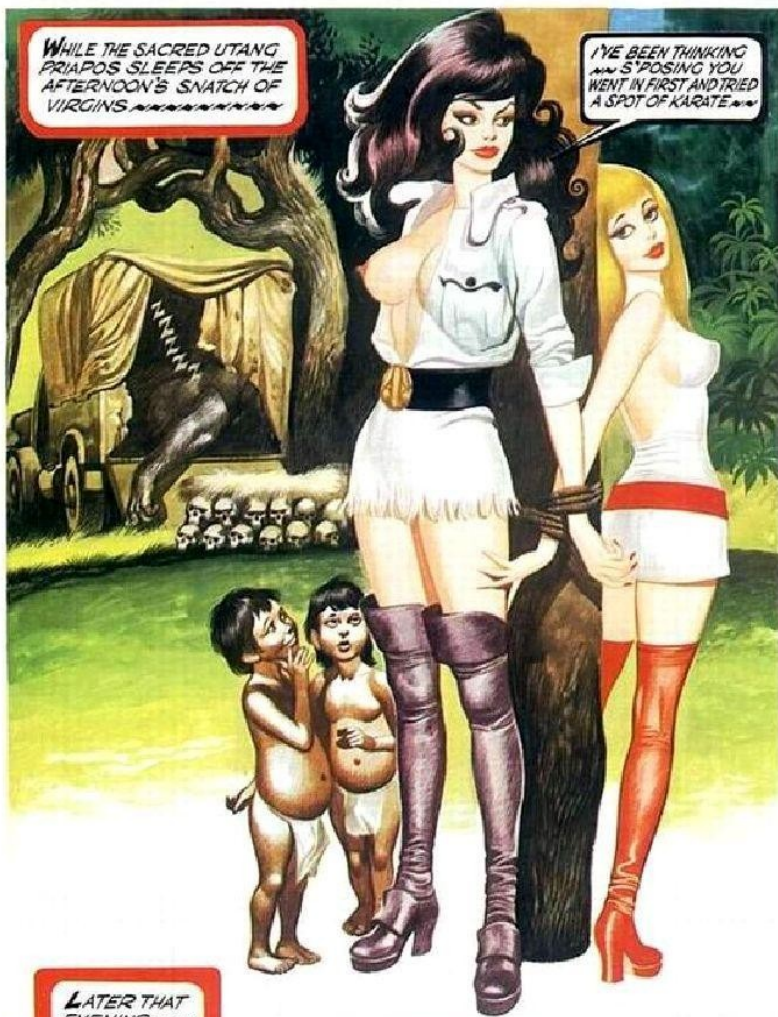
DROP
DEAD!

DOCTOR
LIVINGSTON

PLATITUDES
for
PLEBS

WHY DON'T
WE JUST
EAT HIM?









HOWEVER, ~~AT~~ AT VARIOUS INTERVALS DURING THE RACE THROUGH THE JUNGLE



SAFELY BACK AT THE SCHLOSS

SAVOURY HOLLANDAISE? ~~WHY~~ CAN I INTEREST YOU IN A LITTLE \$100,000 WAGER?



CHAUVINIST ANTHROPIG MALE!

BUT AN INTERESTING SPECIMEN, MAJOR



SOUNDS LIKE A
DEMENTED
SUCTION PUMP!



WRJUMP!
SHLUMP!



I WOULDN'T
THINK THESE
WOULD KEEP
HER VERY WARM

THAT'S WHAT I
CALL A SWINGING
EXHIBIT FOR MY
MUSEUM. WHAT
SHALL WE CALL
IT, FUSSCAKE?

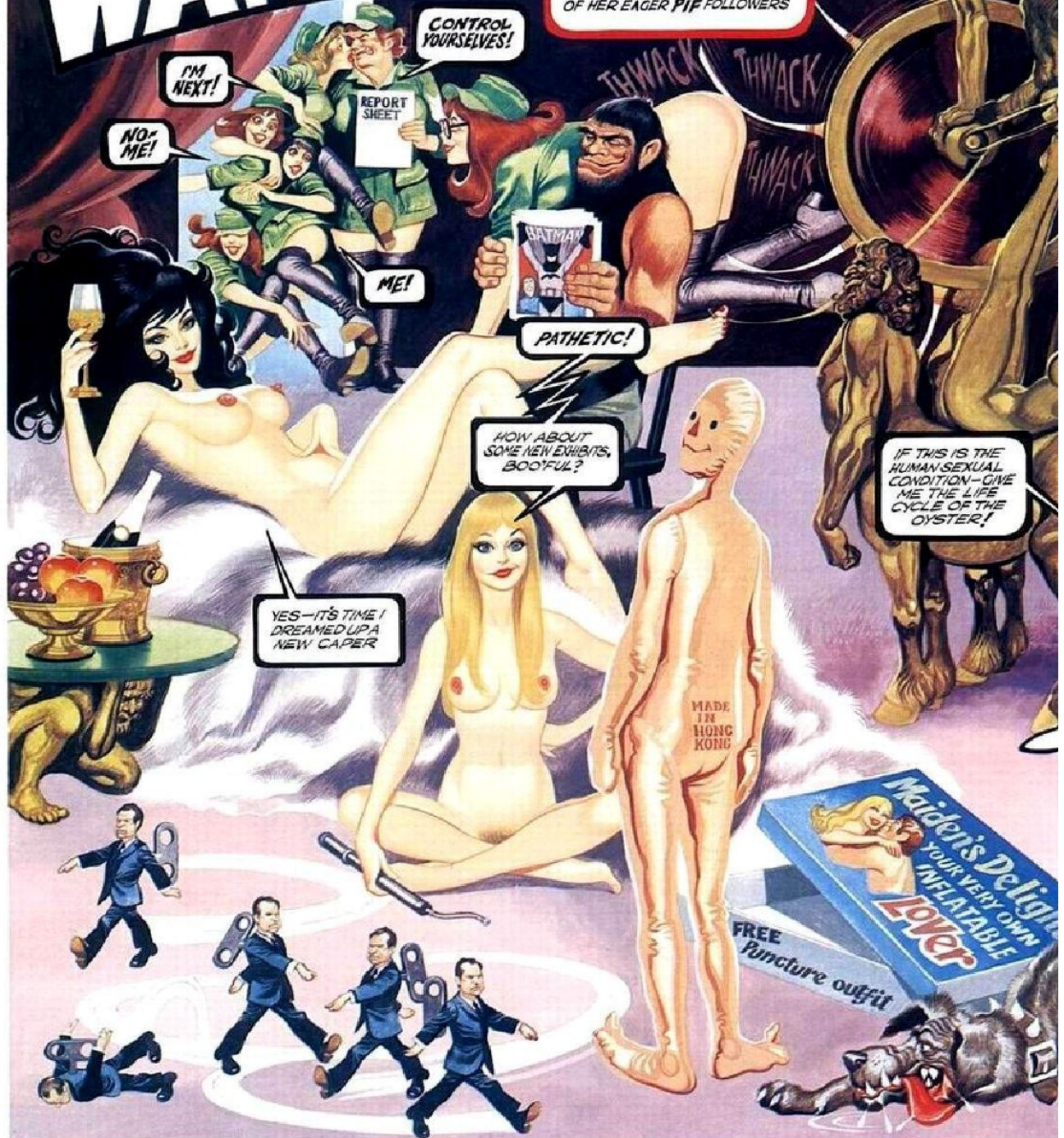
YOU'RE QUITE
RIGHT—I PREFER
RUBBER MYSELF

UH—HOW ABOUT,
"WILL THE REAL
RICHARD NIXON
STEP FORWARD,
PLEASE?"

DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S
KNEE-TREMBLING INSTALLMENT!!

OH, WICKED WANDA!

A QUIET EVENING AT THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS. FROM THE PINK BOUDOIR COMES THE GENTLE WHIRRING OF THE PUNISHMENT MACHINE AS WANDA ATTENDS TO THE MISDEMEANOURS OF HER EAGER PIF FOLLOWERS





AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE WELL GUARDED APARTMENT OF HIGH-POWERED WRITER AND JOURNALIST NORMAN MAILMAN, scribble

AND SO, BEING AN AQUARIAN, AND THEREBY POSSESSED OF RESONANT BRASS NECK, I SCRAPPED THE RESTRICTING AND LABORIOUS FACT...

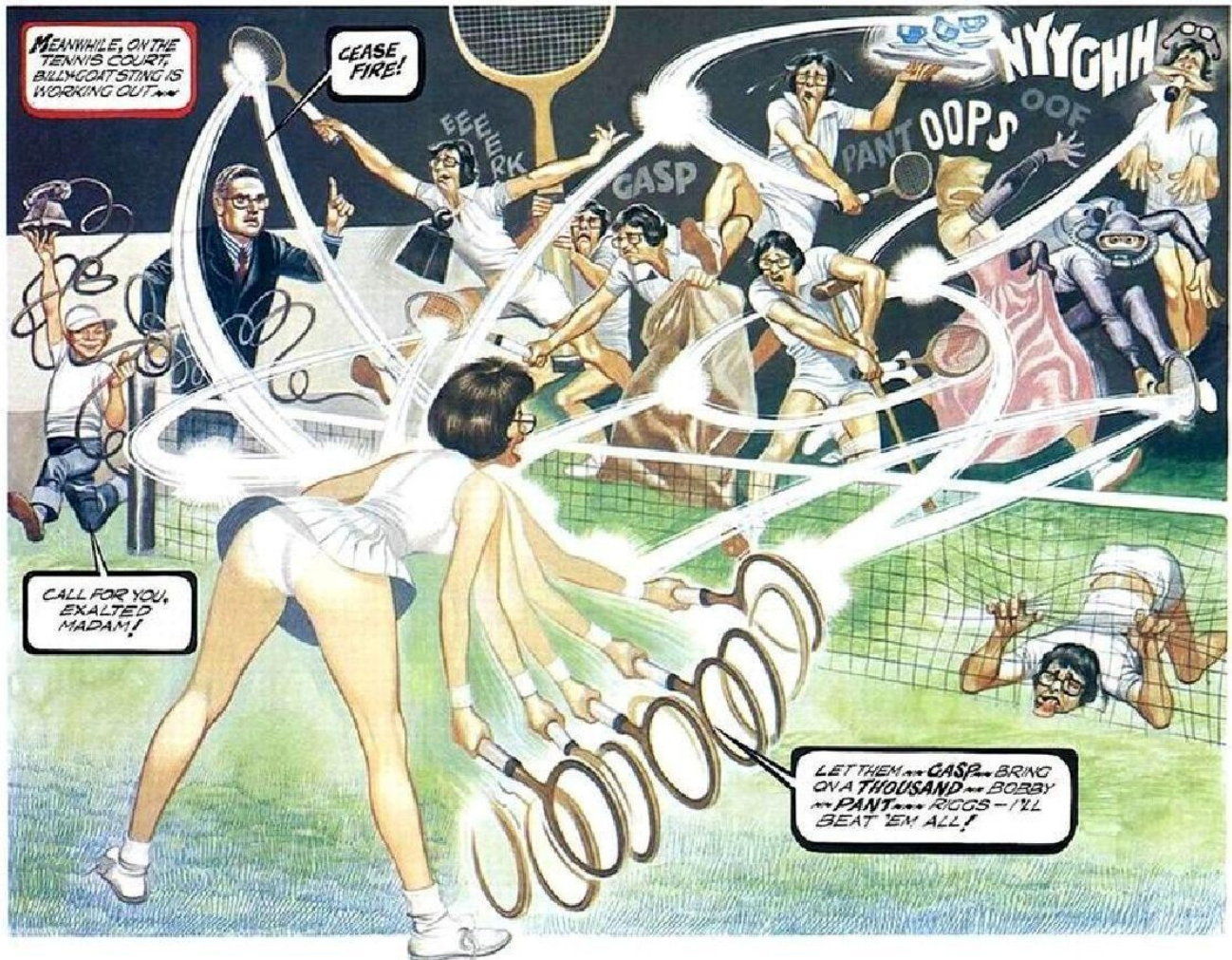
WHICH MEANT GOING TO PUBLIC LIBRARIES AND LOOKING THINGS UP, AND DEvised THE FACTOID...

UH, OH... THERE'S A CALLOID ON THE TELEPHONOID



MR MAILMAN? PIRAPIC PUBLISHERS HERE. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO WRITE A BIOGRAPHY OF THE WORLD'S SEXIEST SPORTS WOMAN? THERE'S HALF A MILLION IN IT FOR YOU

DOLLARS OR DOLLARoids? THE FACTS MAY BE INVENTED, BUT I'M AFRAID THE CASH HAS TO BE REAL... HEH... HEH!



MEANWHILE, ON THE TENNIS COURT, BILLYGOAT STING IS WORKING OUT...

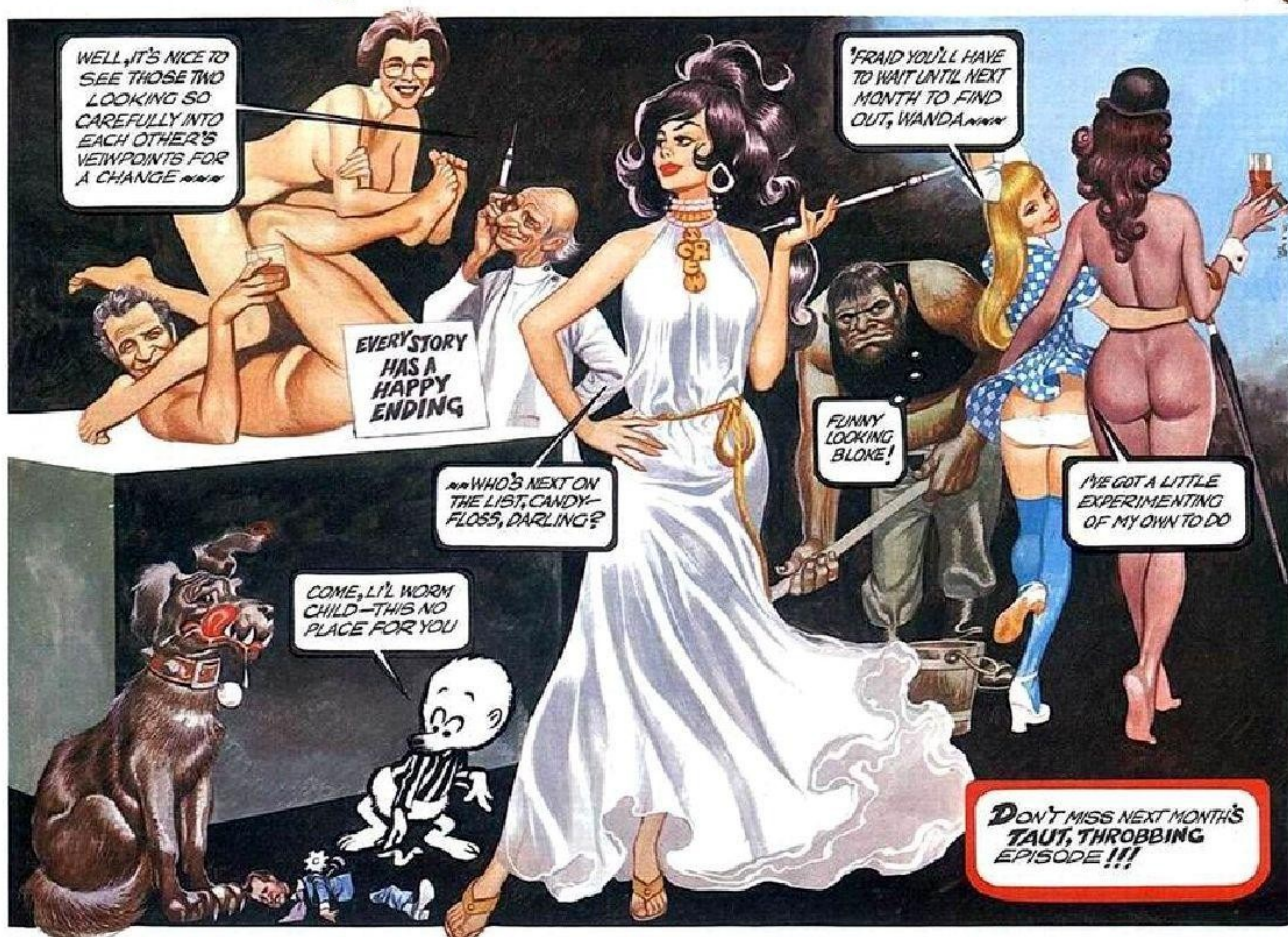
CEASE FIRE!

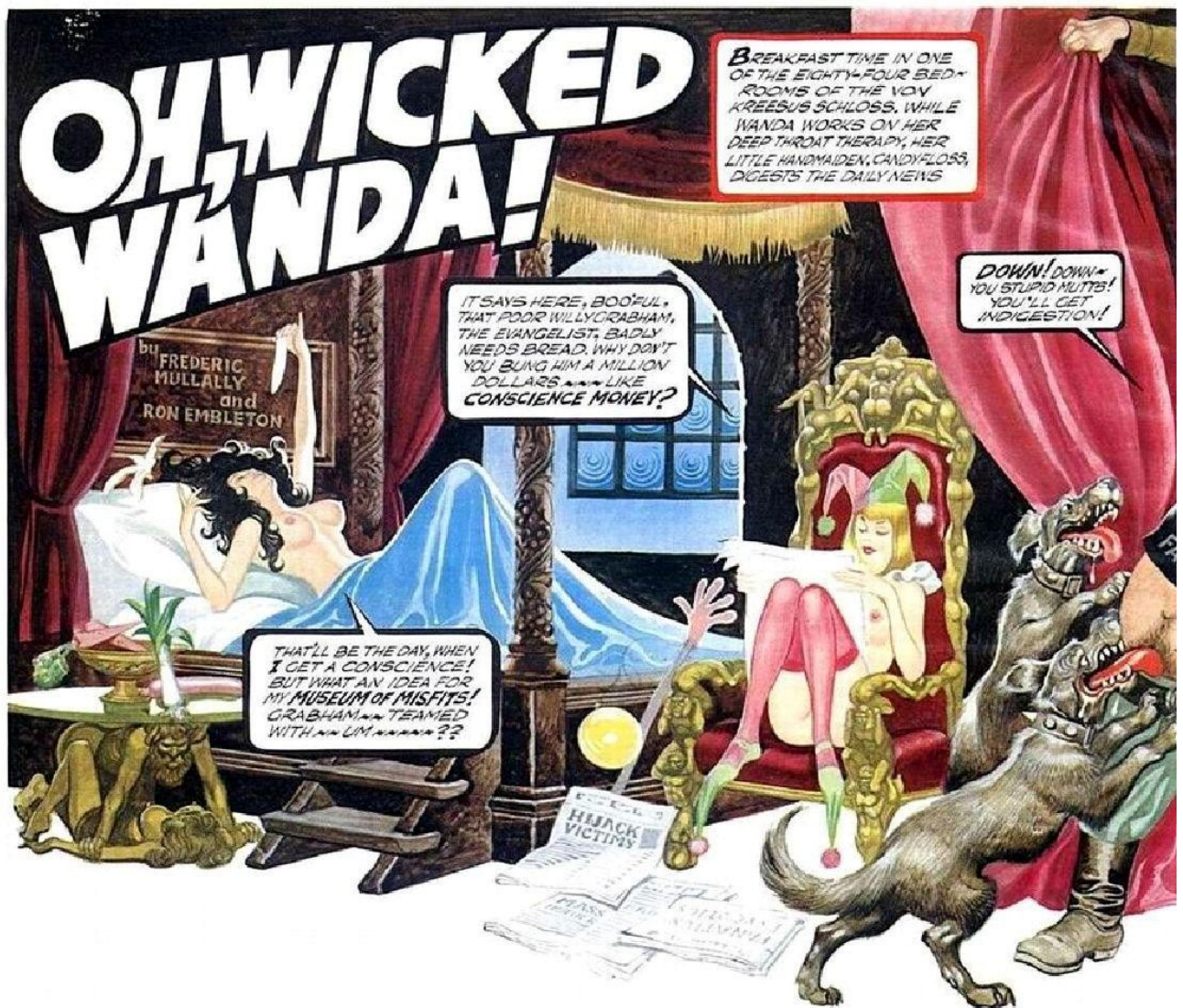
CALL FOR YOU, EXALTED MADAM!

LET THEM... GASP... BRING ON A THOUSAND... BOBBY... PANT... RIGGS - I'LL BEAT 'EM ALL!

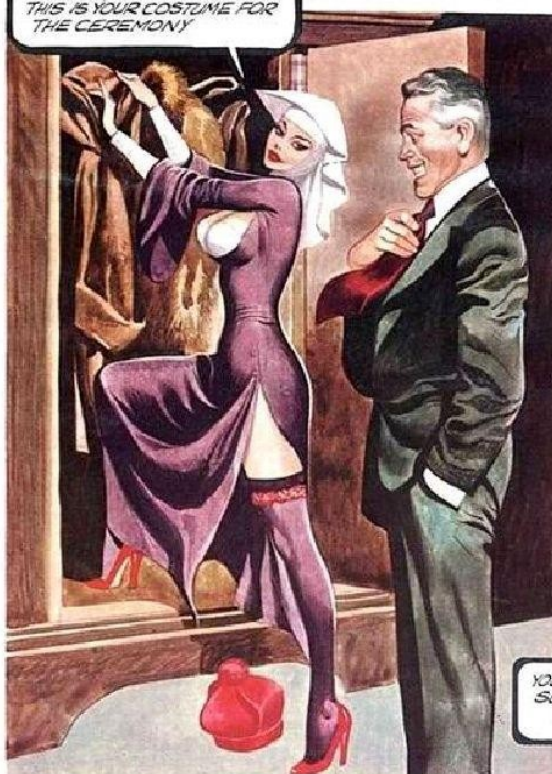


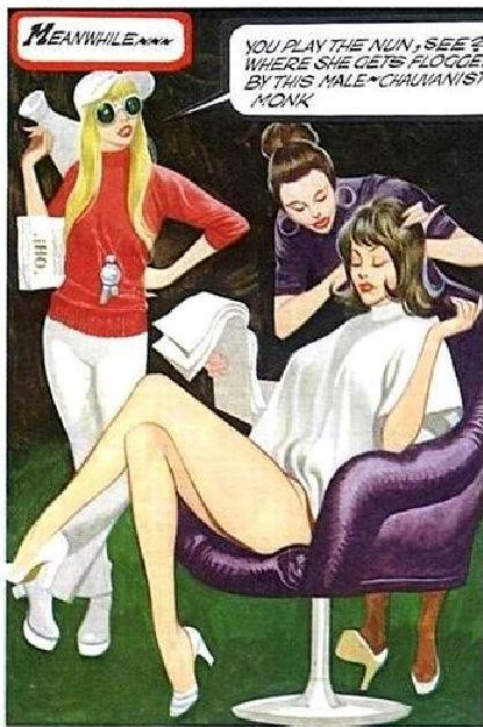


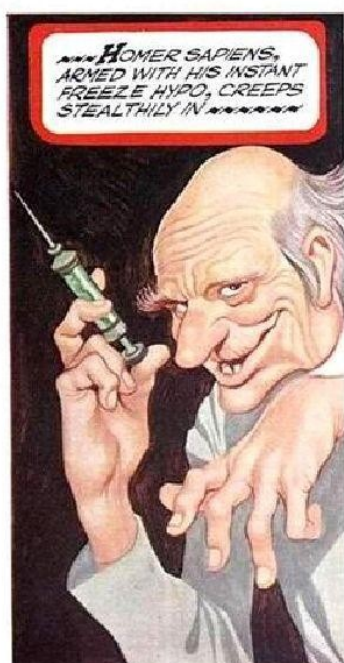












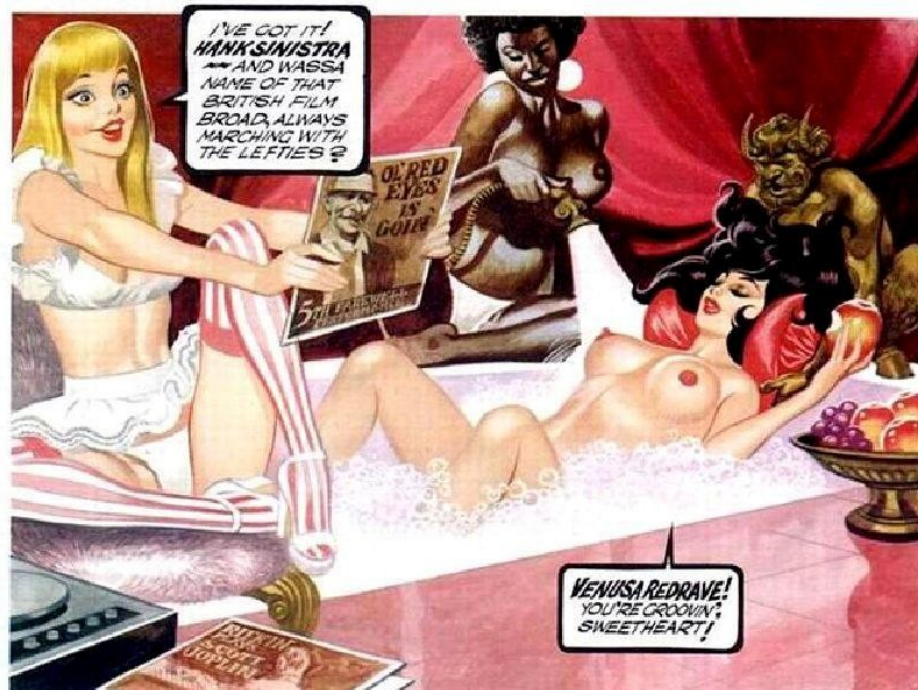
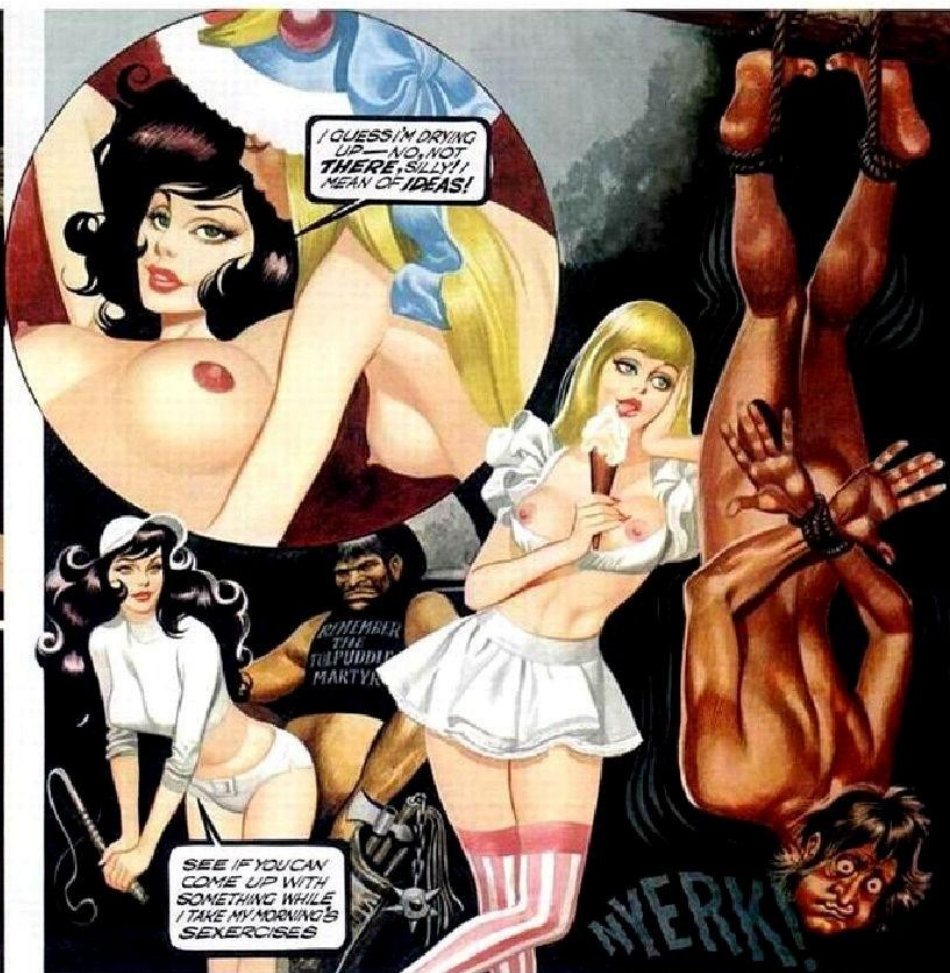
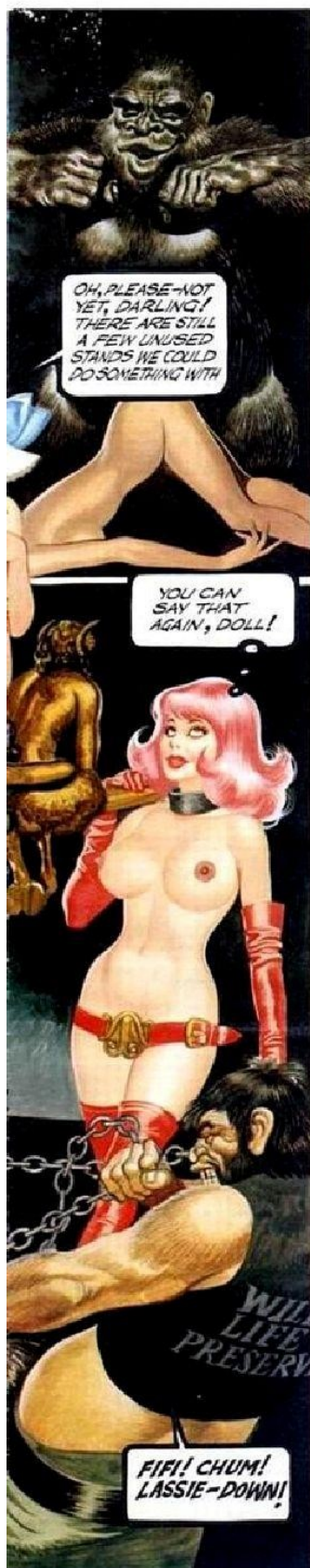


OH, WICKED WANDA!

ON A FINE SPRING MORNING, WANDA KOWKREESUS TAKES HER HANDMAIDEN, CANDYFLOSS, ON A TOUR OF HER FIENDISHLY CONCEIVED MUSEUM OF MISFITS.

IT'S COMING ALONG FINE, PUSSYCAKE. MAYBE WE SHOULD CALL IT QUITS AND START OUT ON SOME NEW CAPER?



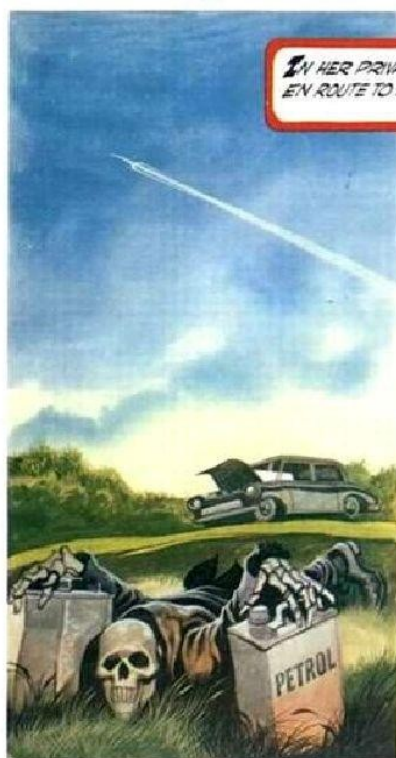


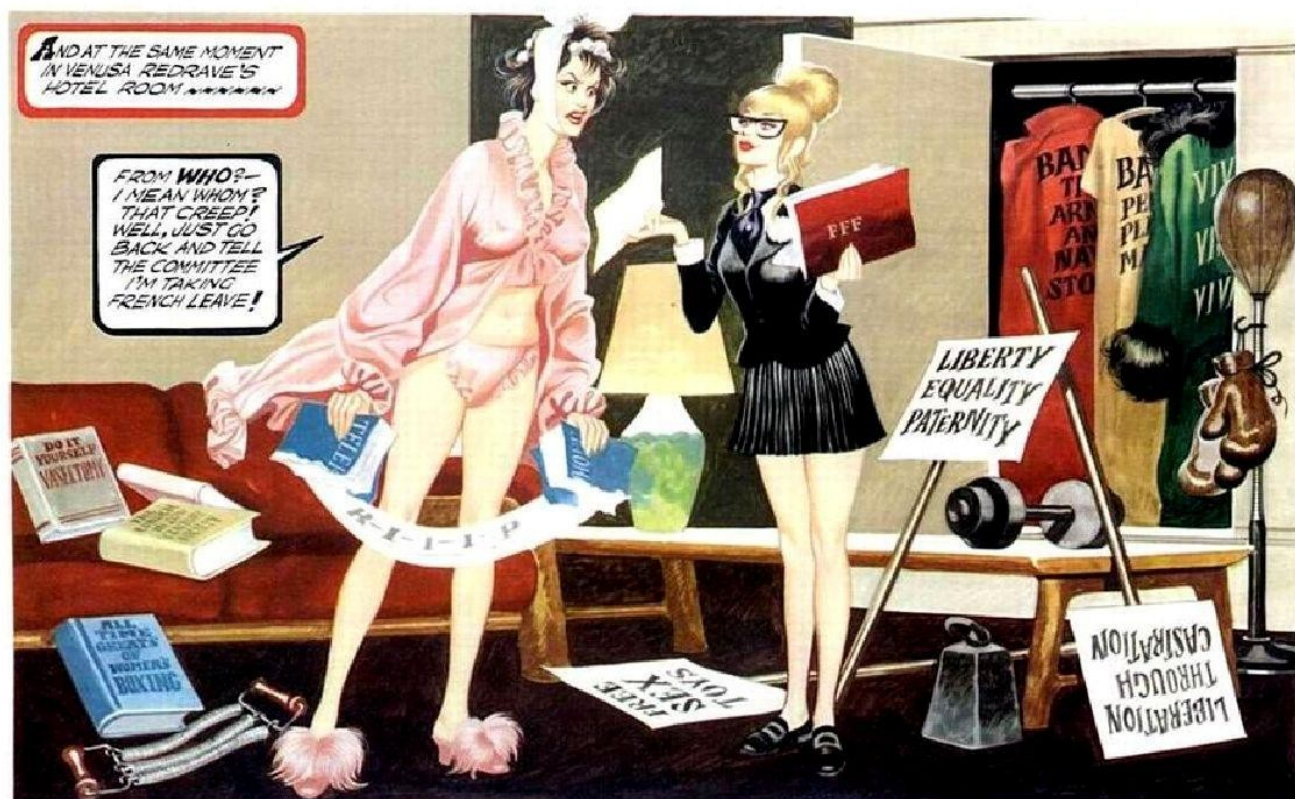


.....ALL THIS WEEK.....SINISTRA IN MONTE CARLO.... GUEST OF THE RAINIERS....



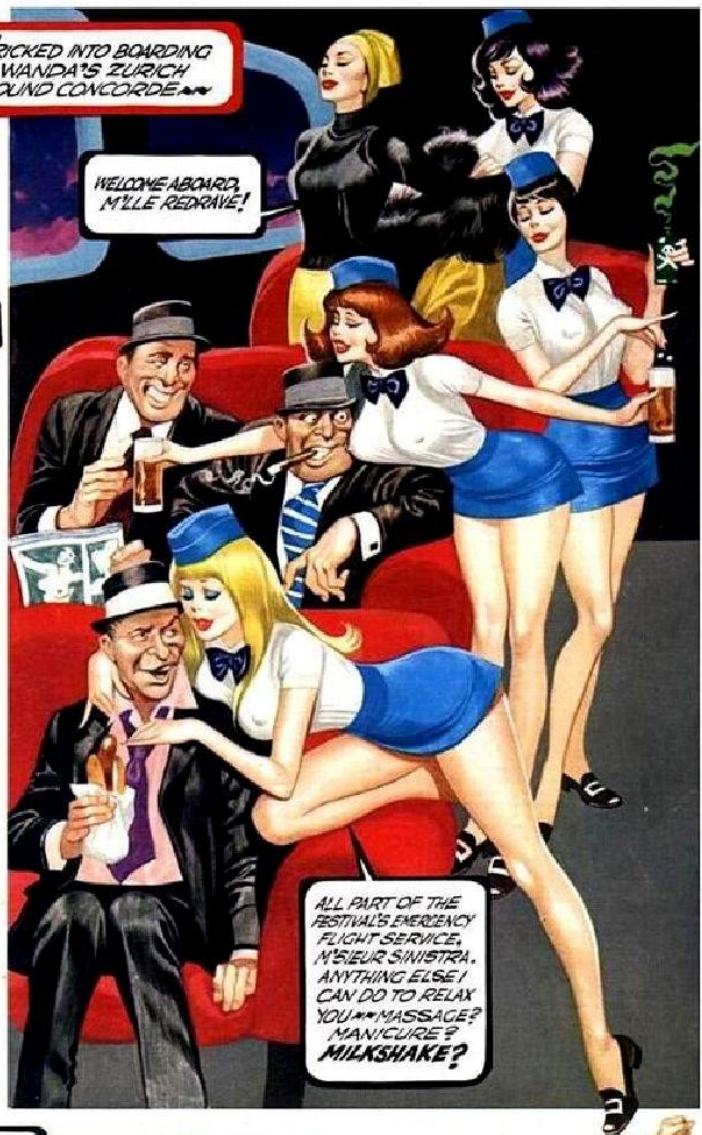
..... AND REPRAVE IS IN CANNES, FOR THE FILM FESTIVAL

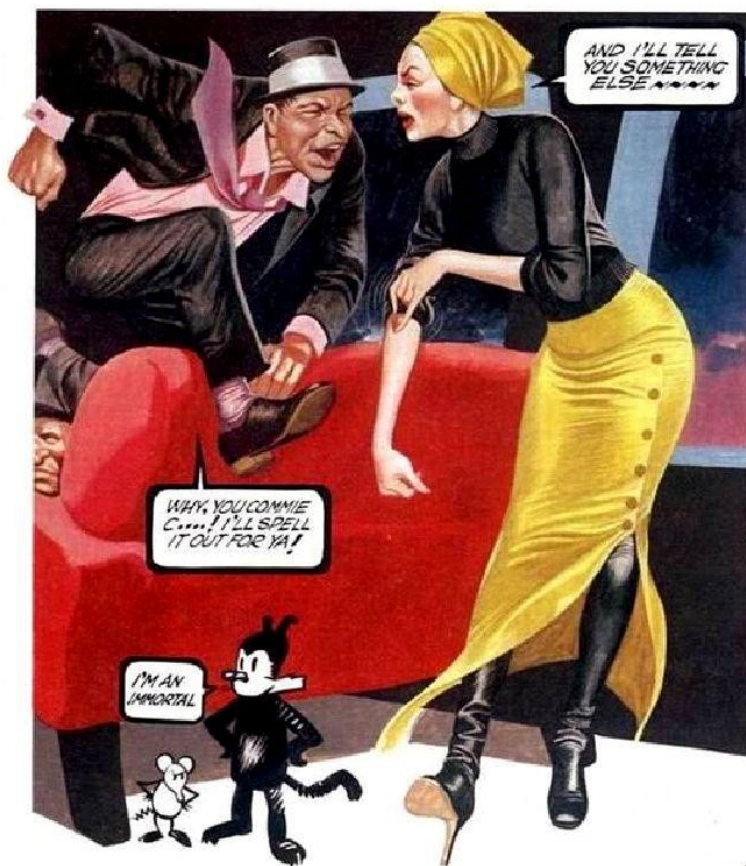






TRICKED INTO BOARDING
WANDA'S ZURICH
BOUND CONCORDE







THESE BOOTS
ARE MADE FOR
WALKIN' ♪

IT'S A BRUTAL WAY
OF MAKING A GUY
COME TO HEEL,
BUT—CHACUN,
SON BOOT!

LATER, BACK AT THE
SCHLOSS

~*~ NINETY EIGHT
~*~ NINETY NINE ~
ONE HUNDRED!
MAKES A SUPER
EXHIBIT...BOO'FUL!
WHAT'S NEXT ON THE
MENU FOR KICKS?

WELL, FOR
STARTERS, YOU
COULD TRY
PUTTING YOUR
MOUTH WHERE
YOUR MONEY IS!

DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S
KNEE-TREMBLING INSTALMENT!!

OH WICKED WANDA!

THE AMPHITHEATRE AT THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS. EAGER PUSS FORCE COMMANDOS DISPLAY THEIR PROGRESS BEFORE THE CRITICAL EYE OF THEIR BELOVED LEADER

OH MY GAWD!

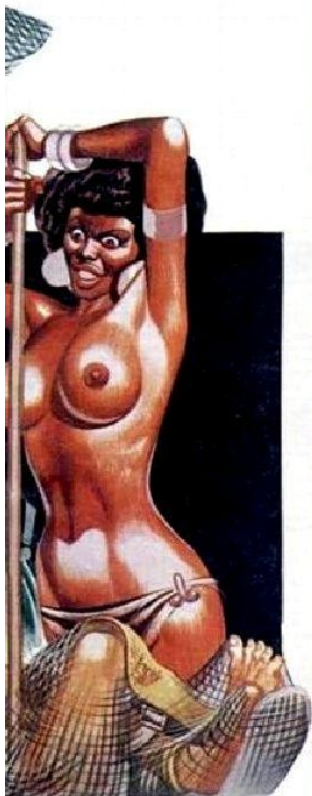
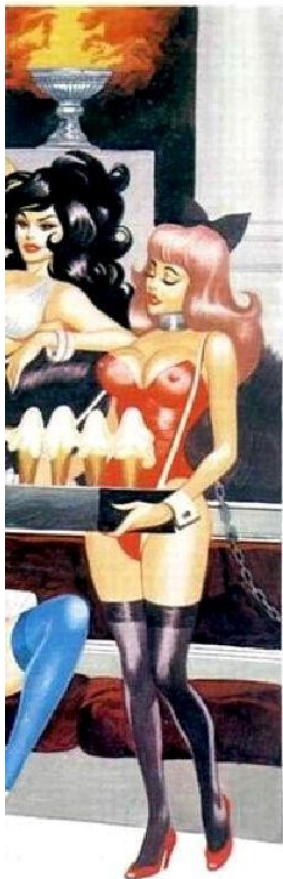
PREPARE YOURSELF—MAN FINK!

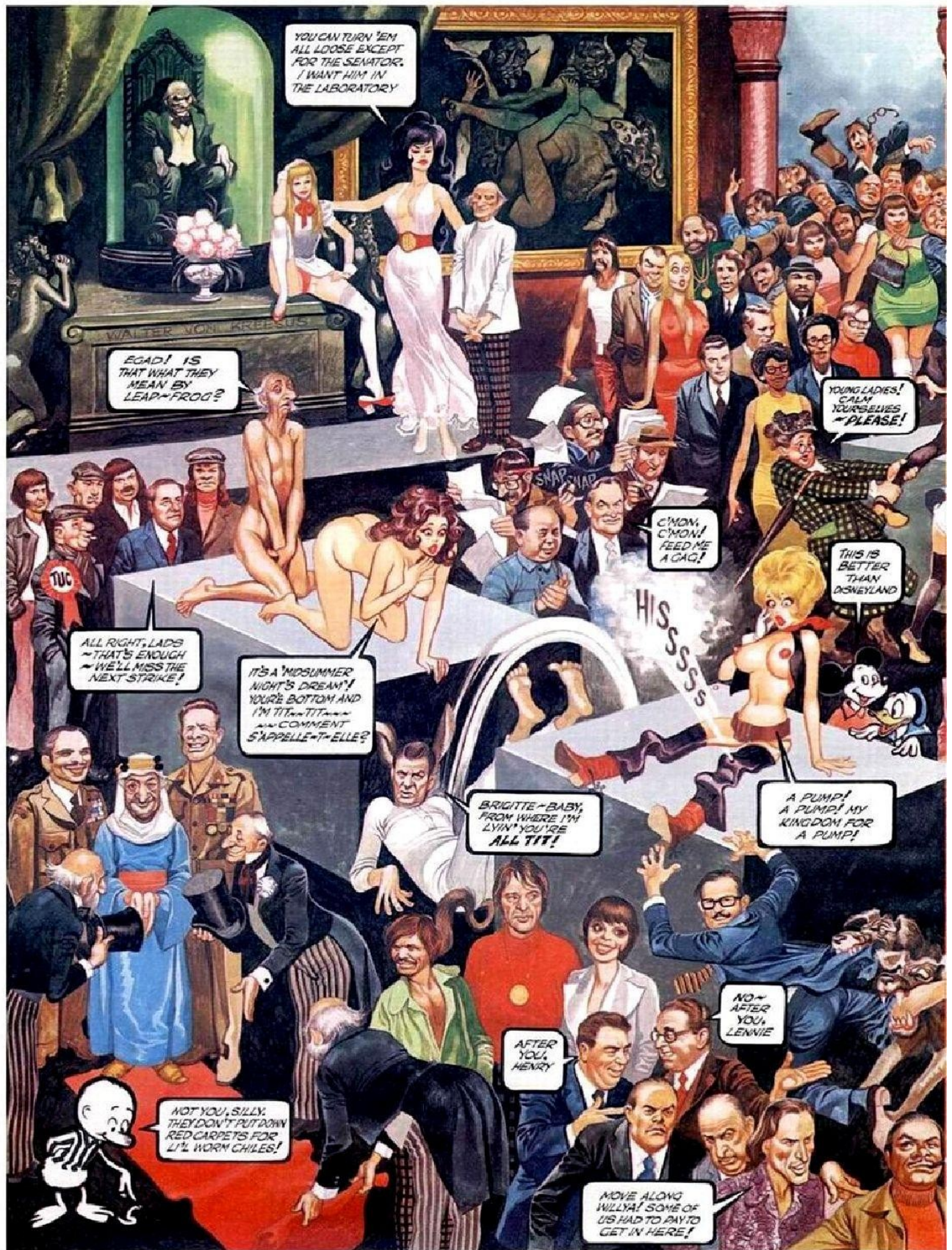
I'VE JUST BEEN DOING MY SUNS, PUSSCAKE. SIXTEEN INDIVIDUAL SPECIES IN OUR MUSEUM—ONE FOR EVERY TENDER YEAR OF YOUR LIFE. SHALL WE CALL IT A DAY?

YOU'RE THE BOSS, WANDA DARLINK! YOU GONNA WASTE 'EM?

NEGATIVE! WE'RE STAGING A GREAT AWAKENING FOR THE PUBIC! GET ME HOMER SAPIENS







YOU CAN TURN 'EM
ALL LOOSE EXCEPT
FOR THE SENATOR.
I WANT HIM IN
THE LABORATORY

EGAD! IS
THAT WHAT THEY
MEAN BY
LEAP-FROG?

YOUNG LADIES!
CALM
YOURSELVES
~PLEASE!

C'MON!
FEED ME
A GAG!

THIS IS
BETTER
THAN
DISNEYLAND

ALL RIGHT, LADS
~THAT'S ENOUGH
~WE'LL MISS THE
NEXT STRIKE!

IT'S A 'MIDSUMMER
NIGHT'S DREAM'!
YOU'RE BOTTOM AND
I'M TIT~TIT~TIT~
~HOW COME
S'APPELLE-T-ELLE?

BRIGITTE-BABY,
FROM WHERE I'M
LYIN' YOU'RE
ALL TIT!

A PUMP!
A PUMP! MY
KINGDOM FOR
A PUMP!

NO~
AFTER
YOU,
LENNIE

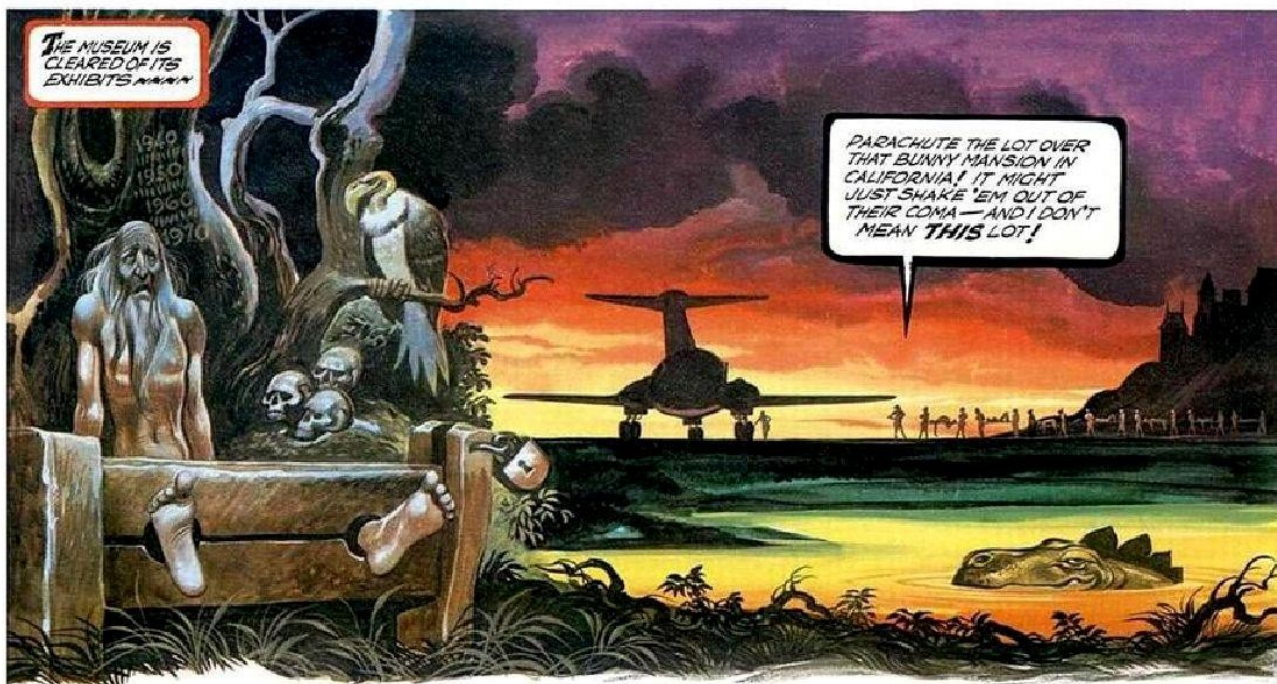
AFTER
YOU,
HENRY

NOT YOU, SILLY.
THEY DON'T PUT DOWN
RED CARPETS FOR
LITTLE WORM CHILES!

MOVE ALONG
WILLYA! SOME OF
US HAD TO PAY TO
GET IN HERE!







OH WICKED WANDA!

WANDA VON KREESUS, HEIRESS TO THE KREESUS MILLIONS, IS KICKING UP HEAVEN IN THE VELVET SUITE OF HER SINISTER SCHLOSS OVERLOOKING LAKE ZURICH. HER HANDMAIDEN, CANDYFLOSS IS MISSING!

CANDYFLOSS!

WHERE ARE YOU?

THIS USED TO BE A NICE NEIGHBOURHOOD!

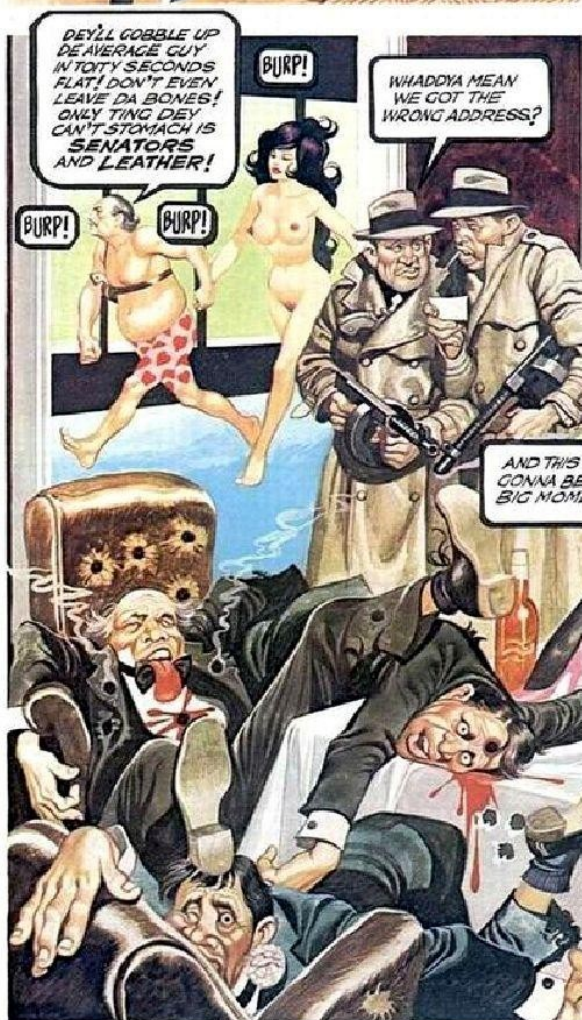
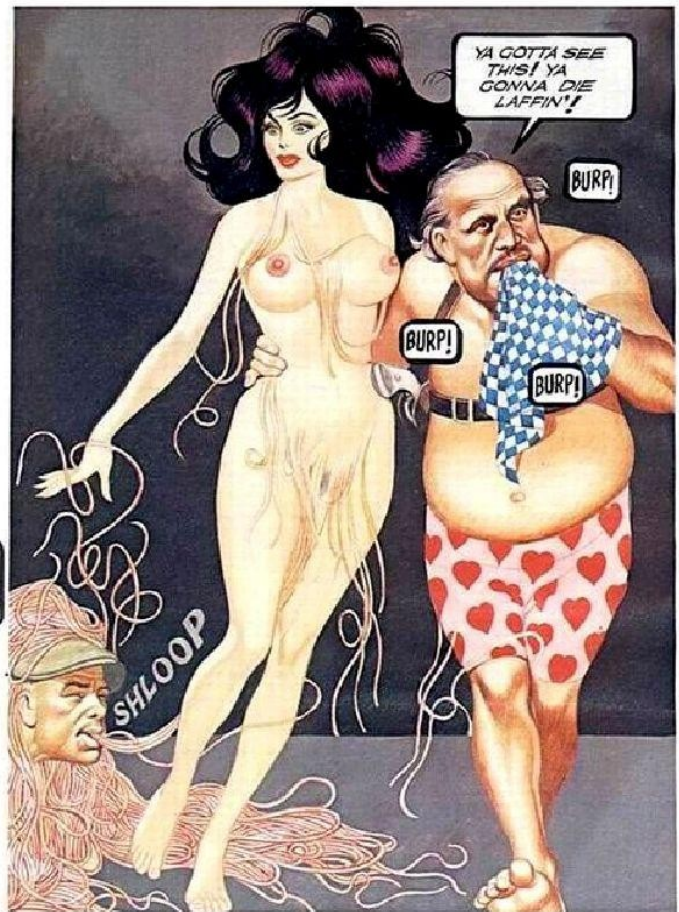
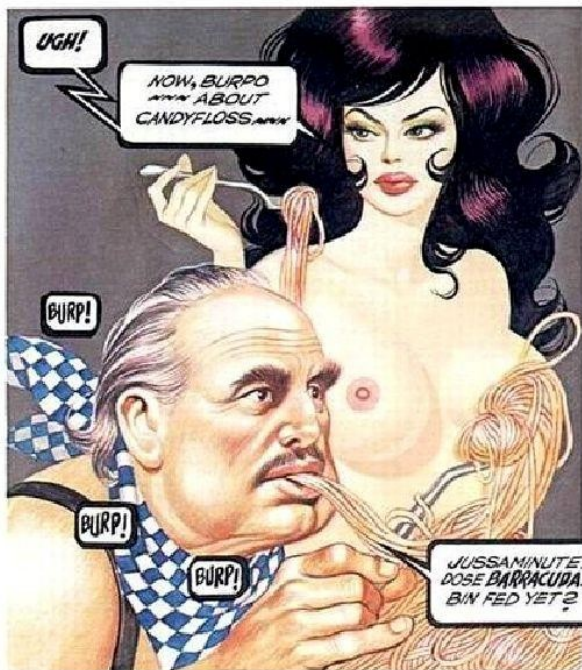
by
FREDERIC MULLALLY
and
RON EMBLETON

WE KNOW SHE HAD A RENDEZVOUS WITH HER EX-BALLET ROSEBUD FRIEND, CHIEF PERSON CALLED LOLA LUVZITT

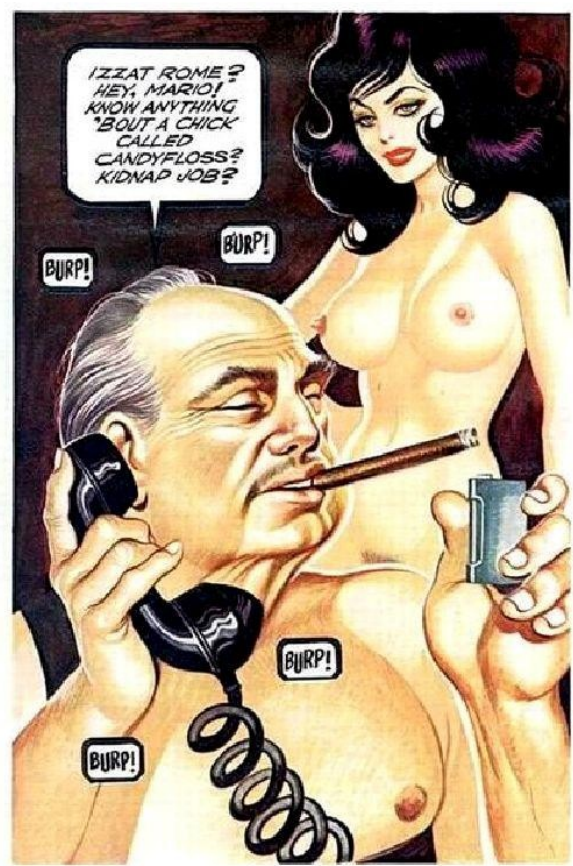
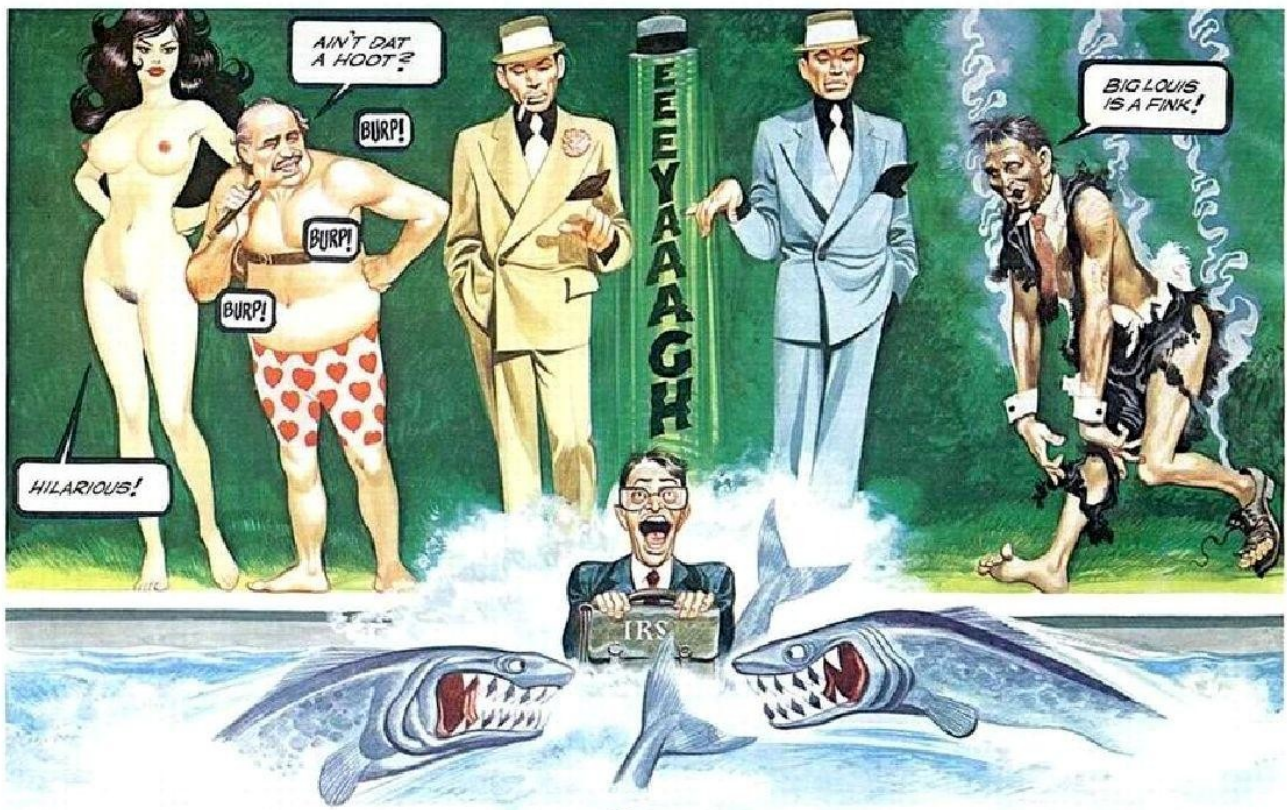
THE POLICE SAY THEY'VE FOUND HER CAR, MISTRESS, PARKED IN A GENEVA SUBURB. NO TRACE OF CANDYFLOSS!

DON'T BULL ME! MY LITTLE PUSSCAKE'S BEEN KIDNAPPED! GET A TELEX OFF TO 'BURPO' BOSSOTUTTI IN MIAMI!











OH, WICKED WANDA!

LITTLE CANDYLOSS, ASSISTANT-GENITAL TO WANDA VON KREESUS, HAS DISAPPEARED. BUT GERMAN CRRRR AND HER RUSS COMMANDOS NOW HAVE THEIR HANDS ON LOLA LUTZITT, THE DOXY WHO DECEIVED CANDYLOSS AWAY FROM THE SCHLOSS. NOW REEL ON, ~~WANDA~~!

WRAOYIA MEAN SHE WON'T TALK? FETCH ME SOME MORE OF MY RUNNIDE PERSUADERS!

NO DICE, CHIEF. WE ALREADY TRIED THAT. SHE **LUVZITT!**

by **FREDERIC MULLALLY** and **RON EMBLETON**

I'M VA FAIRY GODMOTHER—COME TO TAKE YOU AWAY FROM ALL THIS!

A RIGHT HANDFUL, THIS ONE!

NO COMPLAINTS FROM THE LEFT, COMRADE!

GET THESE BUTCHES PAKS OFF ME 'FORE I DO 'EM BOTH AN INJURY!

REMEMBER THE ALAMO

PAT PENDING

GOD! WHAT AN UNLADYLIKE DISPLAY!





CANDYFLOSS WAS JOINT
BALLERINA-ASSOLUTA
WITH ME WHEN WE WERE STAR
ATTRACTIONS OF PARIS'S
INFAMOUS BALLET-ROSE ANN

RECENTLY OUR EX-IMPRESSARIO,
THE UNSPEAKABLE DOCTOR
JACHIMO WEIN, GOT IN
TOUCH WITH ME AND MADE
ME AN OFFER I COULDN'T
REFUSE

YOU CAN KEEP
YA DYIN'
SWAN, MATE!

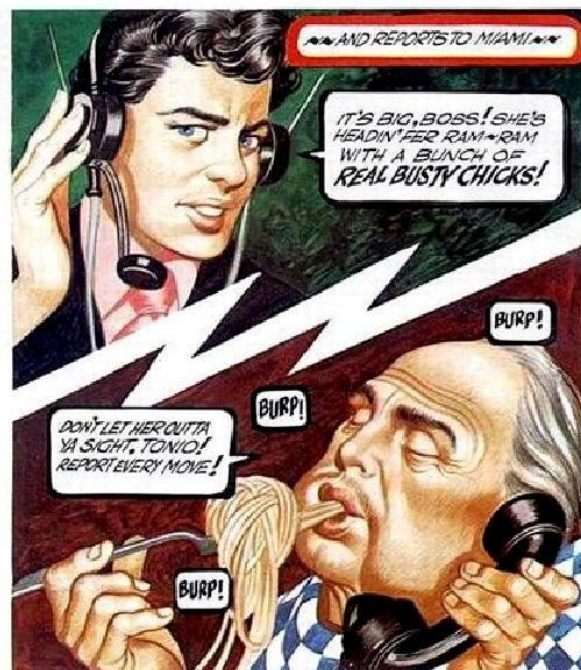
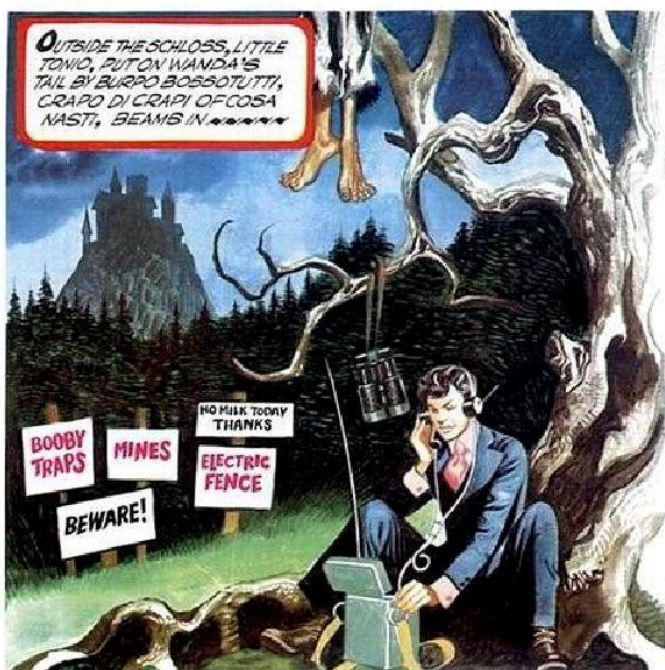
"LURE YOUR DEAR FRIEND
CANDYFLOSS OUT OF THE
VON KREESUS SCHLOSS," HE
SAID, "THERE'S FORTY PIECES
OF GOLD IN IT FOR YOU,
LOLA~BABE"

WHAT'S THAT? YOU'RE
DARN RIGHT SHE NEVER SAW
ME. SEE, THERE WAS THIS
SECRET DOOR CONNECTING
WEIN'S VILLA TO THE EMBASSY
OF THE MIDDLE EASTERN
KINGDOM OF RAM~RAM!

SO I MADE THIS DATE
WITH HER IN GENEVA, AT A
VILLA BELONGING TO WEIN.
SOON AS SHE SHOWED UP I
SPLIT—AFTER COLLECTING,
OF COURSE









1 PART FROM SOME BICKERING
TWIXT THE ODIOUS IACHIMO
WEIN AND SIEKH MUSTAPHA
RAM-RAM, IT'S A PRETTY
AVERAGE DAY IN THE PALACE *10/10/64*

1 PART FROM SOME BICKERING
TWIXT THE ODIOUS IACHIMO
WEIN AND SIEKH MUSTAPHA
RAM-RAM, IT'S A PRETTY
AVERAGE DAY IN THE PALACE *10/10/64*

WELL—
A GIRL
NEEDS
A HOBBY
AROUND
HERE!

LOOK AT
HER-SHE'S
AT IT
AGAIN!

*masturbatory
techniques*

by
*Frederic
Muttally
and
Ron Embleton*

PEEL IT FIRST!

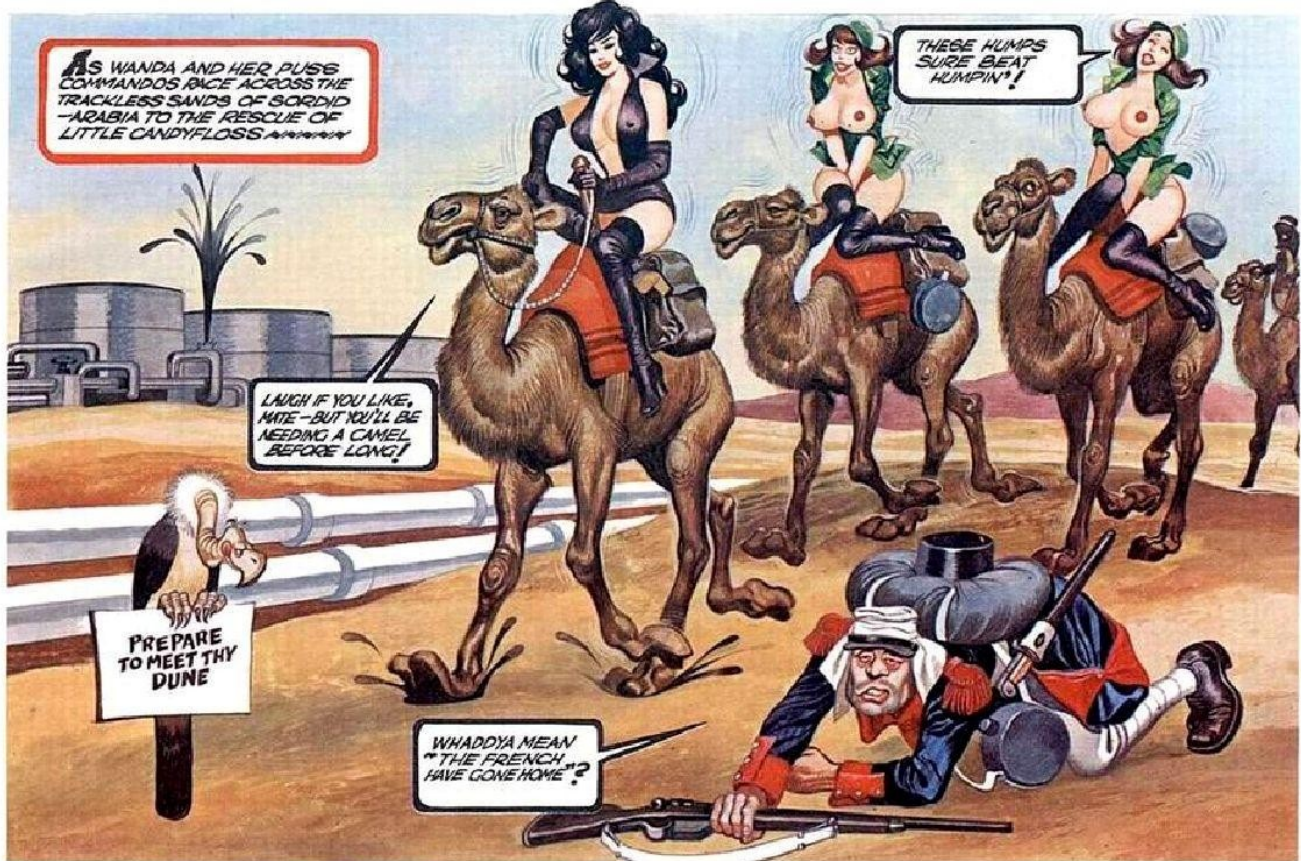
**I'M SIGNING NOTHING,
INFIDEL, TILL I'VE ROAD-
TESTED THIS NYMPH
WITH THE SECRET OF
INEXPRESSIBLE-
PLEASURE-INDEFINITELY
-PROLONGED!**

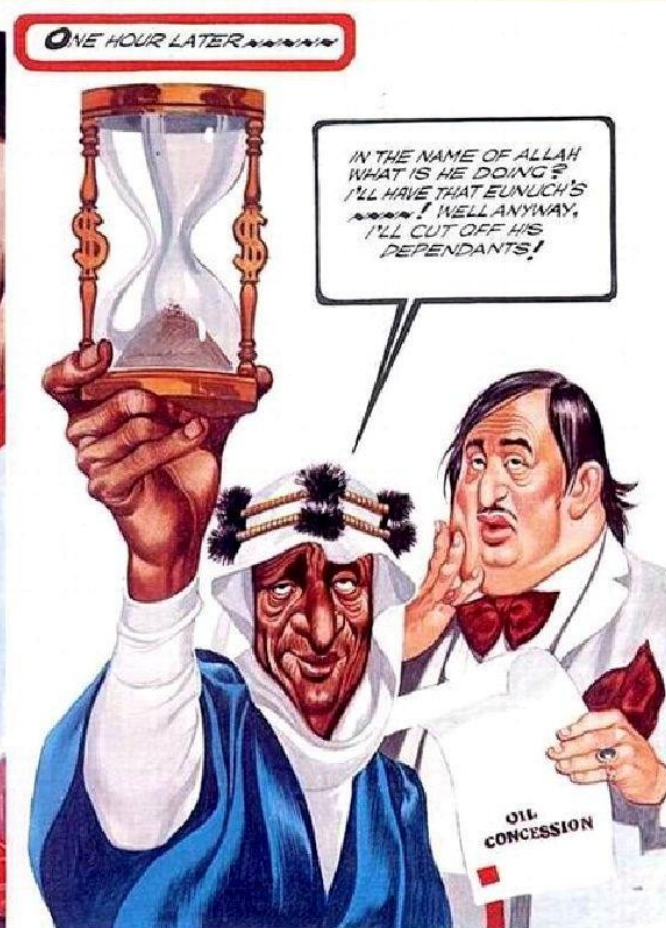
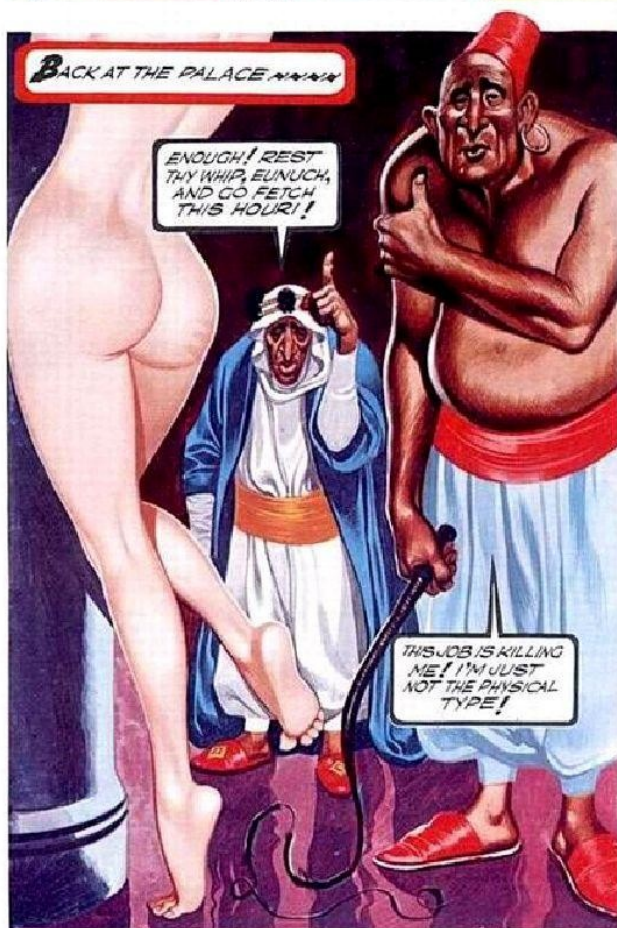
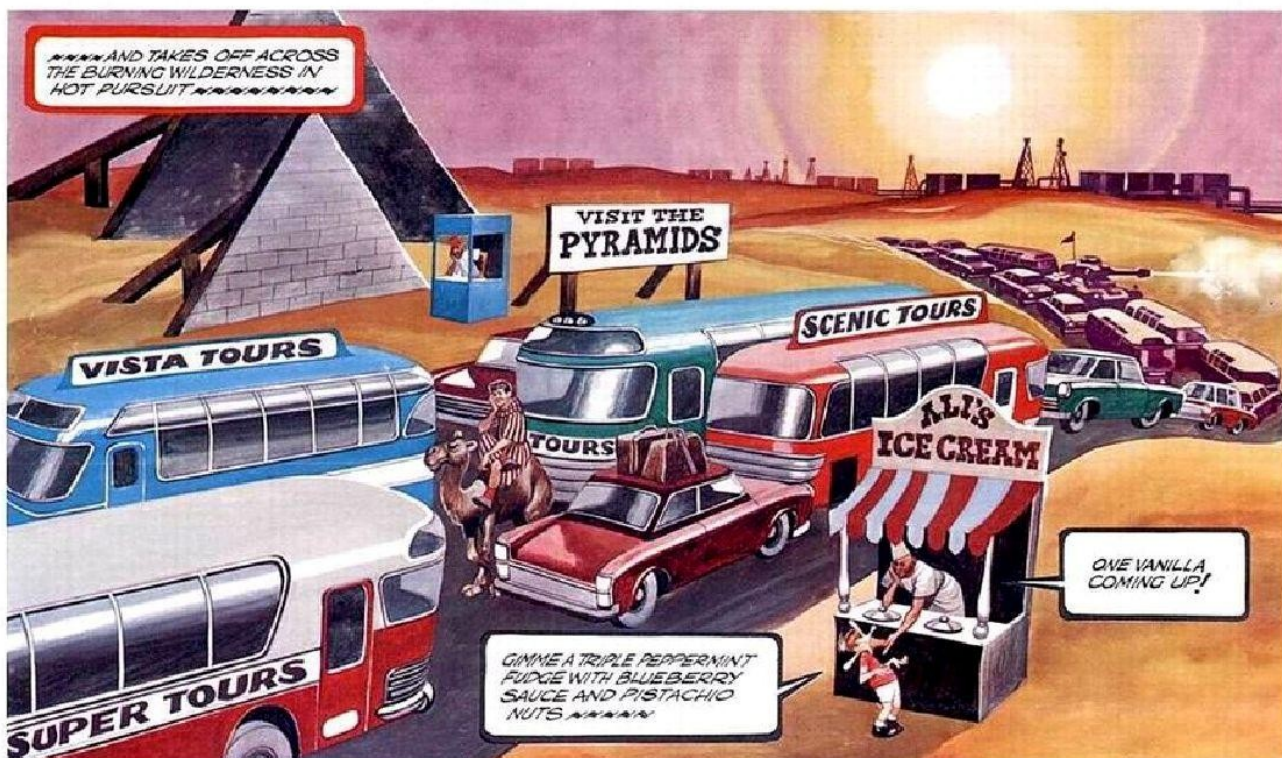
OIL
CONCESSION

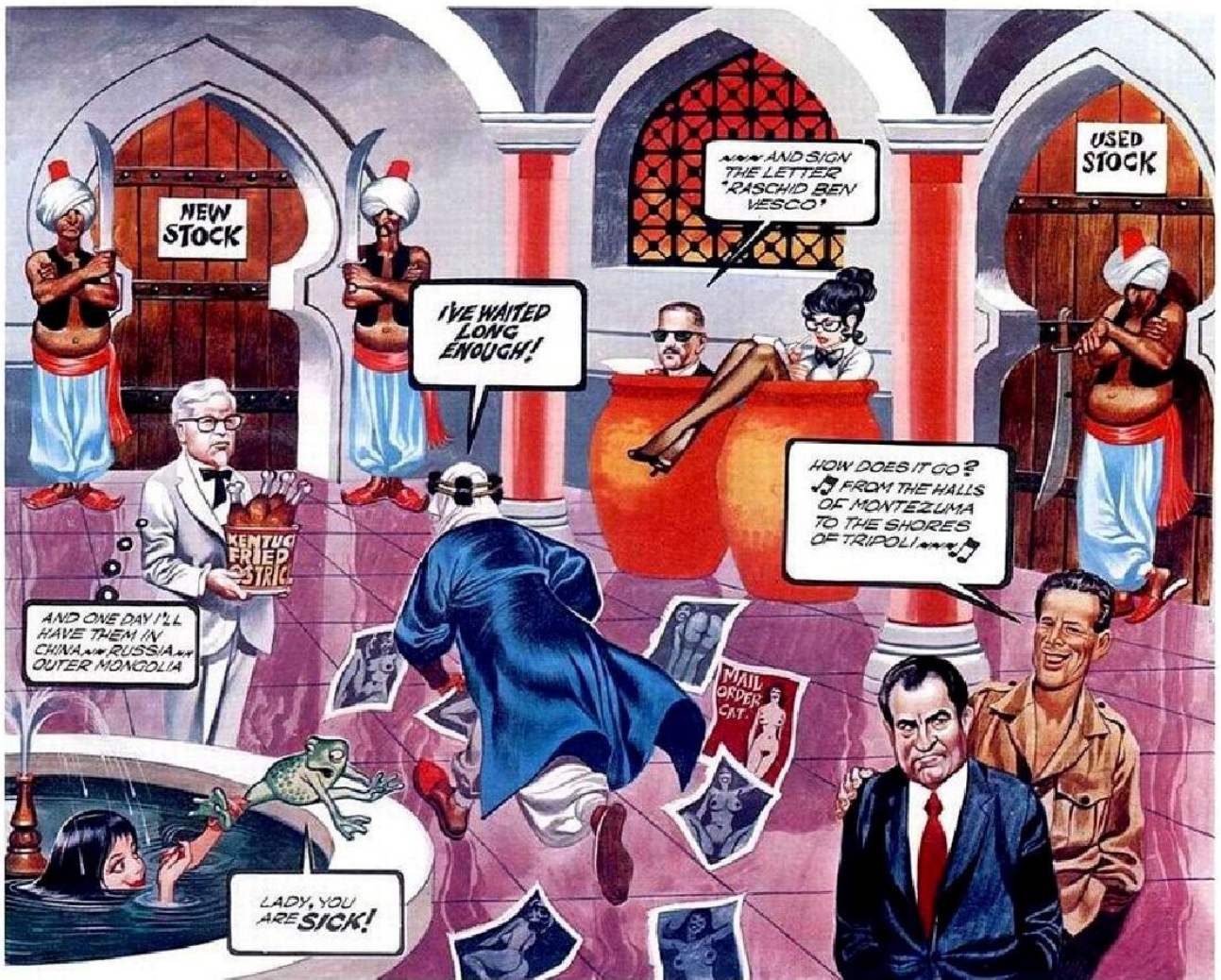
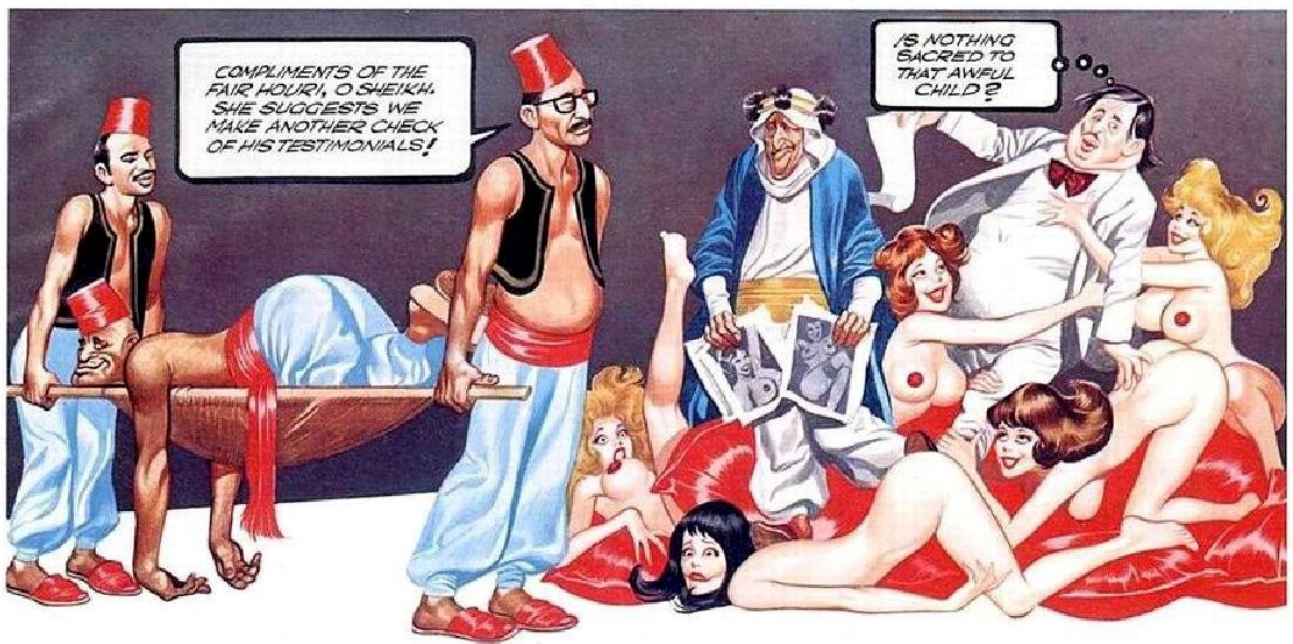
**SHE'S PREPARING
HERSELF E'EN NOW,
YOUR SERENITY!
WHAT SAY A LEEETLE
BIZNESS BEFORE
—HEH! HEY! —IP!P?**

GLADYS BLINTZ—YOU HAVE A DEGREE IN SOCIOLOGY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

HELLO, SAILOR!









GET 'EM UP!
THIS IS A
HIT!

YOU'RE TOO LATE!
WE'RE ALREADY
BEIN' HUNCKED!

YOU KNOW WHAT GETS
ME? A HUNDRED YEARS
AGO I COULDVE SENT A
GUNBOAT UP THE NILE
AND TAKEN THE LOT!

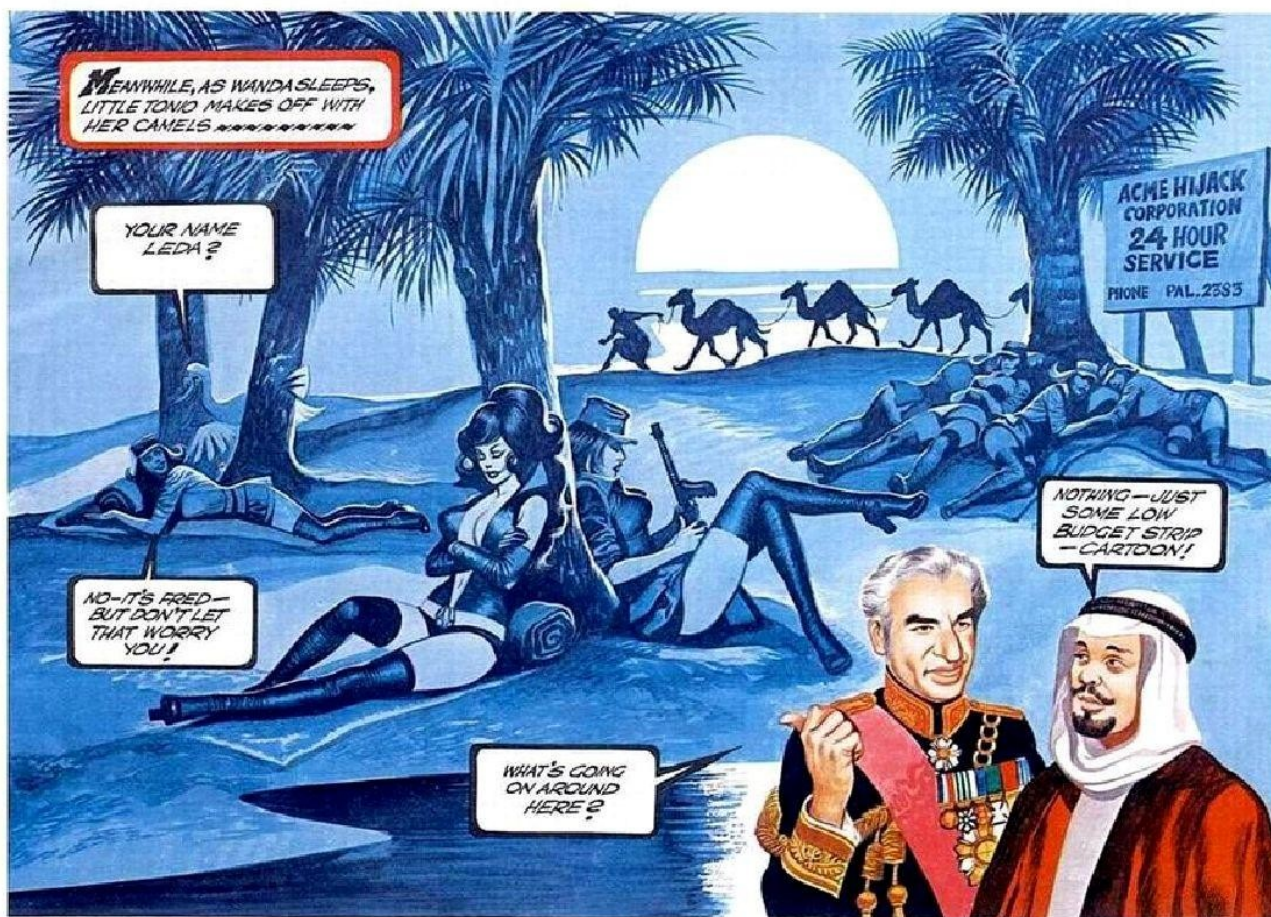
WHAT ABOUT MY
INEXPRESSIBLE
PLEASURE
INDEFINITELY
PROLONGED?

CAPTAIN—TELL YOUR
CREW TO PUT UP
THEIR HANDS. THIS
IS A HIJACK!

SORRY, SHEIKIE
—BABY. FRESH
OUT OF IPIP!
HOWEVER, IF
YOU WANNA TALK
ABOUT THAT OIL
CONCESSION
YOU'RE OFFERING
THAT SLOB
JACHIMO WEIN.

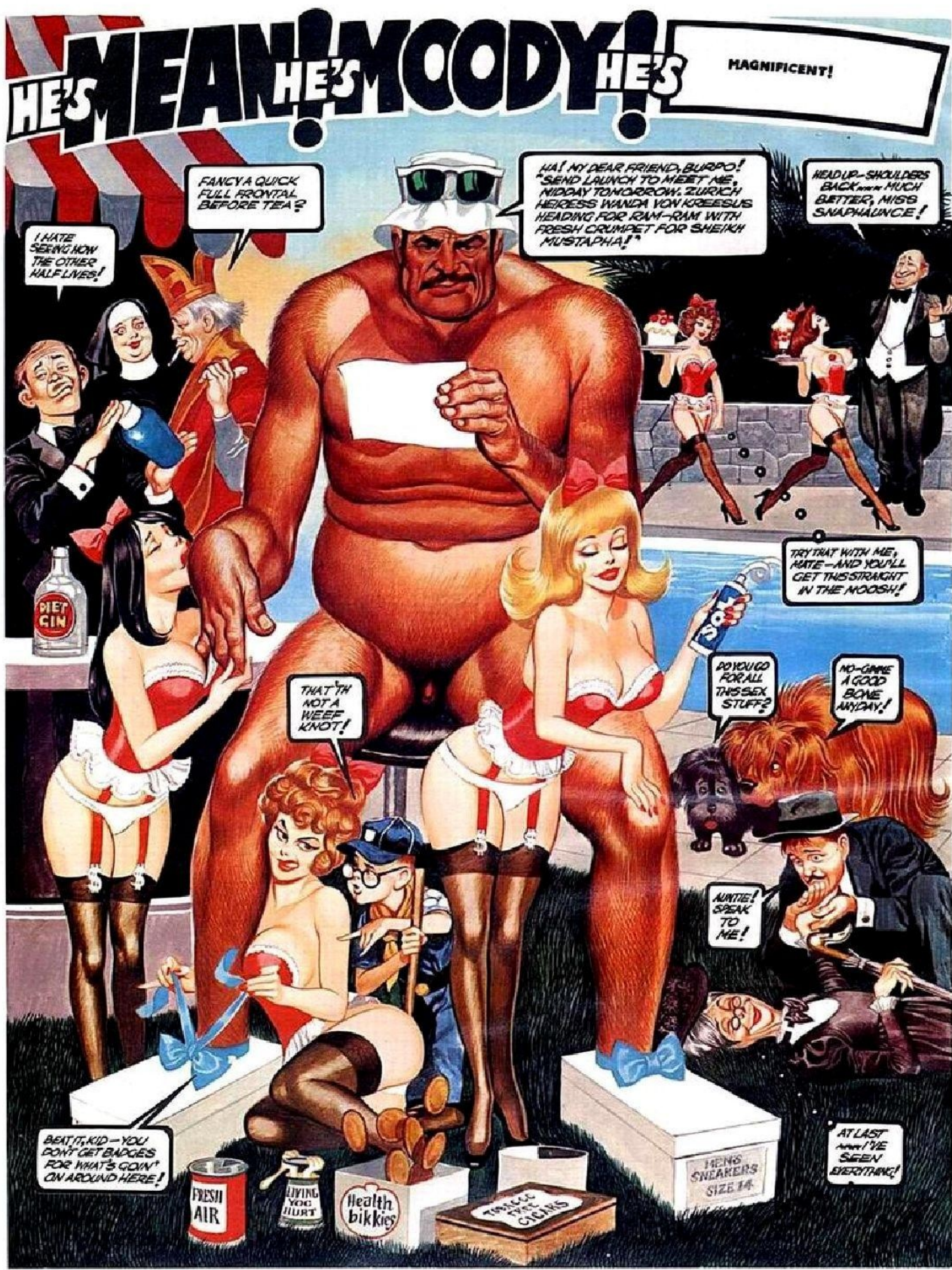
IT REMINDS ME
OF THE ARABIAN
NIGHTS!

IT REMINDS ME OF
A BUTCHER'S SHOP
WINDOW ON
CHRISTMAS EVE!



IN MIAMI, BOSSOTOTTI CABLES THE WORLD'S RICHEST OIL BARON, HEROD HUGE, VACATIONING ON HIS PRIVATE CARIBBEAN ISLAND WITH HIS HAREM OF MINI-DOLLIES.

**WHY MINI?
TURN OVER!**



HE'S MEAN! HE'S MOODY! HE'S MAGNIFICENT!

I HATE SEEING HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES!

FANCY A QUICK FULL FRONTAL BEFORE TEA?

HAI MY DEAR FRIEND, BURPO! SEND LUNCH TO MEET ME, NIDDAY TOMORROW. ZURICH HEIKESS WANDA VON KREESUS HEADING FOR RAM-RAM WITH FRESH CRUMFET FOR SHEIKH MUSTAPHA!

HEAD UP-SHOULDERS BACK-^{WAG} MUCH BETTER, MISS SNAPHAUNCE!

TRY THAT WITH ME, KATE-AND YOU'LL GET THIS STRAIGHT IN THE MOOSH!

THAT'N NOT A WEEF KNOT!

POYUOD FOR ALL THSSEX STUFF?

NO-GAME A GOOD BONE ANYDAY!

WUNTIE! SPEAK TO ME!

BEAT IT, KID-YOU DONT GET BADGES FOR WHAT'S GOIN' ON AROUND HERE!

AT LAST I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!

PIET CIN

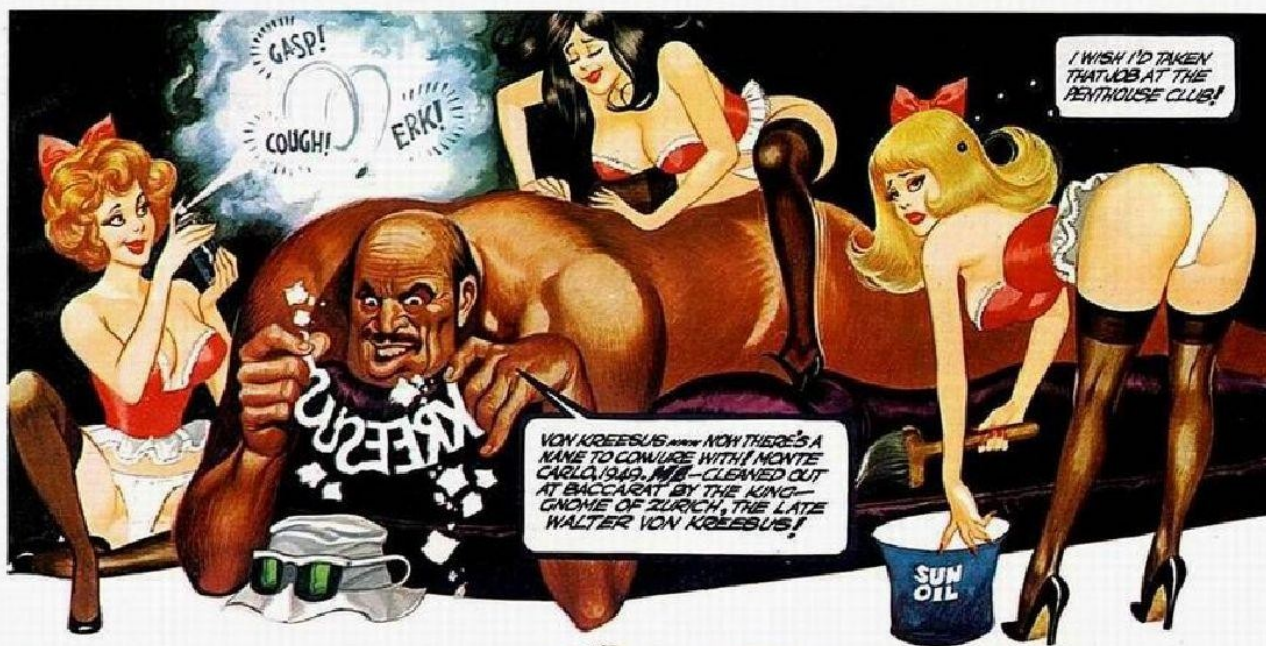
FRESH AIR

LIVING YOG HURT

Health bikkies

THICK TALL CIGARS

MENS SNEAKERS SIZE 14



OH WICKED WANDA!

OUTSTRIPPING THE PUSS COMMANDOS
IN HER ANXIETY TO RESCUE
CANDYLOSS FROM HER ODIOUS
KIDNAPPERS, WANDA VON KREESUS
WALKS SLAP INTO A SALVATION OF
SORRID-ARABIAN SLAVE TRADERS

A SUNSHINE HOME
—AWAY FROM IT ALL?
CALL RASCHID
BEN VESCO INC.
(RAM-RAM 69)

AMAZON—
SMAMAZON!
CANST THOU NOT
SEE SHE'S
SWINGING A
FULL PAIR?

COULD BE
ONE OF THOSE
ISRAELI
AMAZONS ON
HER WAY
HOME?

ANYWAY, WHO'S
GONNA ASK—
HEH! HEH!—
WHAT RELIGION
SHE IS!

by
FREDERIC MULLALLY
and
RON EMBLETON







ON HIS PRIVATE CARIBBEAN ISLAND, HEROD HUGE GREETES BURRO BOSSOTTI, CRAPO DI GRAPY OF THE COSA NASTI.

HI, HEROD — I MEAN, MR HUGE! GET MY CABLE ABOUT WANDA VON KREESUS?

YEP! AND I'VE BEEN SUSSING IT ALL OUT!

BURP!

BURP!

BURP!

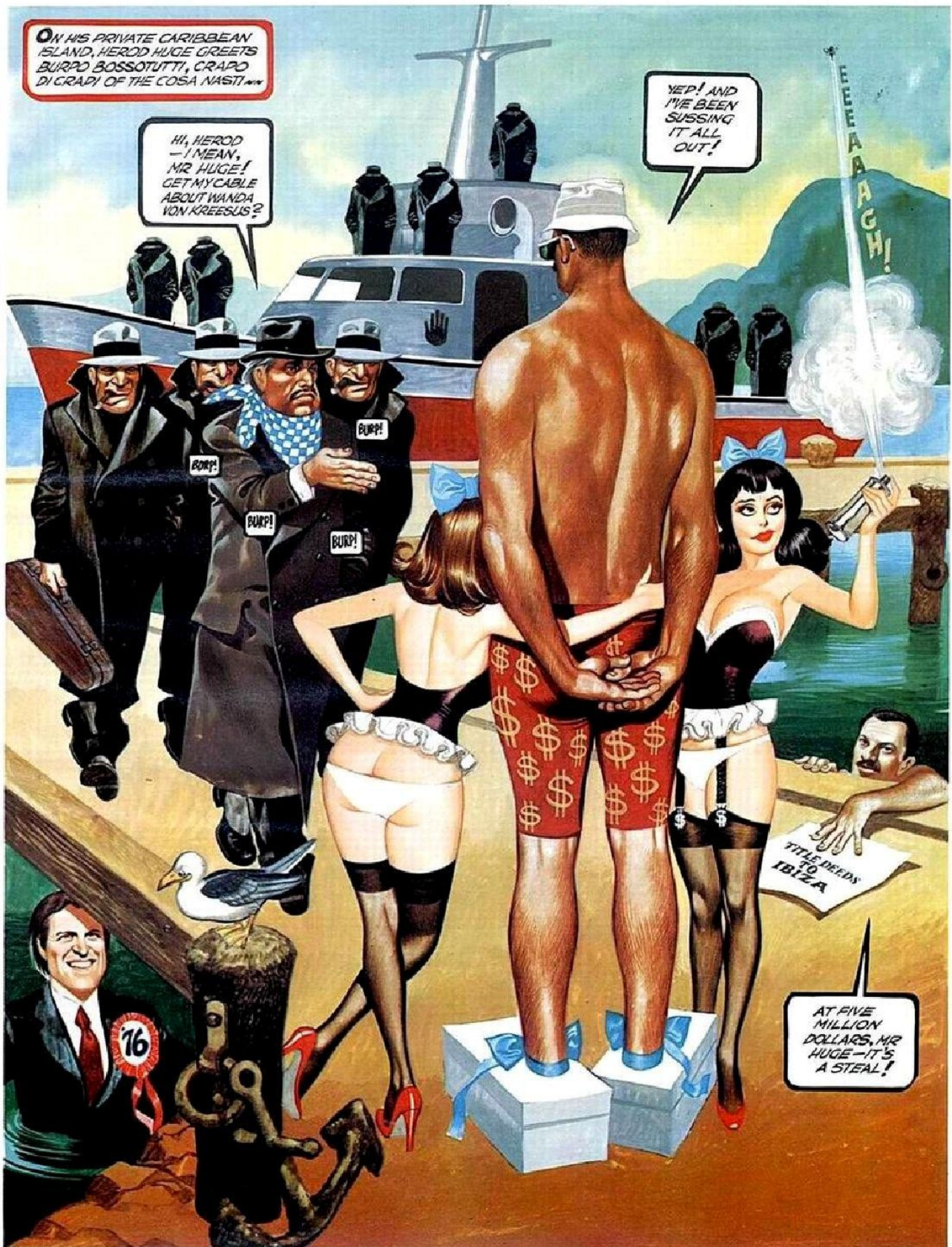
BURP!

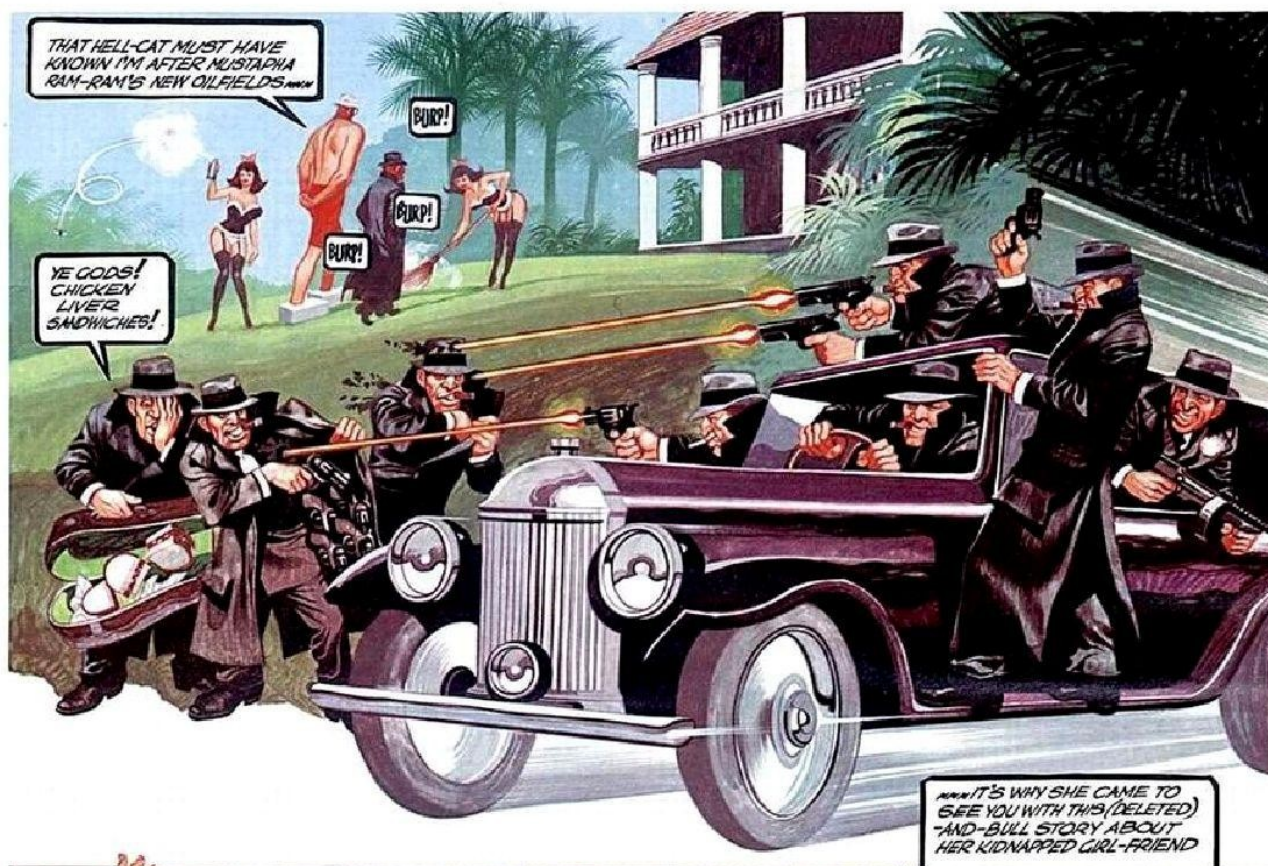
EEEEEE
AAGH!

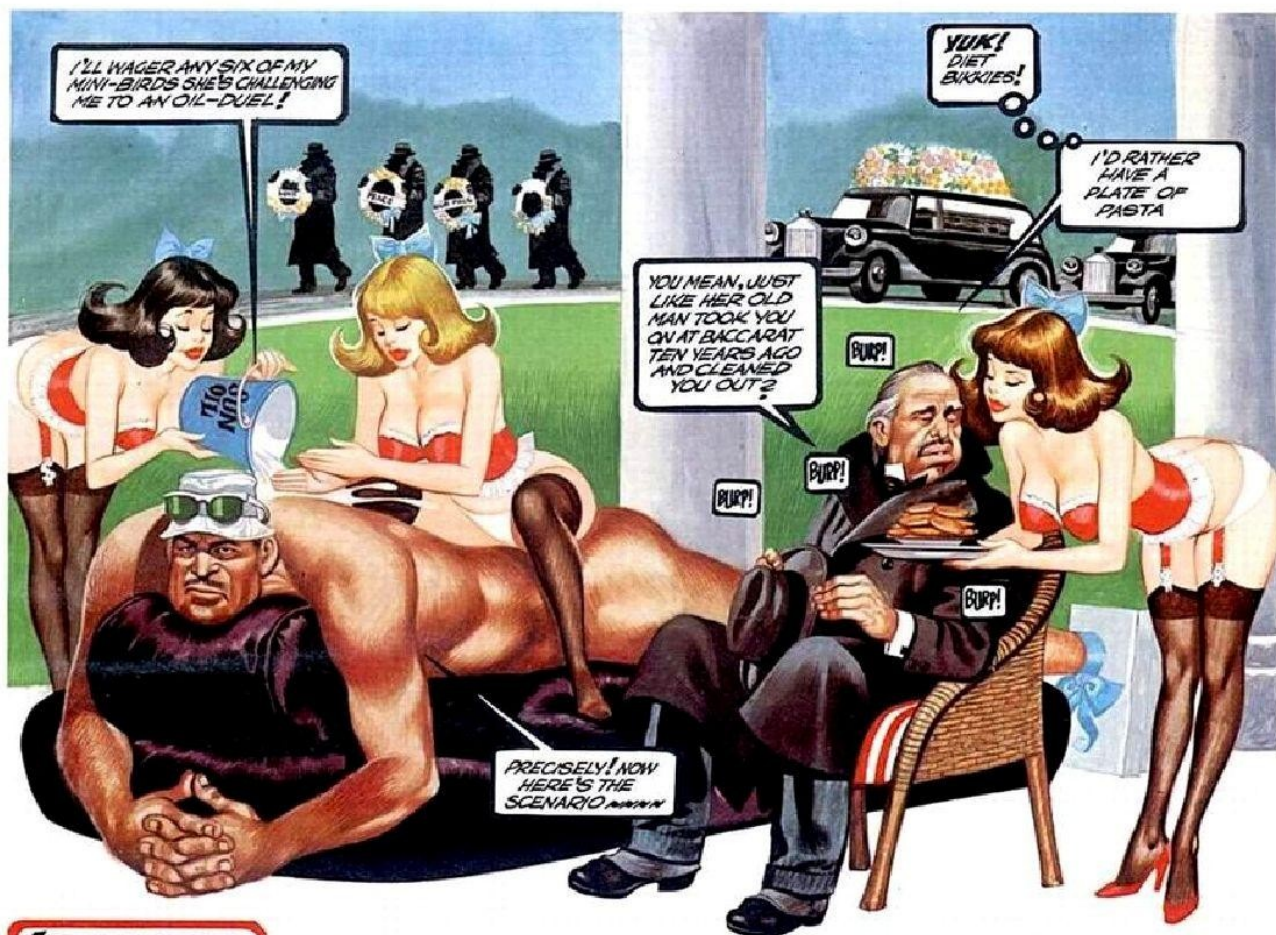
TITLE DEEDS
TO
IBIZA

AT FIVE MILLION DOLLARS, MR HUGE — IT'S A STEAL!

76









THE AUCTION BEGINS NOW

LOT NO. 1, EXCELLENCIES!
NAME OF GERDA. LOW
MILEAGE AND ONLY ONE
PREVIOUS OWNER. TWIN
CARBURETTORS, SYNCHROMESH
FIVE-GEAR STICK CONTROL.
UPHOLSTERY AS NEW. REAR
SUSPENSION SOMETHING
YOU'VE DREAMED ABOUT!

SOMEWHERE OUT
THERE IS MUSTAPHA'S
MAN. SO LET'S SHAKE
'EM FOR THE SHEIKH
AND HOPE FOR
THE BEAST!

WAIT! I'LL TELL THEM
ABOUT THIS BACK
AT FINISHING
SCHOOL!

THIS IS THE
MOMENT I'VE
ALWAYS DREAMED
ABOUT!

HONEST ABDUL'S FLESH
MART

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
NO ROAD TESTS

6,000
RIYADS!

5,000
RIYADS!

THAT'S WHAT
I MISS BACK
HOME, MARY!
—TRADITION!

THE BRUNETTE!
I'LL GO UP TO
10,000! GATEFOLD,
SIX PAGES BLACK
AND WHITE AND
SHE GETS TO MEET
AGNEW!

I BID
7,000
RIYADS!

LOT 3
PLUS
LUCKY
DIP

THIS
FANTASY
IS KID'S
STUFF!

YEAH! LET'S
GO THROW
A BOMB AT
SOMEBODY!

HE CAN
HAVE
MINE FOR
A DOLLAR
FIFTY!

YOU'VE GOT TO HAND
IT TO HIM—AS A
POCKPOCKET HE'S
GOT STYLE!

WILL WANDA MAKE THE
PALACE—OR BE AIRBRUSHED
INTO OBLIVION? DON'T
CALL US, WE DON'T KNOW
EITHER.



OH, WICKED WANDA!

WANDA'S BID TO RESCUE HER KIDNAPPED LITTLE ADJUTANT—GENITAL CANDYFLOSS FROM THE HAREN OF SHEIKH MUSTAPHA RAM-RAM CAME UNSTUCK WHEN SHE WAS CAPTURED BY SLAVE TRADERS. NOW IT'S GOOD AGAIN, 'COS WANDA'S BEEN BOUGHT BY THE SHEIKH'S OWN PROCURER.

ALI "NEVER-A-DUD" ASSPINKA

WHEN THOU SETTETH EYES UPON **THIS** ONE, O MUSTAPHA, THOU WILT DITCHETH THY ENTIRE HAREM!

I.P.I.P! I WANT MY I.P.I.P!

WHAT'S A EUNUCH?

INEXPRESSIBLE PLEASURE, INDEFINITELY PROLONGED, OH, CANDYFLOSS, THAT'S **OUR** SECRET YOU'VE BEEN BANDING ABROAD!

AN EMASCULATED MALE, PROBABLY MAKE A VERY GOOD MOTORIST—NO HANGUPS

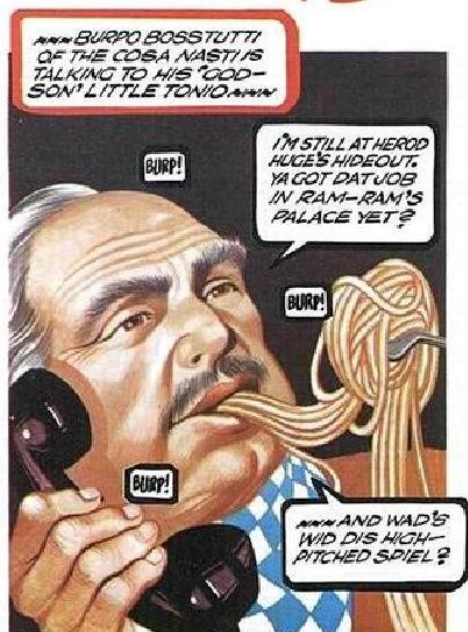
YOU WAIT UNTIL OUR NORTH SEA OIL COMES THROUGH—YOU WON'T SEE ME STANDING IN LINE THEN!

76

?







AND HEROD HUGE,
RICH AS WANDA AND TWICE
AS MEAN, HAS BEEN
LISTENING—IN

I WANT THE FACTS, BURPO!
WHAT'S THE VON KREESL'S
BRAT DOIN' IN RAM-RAM?
HAS SHE SCREWED UP MY OIL
DEAL? WHAT CAN SHE OFFER
MUSTAPHA THAT I CAN'T LICK?

YOU CAN HAVE
THE EAST SIDE!

AHH!

I'M GONNA RID
DECENT SOCIETY
OF THAT DECADENT,
MAN-HATIN'
SPAWN OF A
ZURICH GNOME!

Wanna WELL
NOW

BURP!

BURP!

BURP!

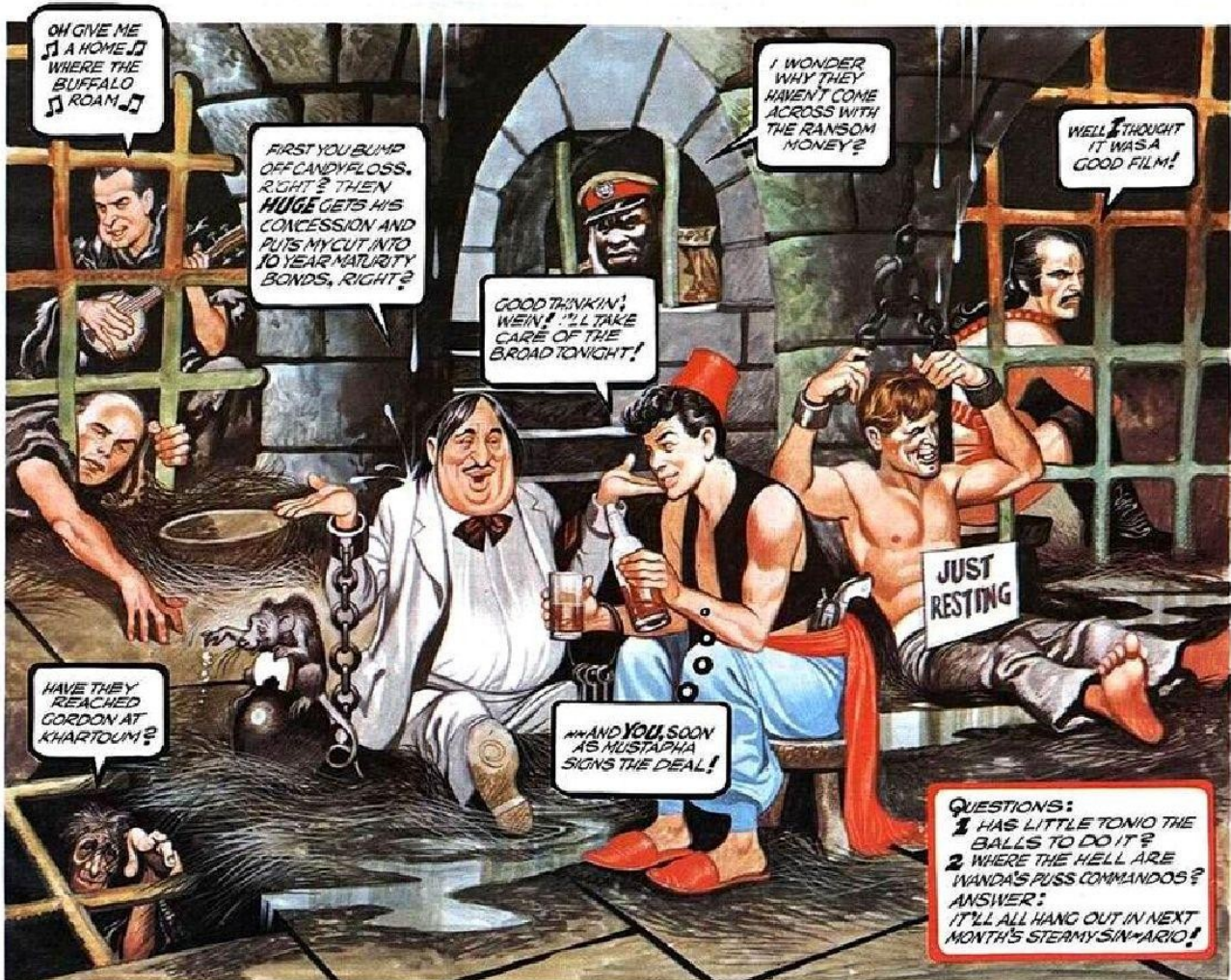
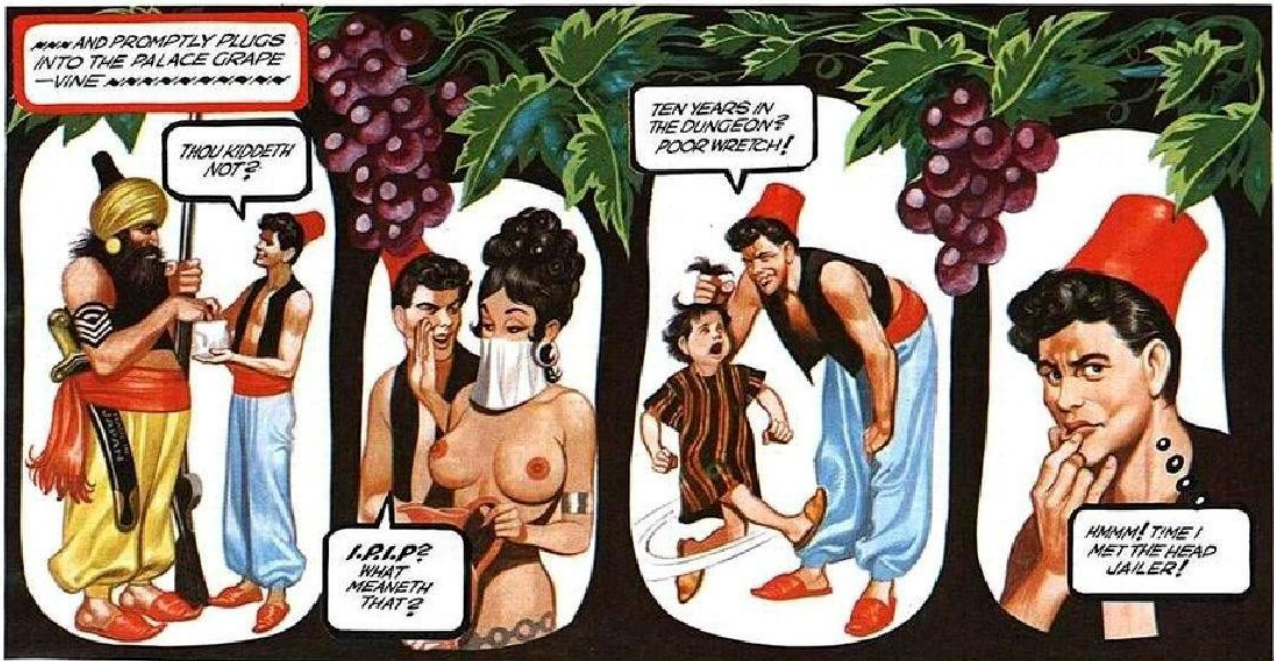
DIET
CHOKIES

TWANG!

YIKE!







OH, WICKED WANDA!

HEROD HUGE, RICHEST AND BEASTLIEST MAN IN THE WORLD, IS AFTER THE UNTAPPED OIL OF THE SHEIKHDOM OF RAM-RAM.

SHEIKH MUSTAPHA LUSTS FOR CANDYFLOSS AND HER SECRET OF INEXPRESSIBLE-PLEASURE-INDEFINITELY-PROLONGED.

BURPO BOSSOYOTTI HOPES FOR A CUT OF THE OIL CONCESSION. **WANDA** WANTS HER LITTLE PLAYMATE SAFELY BACK IN THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS. SHEIKH THAT LOT UP TOGETHER—AND WAIT FOR THE **BANG!**

CABLE FROM LITTLE TOWN, MR. HUGE. MUSTAPHA'S ABOUT TO SIGN OVER THE OIL TO CANDYFLOSS BEFORE GETTING HIS I.F.F.P. OKAY FOR TONIO TO BUMP HER OFF?

CABLE BACK: HIT CANDYFLOSS. SAVE THE VON KREESUS BROAD FOR ME!

AND HAVE ONE OF MY VETS STAND BY AT NASSAU TO TAKE US TO JIGGA-JIGGA!

MONEY, SUN, SEX, LUXURY! WHY AM I BORED!

I'LL TELL YA WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD—THE CAPITALISTS GET ALL THE CRUMPET!

BURP!

BURP!

YOU'RE COMING INTO SOME MONEY—IT SAYS HERE?

THIS AIN'T CHIANTI!

BURP!

BURP!

ITS P.R..P POIS..... CASP!

YOU'RE RIGHT—GO GET ME SUMP'N ELSE!

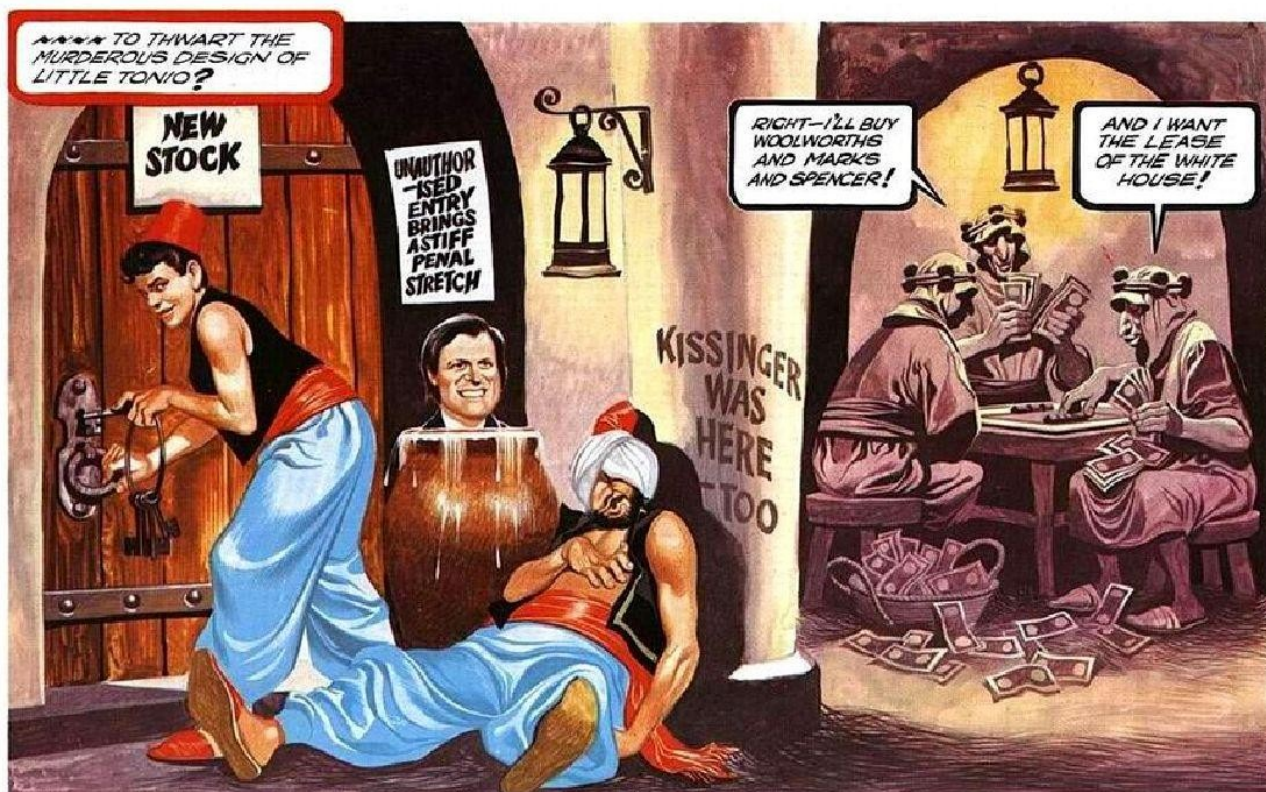
OKAY, BURPO—HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS!

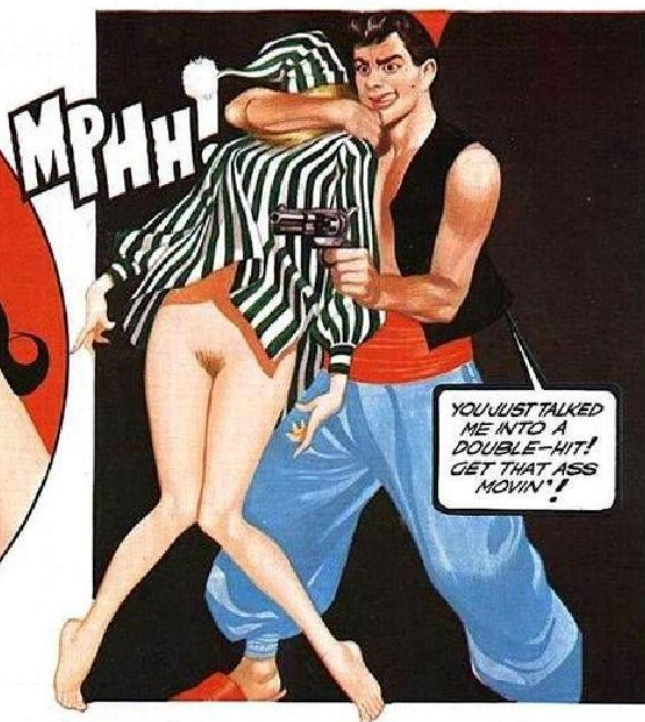
...GET YOURS!

...GET YOURS!

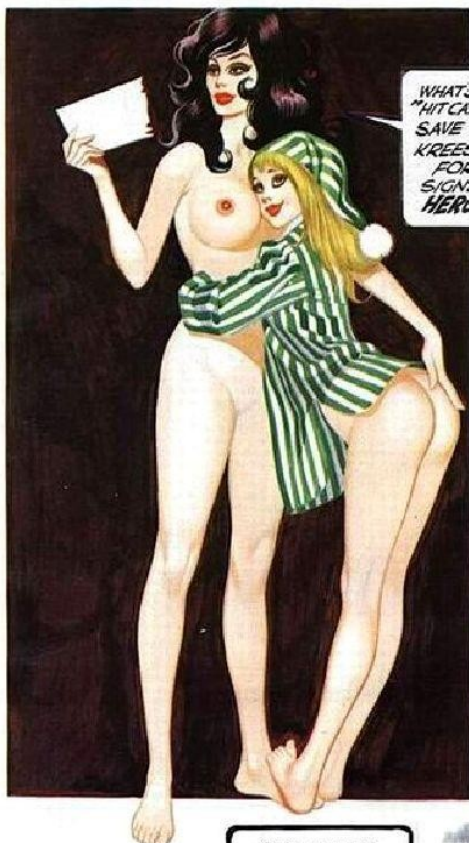












WHAT'S THIS?
"HITCANDYFLOSS.
SAVE THE YOV
KREESUS BROAD
FOR ME!"
SIGNED—
HEROP HUGE!

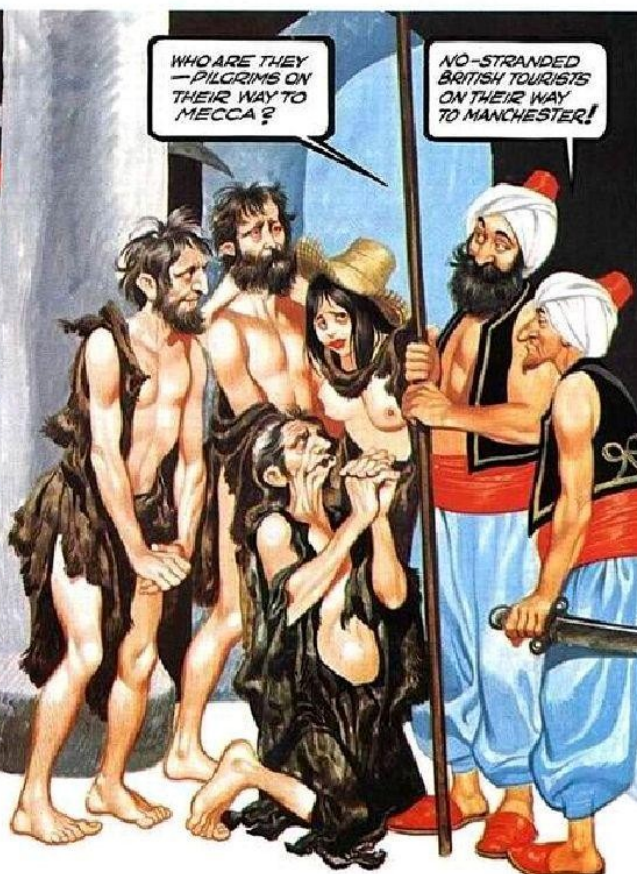


NAME RINGS A
BELL....AT LAST,
AN ENEMY
MAN-PIG
WORTHY OF MY
STEEL!



RED ALERT,
BROTHERS!
SOMEONE'S GOT
INTO THE
PUSSY-BANK!

THUNK!



WHO ARE THEY
—PILGRIMS ON
THEIR WAY TO
MECCA?

NO—STRANDED
BRITISH TOURISTS
ON THEIR WAY
TO MANCHESTER!

WILL WANDA SHOOT HER WAY
OUT OF THE HAREM? WOULD
YOU? IF THE ANSWER'S 'YES'
MAYBE YOU SHOULD SKIP NEXT
MONTH'S SALACIOUS SEQUEL

OH WICKED WANDA!

TRAPPED INSIDE THE HAREM OF SHEIKH MUSTAPHA RAM-RAM, WANDA AND HER HANDMAIDEN CANDYFLOSS PREPARE FOR THE WORST?

RELAX, PUSSCAKE!
IT'S PROBABLY
SOME KIND OF
BATTERING RAM

WHAT DO YOU
SUPPOSE THEY'RE
GOING TO DO
WITH **THAT**?

LOOK AT THAT
SIGHT! MORE
MAGNIFICENT
THAN ANY
SUNSET!

SO I
SHOULD
RELAX!

NUTS! WE WERE
JUST GOING TO
USE IT!

GO ON—
**I DARE
YOU!**

by
FREDERIC
MULLALLY
RON and
EMBLETON





FROM HIS PRIVATE JET AT
RAM-RAM'S AIRPORT

SHEIKH MUSTAPHA?
HEROD HUGE
HERE! YOU
WANNA DO A DEAL
ON THAT OIL
CONCESSION?

LEFT WING
EXTREMISTS!

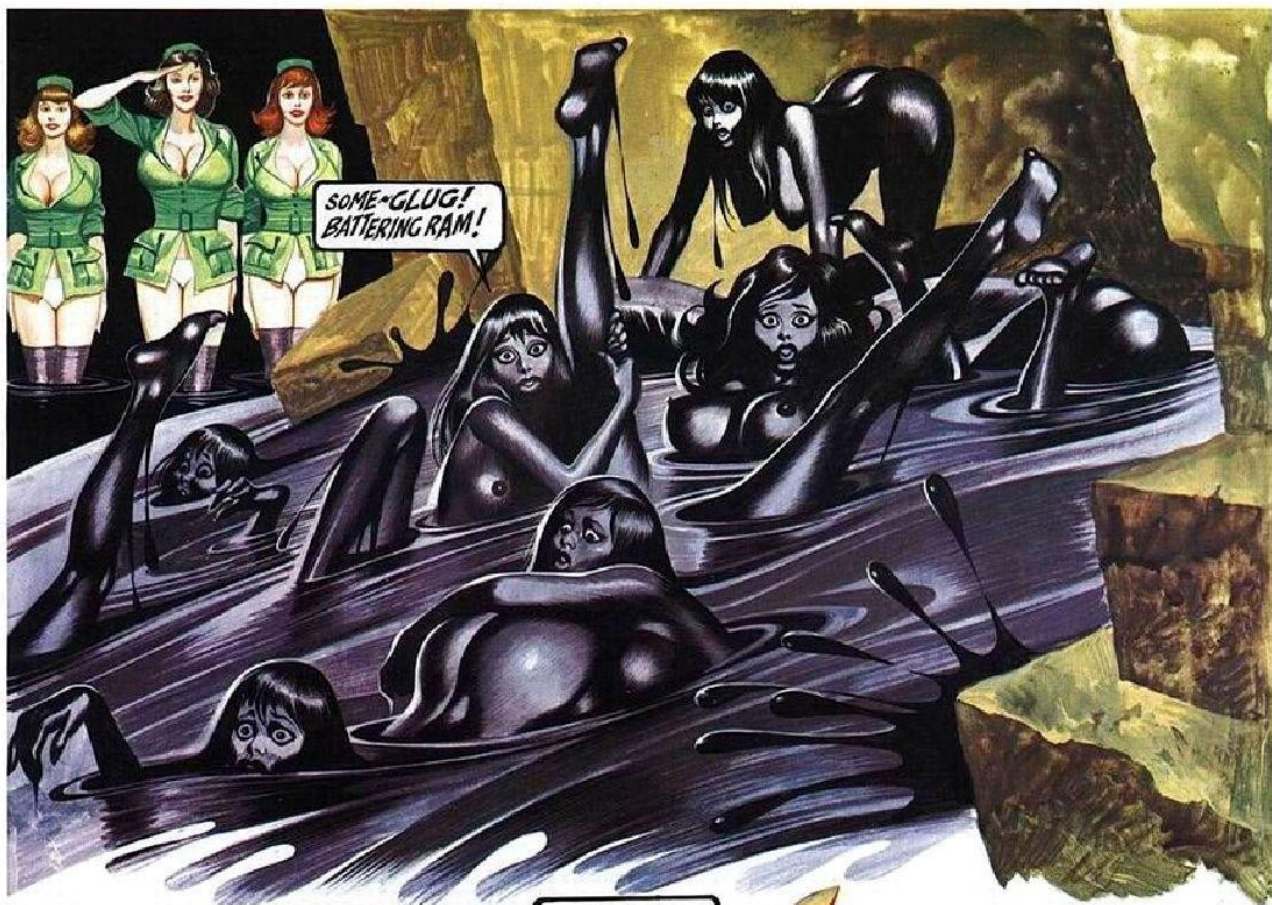
RIGHT WING
ACTIVISTS!

LIBERAL
MILITANTS!

BLOODY
VANDALS!

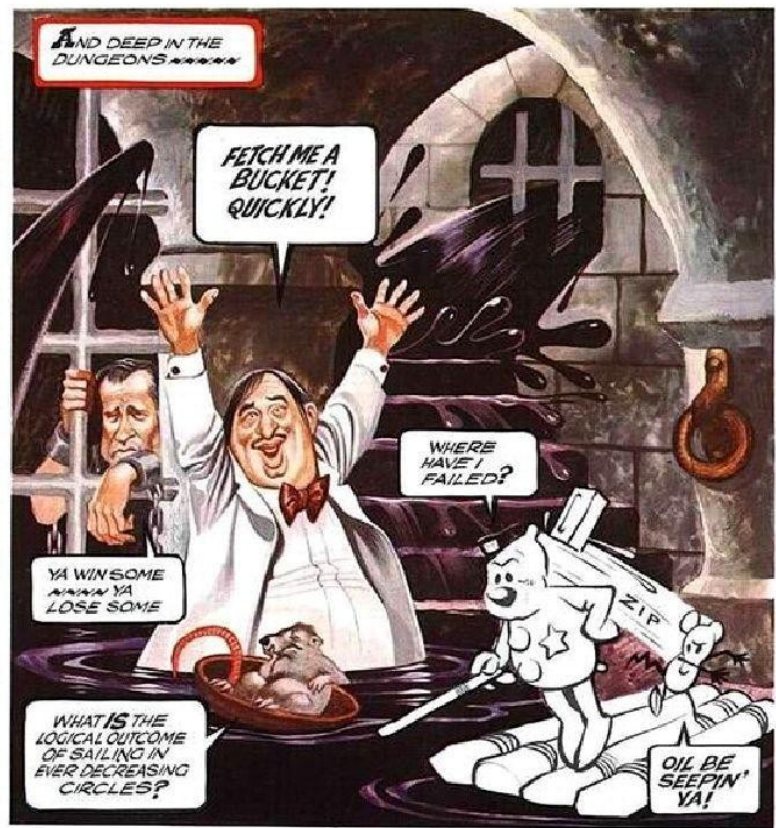
KER-
PUM!







INSIDE A COMMANDEERED
TRUCK, HEADING FOR
SORDID ARABIA AND HOME...





BACK AT THE SCHLOSS—
AND A SOMBER SESSION
WITH HOMER SAPIENS.

OOOOH!
I WANT ONE
OF THOSE!

MY PORTFOLIO
OF INDUSTRIAL
STOCKS SHOWS A
LOSS OF \$1.2
BILLION, EGGBONE!
ALL OF IT FROM
JACKED-UP FUEL
COSTS!

PLEASE! JUST
A LITTLE!
PLEASE!

SEX TOY
CATALOGUE
MAIL ORDER

THWAP
THWAP

THAT'S ONLY HALF
OF IT, MISTRESS.
YOUR BANK'S ARE
NOW STUFFED WITH
MORE SHORT-TERM
ARAB DEPOSITS
THAN WE CAN
POSSIBLY RECYCLE!

ABOUT TIME
TOO! I'VE BEEN
OUT OF THE
STRIP FOR
MONTHS!

THE DAY OF
THE THIRD
WORLD IS
AT HAND

H'M... TIME I
HAD ANOTHER
CHAT WITH THAT
WILY OLD BASTARD
DOWNSTAIRS IN
THE CLASSUAR!

CAN WANDA BE REFERRING
TO HER DEAR FATHER, THE LATE
(AND MUMMIFIED) KING-GNOME,
WALTER VON KREESUS?
IF SO—ALLAH HELP US ALL!

OH, WICKED WANDA!



BACK AT THE SCHLOSS—
AND A SOMBER SESSION
WITH HOMER SAPIENS ***

PLEASE! JUST
A LITTLE!
PLEASE!

MY PORTFOLIO
OF INDUSTRIAL
STOCKS SHOWS A
LOSS OF \$1.2
BILLION, EGGBOUCE!
ALL OF IT FROM
JACKED-UP FUEL
COSTS!

OOOHH!
I WANT ONE
OF THOSE!

THWAP
THWAP

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OF IT, MISTRESS.
YOUR BANKS ARE
NOW STUFFED WITH
MORE SHORT-TERM
ARAB DEPOSITS
THAN WE CAN
POSSIBLY RECYCLE!

ABOUT TIME
TOO! I'VE BEEN
OUT OF THE
STRIP FOR
MONTHS!

THE DAY OF
THE THIRD
WORLD IS
AT HAND

H'M... TIME I
HAD ANOTHER
CHAT WITH THAT
KILYOLD BASTARD
DOWNSTAIRS IN
THE GLASSUAR!

CAN WANDA BE REFERRING
TO HER DEAR FATHER, THE LATE
(AND MUMMIFIED) KING-GNOME,
WALTER VON KREESUS?
IF SO—ALLAH HELP US ALL!

ASTOUNDINGLY 1974-1975

LOAD OF RUBBISH!
WHAT'S HE TALKIN'
ABOUT? THE RIGHTS
OF MAN—I AIN'T
GOT NO RIGHTS!

I SOMETIMES
WONDER WHAT I'M
DOING HERE!

THE WORLD IS
CHANGING, KIDDO!
WHO KNOWS WHERE
ANY OF US'LL BE
TOMORROW!

DIDN'T I TELL
YOU SHE'D MAKE
CLINTACT!

I'D NEVER HAVE
BELIEVED IT—
HEN-PUSSABLE!

THERE'S A CERTAIN
INITIATION CEREMONY
FOR NEW RECRUITS
TO THE PUSSFORCE!





ALL I GOT FROM
THE OLD WHORE-
MASTER WAS:
"TELL SAPIENS TO GO
BACK IN HIS MEMORY!"

A PRETTY SORDID
JOURNEY, BY ALL
ACCOUNTS!

HOPE
IT CHOKES
YOU!

HOW CAN I STRIKE
FOR BETTER
CONDITIONS? WHO
CAN I BLACKMAIL?

I CAN'T PUT
PRESSURE ON THE
GOVERNMENT OR
THE PUBLIC.....

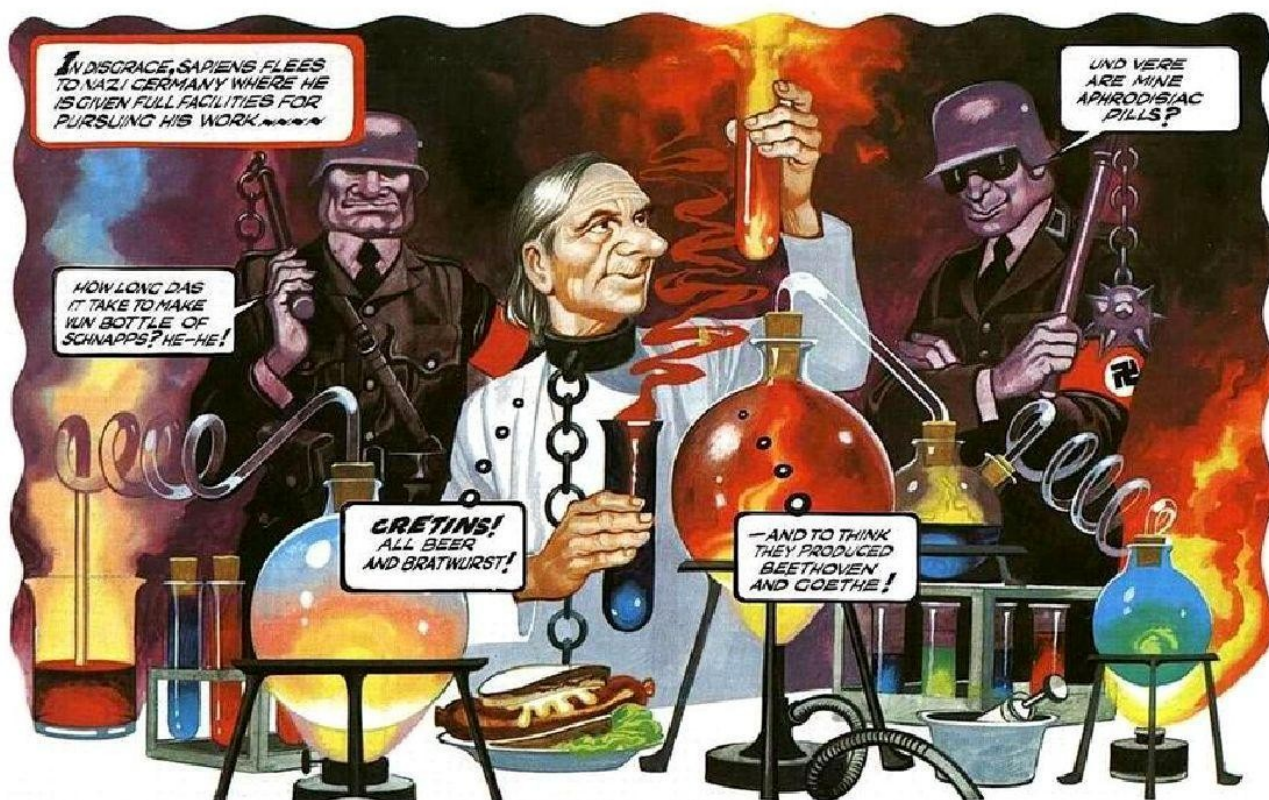
JUST BECAUSE I'M
NOT A DOCTOR OR A
MINER OR A DUST-
MAN.....

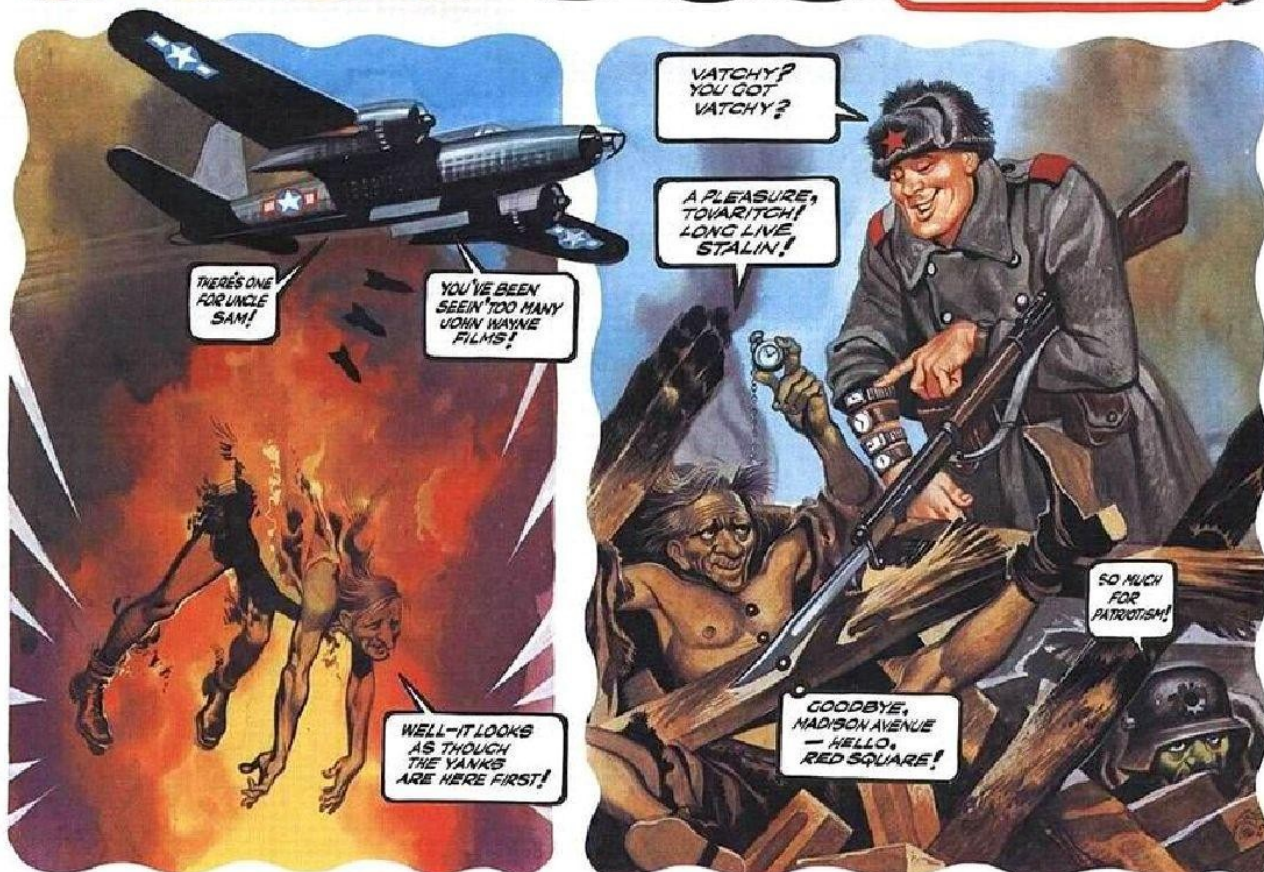
O'HAN-COMPLAIN TO
THE RSPCA -
SEE IF I CARE!

WE ARE ALL IN
THE GUTTER
BUT SOME OF
US ARE LOOKING
AT THE STARS

IN THE PRIVACY OF HIS
PRIVY, SAPIENS RECALLS THE
TURNING POINTS OF HIS LIFE. 1987/88







WATCHLESS, BUT WITH HIS NOTES INTACT, SAPIENS FINDS A NEW PATRON IN SWITZERLAND

ONE DAY ALL THIS WILL BELONG TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER!

LET ME KEEP THE MINK, THE SABLE, THE RUBIES AND THE ROLLS—JUST TO REMEMBER YOU BY?

A MR VON KREESUS RANG FOR A MASSAGE!

BUT HE'S HAD THE BEST YEARS OF MY LIFE!

PLEASE MISS WANDA! NOT MY DARLING FIFI!

THAT'S ALL HE WANTS, MATE!

MY FEET ARE KILLING ME!

... HE'S BEEN CHASING ME AROUND THE FOREST ALL DAY IN ONE OF HIS "WOOD NINJA" FANTASIES!

YOU'RE LUCKY—I'VE GOTTA WEAR THIS GEAR IN CASE HE FANCIES A MERMAID!

WATCHLESS, BUT WITH HIS NOTES INTACT, SAPIENS FINDS A NEW PATRON IN SWITZERLAND

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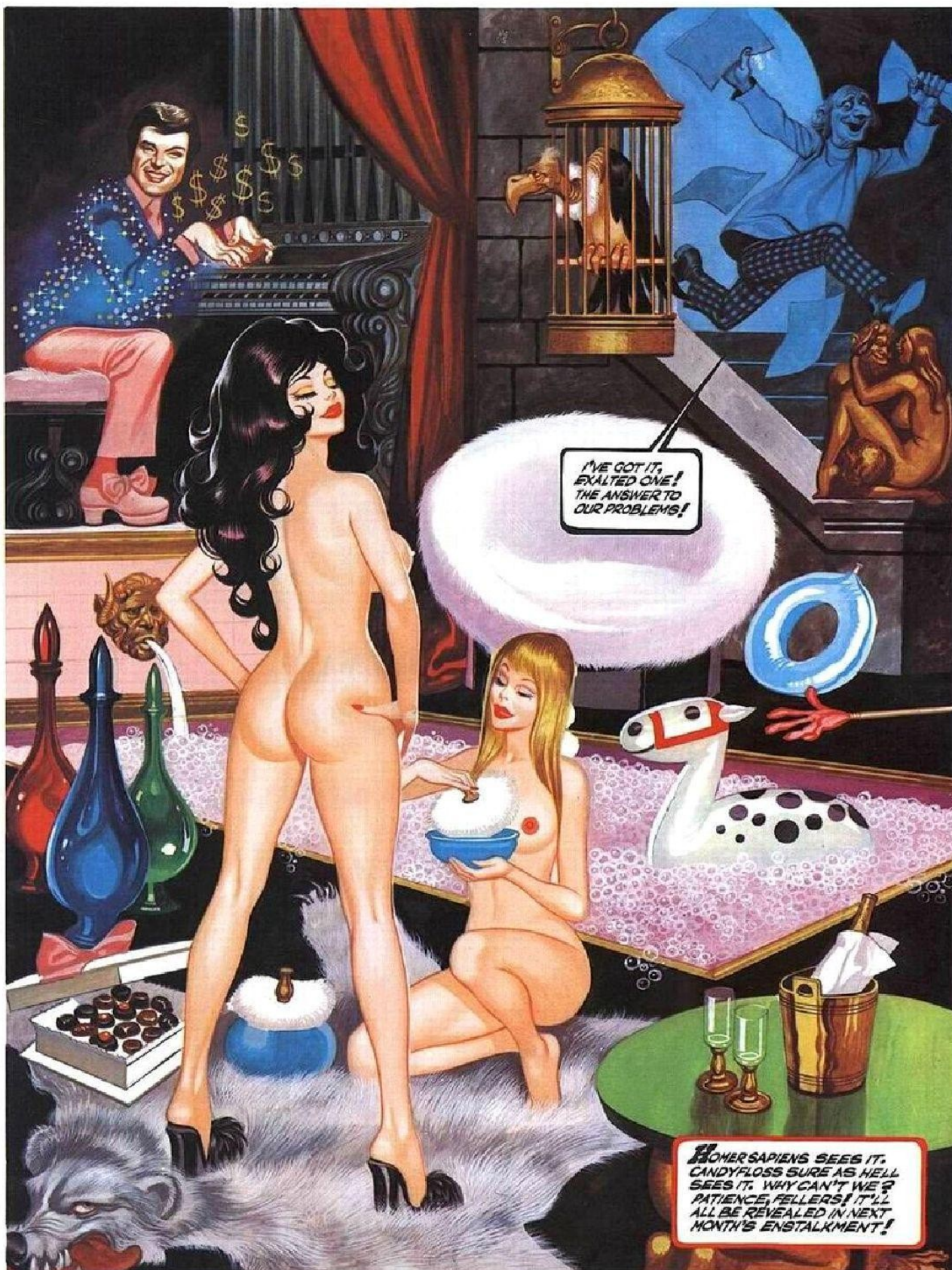
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YOU'RE LUCKY—I'VE GOTTA WEAR THIS GEAR IN CASE HE FANCIES A MERMAID!



OH, WICKED WANDA!

HER VAST INHERITANCE HURT (ISN'T EVERYONE'S?) BY THE OPEC OIL HEISTS, WANDA LEARNS OF AN ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY MADE BY HOMER SAPIENS BACK IN 1945. BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO IT?

THINK, EGGBONCE! YOU GAVE IT TO MY OLD MAN AND HE GOT PAID BY THE OIL TYCOONS TO SUPPRESS IT.

WHERE DID THE CRAFTY SOD HIDE YOUR ORIGINAL FORMULA?

BUT WHAT HAPPENS IN THIS INITIATION CEREMONY?

EVEN IF I KNEW, YOU'D STILL HAVE TO BEAT IT OUT OF ME, MIGHTY MISTRESS!

YOU WANT I SHOULD CLOCK HIM ONE?

!?



by FREDERIC MOLLALLY and RON EMBLETON

ULTIMATE RAVE-UPS by WILSON CHURCHILL

1000 PRACTICAL JOKES by BATAINE

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS

THE BROTHERS OF THE ART FORM

COPULATION 25% OF THE ART FORM



AND SO TO OLD
WALTER VON KREESUS'S
LUMBER ROOM

THAT'S IT! IT'S
GOTTA BE IN ONE
OF OLD WALTER'S
PRECIOUS CUCKOO
CLOCKS!

SHE DID SAY
"LOOK INTO
EVERY NOOK
AND CRANNY!"

WALTER
BUTLER

SIMON
GIRTY

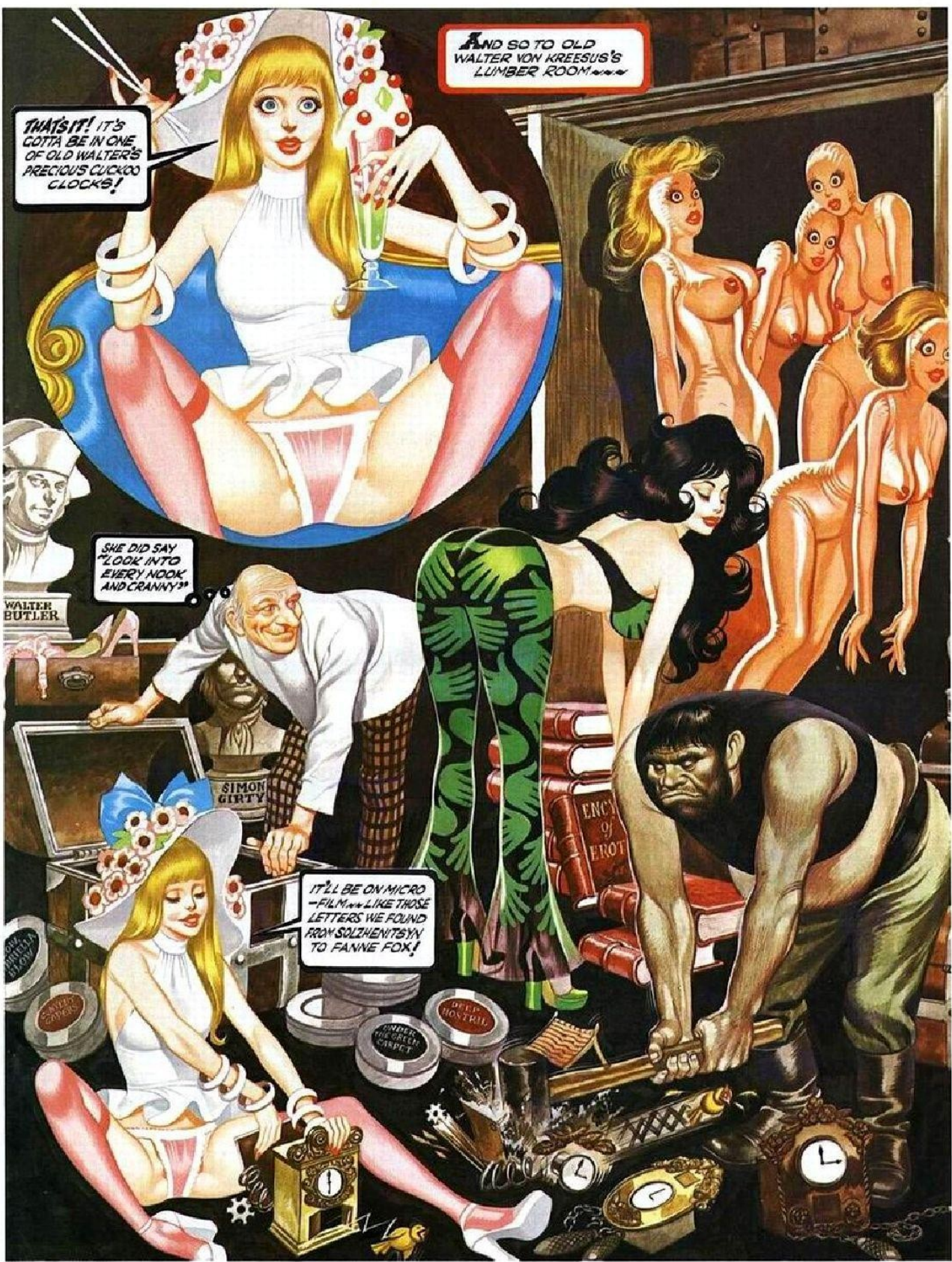
IT'LL BE ON MICRO-
FILM, LIKE THOSE
LETTERS WE FOUND
FROM SOLZHENITSYN
TO FANNE FOX!

ENCYCLOPEDIA
OF EROTICA

THE
MURDER OF
DR. MURPHY

THE GREAT
TARGET

DEEP
HOSTILE







WANDA'S INTREPID
PUSS COMMANDOS
ENTHUSIASTICALLY
DEMONSTRATE SAPIENS
NEW **SUPER FUEL**

BAROOM!

IT'LL POWER
TURBINES, DIESELS
— THE LOT!
IT'LL EVEN PUT
A MAN INTO
SPACE!

DO YOU
KNOW WHAT
THIS MEANS,
MISTRESS?

FZOOOM!

OOHH!
NASTY!

KERUNCH!





AND SO, SEVERAL DAYS LATER, REPRESENTATIVES OF ARAB OIL INTERESTS ARRIVE AT THE SCHLOSS.

WELL, GENTLEMEN — YOU READY TO TALK BUSINESS?

SHE'S A CAPITALIST IMPERIALIST!

WE'RE JUST PLAIN ORDINARY CAPITALISTS!

HUMBLE FOLK! UNDERPRIVILEGED!

SO STOMP HER!

CRUSH HER!

JUMP ON HER!

WHAT SAYEST THOU, BROTHER — APART FROM "BIGMILLAH!"?

THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING IN HERE ABOUT THIS!

I SAY WE BUY THE HOUR! OUT!

A PREZZY? FROM THESE CREEPS! WHAT SORT OF A PREZZY?





OH WICKED WANDA!

WITH THE SECRET OF SYNTHESIZING FUEL OIL UNDER CLOSE GUARD BACK IN HER SCHLOSS, WANDA FLIES TO SORDID ARABIA TO SATISFY HERSELF THAT THE SHEIKHS ARE KEEPING THEIR SIDE OF THE BARGAIN

WELCOME TO SORDID ARABIA MB VON KREESUS, I'M THE NEW PRIME MINISTER AND THIS IS MY FRIEND FANZIA, CHIEF OF POLICE!

I LIKE IT!
I LIKE IT!

NEW SORDID ARABIA

THERE IS ONLY ONE GOD AND HIS NAME IS ALLAH

YOU ARE MAKING SOME BIG STEPS FORWARD, MINISTER — IN ALL DIRECTIONS!

WOW! WHAT A FLIGHT!

CHEEKY!

HOW ARE THINGS WITH YOU, OL' BUDDY — BUDDY?

THERE ARE OTHER WAYS OF SETTLING WORLD PROBLEMS!

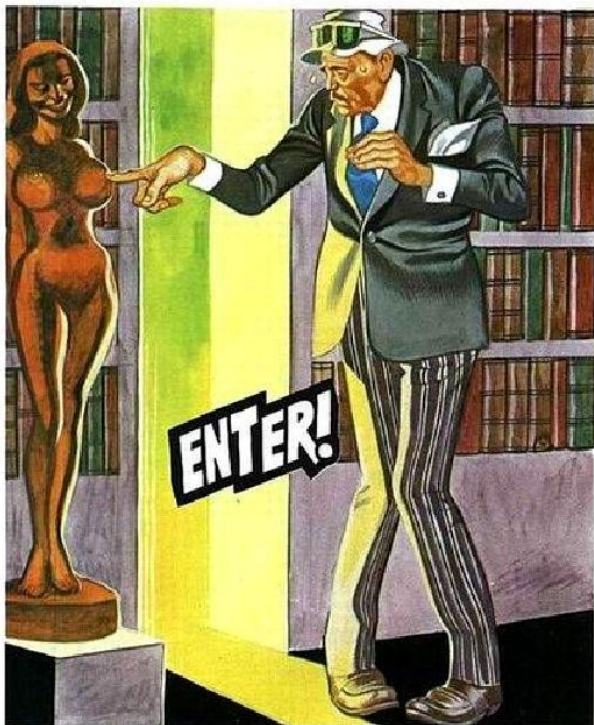
AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, MAN — THEY CAN TAKE OVER THE LOT!

AND SMILE, DAMN YOU! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ENJOYING YOURSELVES!

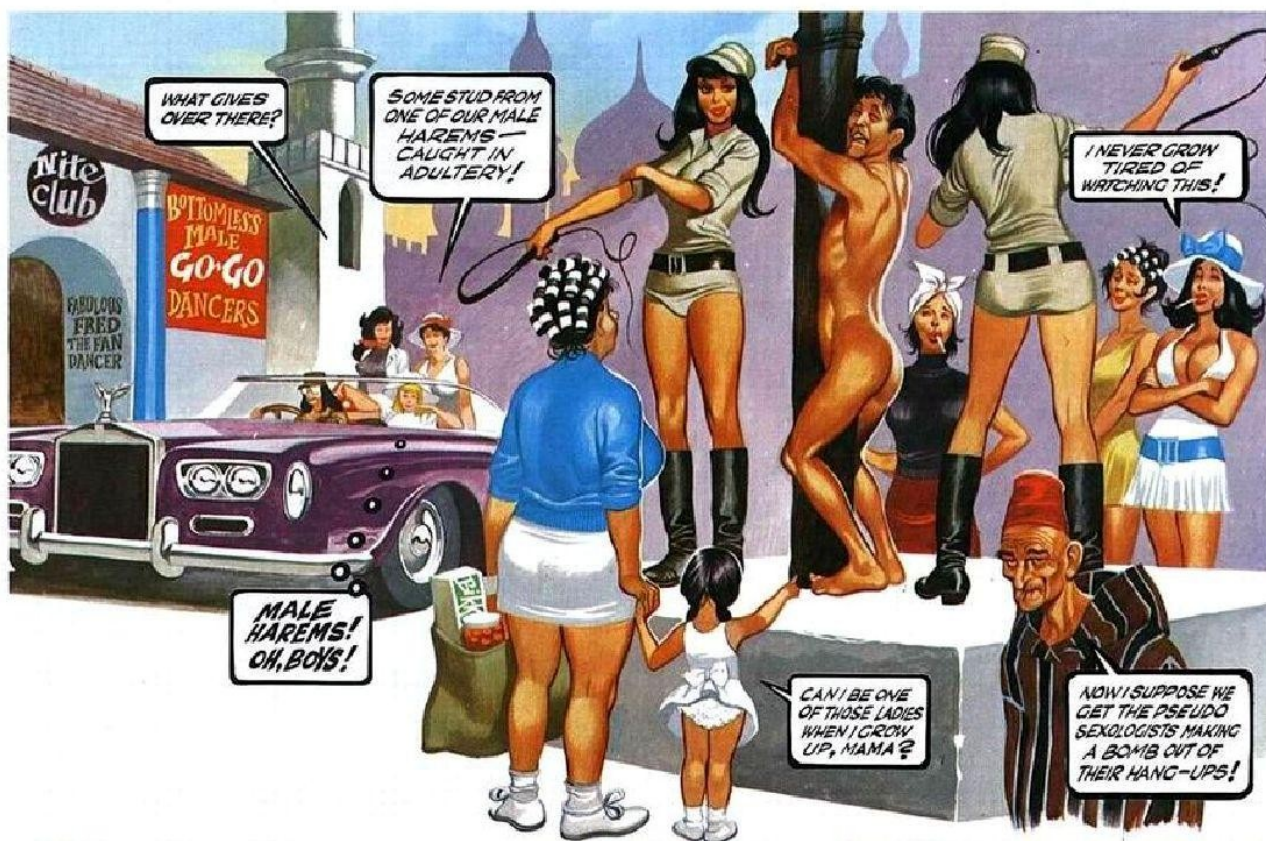
GREAT, MAN — JUST GREAT!

GOING HOME TOURS









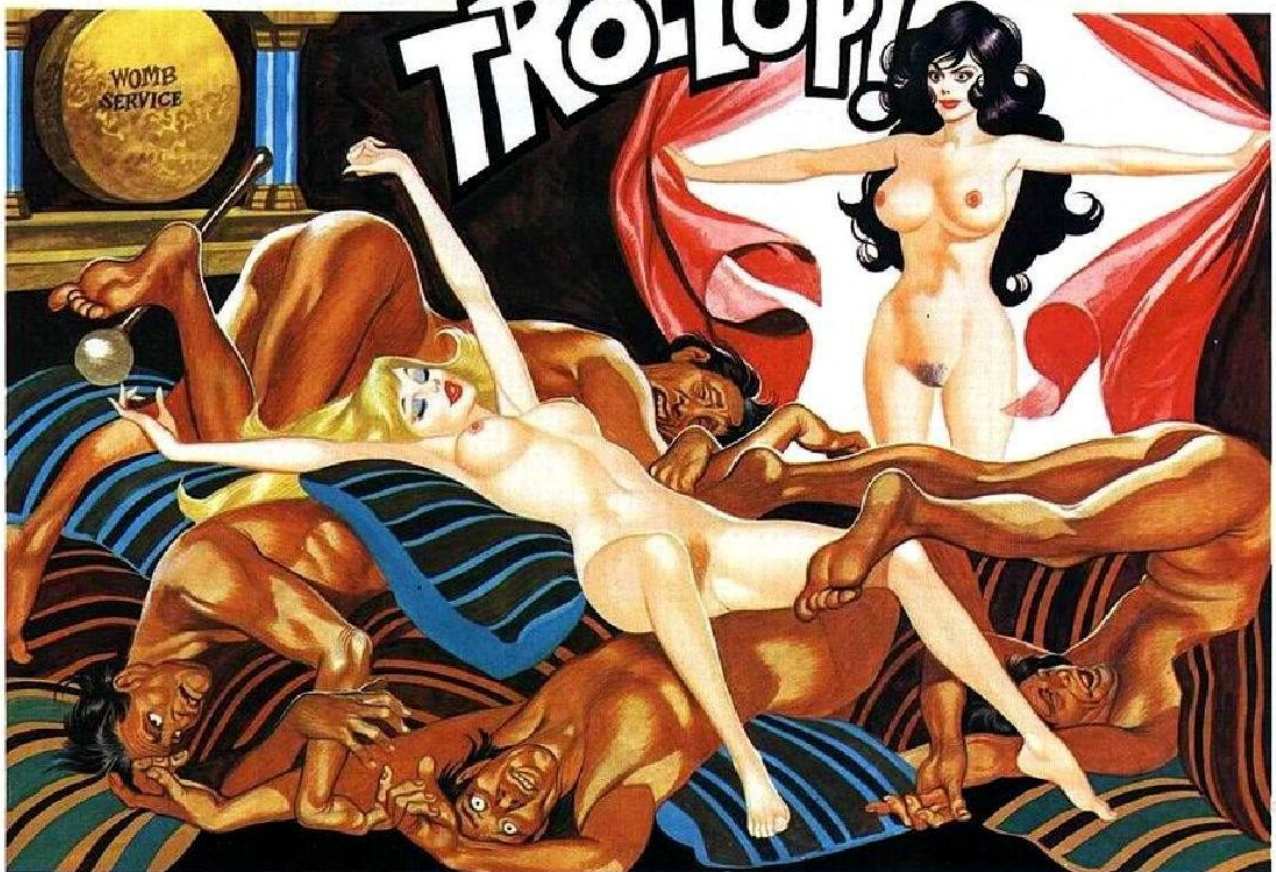


PUSSYCAKE?

CANDYFLOSS!



TROLLOP!



LET US TACTFULLY DRAW A VEIL OVER WANDA'S WRATH AND RETURN FOR A MOMENT TO THAT FAR OFF CARIBBEAN ISLAND FOR A REVELATION!

AS A STAND IN, HALDERLICH, YOU'RE A SPENT PRICK! THE VON KREESUS BRAT HAS JUST PULLED ANOTHER FAST ONE ON US!

SHE H-HAS, MR H-HUGE, SIR?

SOMEHOW, SHE'S GOT THE ARAB OIL SHEIKHS OVER A BARREL! I WANNA KNOW HOW - AND I WANNA KNOW FAST!

WHY IS THAT LITTLE OL' MAN MAKING THAT GREAT BIG GUN CRANK AROUND LIKE THAT?

THOSE ARE THE SORTS OF RELATIONSHIPS YOU CAN HAVE WITH PEOPLE WHEN YOU'VE GOT POWER!

SO HALDERLICH'S IN BAD WITH THE REAL HOWARD HUCE AND CANDY-FLOSS HAS HAD ONE MOOR THE MERRIER FOR WANDA'S LIKING... STIR IT TOGETHER AND WHAT HAVE YOU GOT? NEXT MONTH'S EPIPASTIC EPISODE!

SO HALDERLICH'S IN BAD WITH THE REAL HOWARD HUGG AND CANDY-FLOSS HAS HAD ONE MOOR THE MERRIER FOR WANDA'S LIKING... STIR IT TOGETHER AND WHAT HAVE YOU GOT? NEXT MONTH'S EPIPASTIC EPISODE!

OH, WICKED WANDA!

WHILE WANDA, POSSESSED OF THE SECRET OF SYNTHESIZING FUEL OIL, DRIVES A HARD BARGAIN WITH SHEIKH RATT EL EN-RAOUL, LITTLE CANDYFLOSS SEEKS HARD BARGAINS ELSEWHERE

NEW SORDID ARABIAN NATIONALIZED INDUS!

10% DISCOUNT, AND YOU CAN PUT ME DOWN FOR NUMBERS 15, 18, 20 AND 21!

TAKE IT OUT OF THAT. IF THERE ISN'T ENOUGH I'LL WRITE YOU A CHEQUE!

THAT KID'S WORSE THAN QHENGIS KHAN!

NO!
NO!

IS THIS IT—THE FATE WORSE THAN DEATH?

YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY—IF IT'S INEVITABLE—LIE BACK AND ENJOY IT!

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO GREAT BRITAIN?

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE AMERICAN DREAM?

ALL I EVER WANTED WAS A ROSE COVERED COTTAGE AND SOME FUN AND GAMES ON SATURDAY NIGHTS WHEN THE KIDS WERE IN BED!

COURAGE, MON BRAVE!

by
FREDERIC MULLALLY
and
RON EMBLETON







MEANWHILE ON HOWARD HUGES CARIBBEAN ISLAND, HE WHOM THE WORLD ASSUMES TO BE HUGE CONSULTS BURRO BOSSOTUTTI, THE COSA NASTI GODFATHER.....

BEAT IT, SMART ASS!

YOU'RE TRYIN' TOO HARD, KID!

ARE ALL THESE LADIES FAMOUS FILM STARS?

NO, THEY'RE CALLED STARLETS OR MODELS OR EXTRAS, THEY'RE JUST HIRED TO DECORATE THE STRIP WHEN THE CARICONIST RUNS OUT OF IDEAS!

SHE MAY LACK LOOKS, BUT BOY— SHE'S GOT AMBITION!

I SAID A COOL BEER!

WHY IS IT ALWAYS OLD MEN WHO ARE RICH?

THIS VON KREESUS BRAT HAS SOMEHOW GOT THE OIL SHEIKHS OVER A BARREL! I WANNA KNOW WHY— AND FAST!

WE GOTTA GET INTO THAT SCHLOSS OF HER'S....

APART FROM THE NORMAL AMOUNTS OF SEWAGE, OIL, CHEMICAL WASTE AND INDUSTRIAL EFFLUENCE—THESE OYSTERS ARE FREE FROM CONTAMINATION!



BURRO SPOTS A BUNCH
OF MINI-CHICKS
AT THEIR MORNING
SEXERCISES.....

.... AND I JUST
GOT ME AN IDEA
HOW TO GET AT THE
VON KREESLUS BROAD!

WHAT YOU'RE
DOING RIGHT
NOW IS CALLED
VOYEURISM!

SOMETHING
SNAPPED!

SLURP! BURP!



MEANWHILE....

THAT'S SETTLED
THEN! HALF YOUR
REVENUE GOES TO MY
INDUSTRIES, TO BUY
OIL WITH, THAT WAY
WE KEEP THE MONEY
CIRCULATING!

MS WANDA - THE
PRIME MINISTER
WOULD LIKE TO
SPEAK TO YOU
URGENTLY!

I SHOULD'VE
STUCK TO
BREEDING CAMELS!



WE'VE GOT
A MAJOR
POLITICAL
CRISIS
ON OUR
HANDS!

YOUR LITTLE FRIEND
IS CAUSING GRAVE
UNREST AMONG
OUR WOMEN!



AAAAGH!

SHE HAS
BOUGHT UP
MOST OF
OUR RESERVE
MALE
STOCK....

.... AND KEEPS
MAKING THESE
PHONE CALLS
TO THE GUINNESS
BOOK OF RECORDS!



AS CANDYFLOSS FLIES HOME IN DISGRACE, GERMAN GRRRIG, COMMANDER OF WANDA'S RUBBFORCE, COMES ACROSS AN INTERESTING NEWS ITEM....

YEAGH!

STILL CAN'T GET 'EM TO EAT HAMBURGER!

HEY, COMMANDER — HERE'S AN INTERESTING NEWS ITEM!

PANT SLAYER DROOL

RUPERT BROOKE

PUGOWNERS! THAT DAMNED MUTT IS CHEWING MY FOOT OFF AND NOBODY CARES!

YEAGH!

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PUGOWNERS! THAT DAMNED MUTT IS CHEWIN' MY FOOT OFF AND NOBODY CARES!

RUPERT BROOKE

[illegible]



OH, WICKED WANDA!

YOU PENTHOUSE READERS MAY FIND ALL THIS AMUSING — BUT JUST WAIT TILL YOU GET YOUR NEXT FUEL BILLS!

THANKS TO WANDA, THE ARAB WOMEN HAVE BECOME MORE EQUAL THAN THEIR MEN. NOW THE **NEWOPEC** FINANCE MINISTERS ASSEMBLE TO HEAR WANDA'S FURTHER TERMS FOR SUPPRESSING HOMER SAPIEN'S MIRACLE NEW SUPER FUEL.

I'M TAKING HALF OF YOUR OIL REVENUES AND USING IT TO BUY MIDDLE-EAST REAL ESTATE. I'M GONNA BE **MS 50%** OF THE ARAB WORLD!

FEMALE CHAUVINISM!

BANG GOES MY NEW MALE HAREM!

SHE CAN HAVE 50% OF ME ANY TIME SHE LIKES!

YOU MEAN, BANG DOESN'T GO YOUR NEW MALE HAREM!

SUEZ CANAL YACHT CLUB

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE SCHLOSS

WE'VE RECRUITED ALL SIX OF THOSE MINI-PUSSIES, COMMANDER!

THEY READY FOR INSPECTION?

OH BOY, ARE THEY — I MEAN, YESSIR!

I CAN'T KEEP ON ADAPTING TO A WORLD THAT IS CHANGING SO RAPIDLY!

I KNOW HOW IT IS — AND IT'S MY PSYCHIATRIST'S AFTERNOON AT HIS PSYCHIATRIST!

by
FREDERIC
MULLALLY
and
RON EMBLETON

AT THAT MOMENT, CANDYFLOSS ARRIVES AT THE SCHLOSS — SENT HOME FROM THE MUDDLE EAST IN DISGRACE

MINI-PUSSIES?
WHAT'S ALL
THIS ABOUT?

AND WHO'LL HAVE
TO LOOK AFTER
IT — AND FEED
THE BLOODY THING?
ME!

STRANDED IN ZURICH
BY SOME CROOKED
IMPRESSARIO, OUGHTA
AMUSE OUR C-IN-C
TO HAVE SOME
KITTEENS IN HER PUSS
FORCE — RIGHT?

THE UNIFORMS
ARE ONLY TEMPORARY,
OF COURSE!

LEAVE 'EM
JUST THE WAY
THEY ARE!

THIS IS GOING
TO BE A
PUSHOVER!

MIND YOU
DON'T CATCH
COLD, DEAR!

GOOD THINKING,
GRRRR! PUT ME
DOWN FOR THE
SIAMESE, THIRD
FROM THE LEFT!



BETWEEN NEGOTIATIONS, WANDA IS MISSING HER WAYWARD HANDMAIDEN, CANDYFLOSS. THE PRIME MINISTER AND CHIEF OF POLICE ARE CONCERNED.....



A NICE EXECUTION?

WHAT DIVERSIONS CAN WE OFFER, MS WANDA, WHILE YOU AWAIT THE FINANCE MINISTERS' DECISION.....?

A SOUND FLOGGING?



NOW THAT'S MORE LIKE IT, FAWZIA! I NEED A GOOD WORKOUT!



MEANWHILE, HUGE'S MINI-CHICKS ARE SETTING ABOUT THE EASY TASK OF SUBVERTING THE ENTIRE PUSS FORCE AND REDUCING THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS TO A DISORGANIZED SHAMBLES...

AREN'T THEY SWEET...SO FULL OF FUN...AT THEIR INNOCENT GAMES.....

DO IT AGAIN—HARDER!

WHAD'YA THINK OF THAT, HONEY-CHILE?

YE GODS! HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A DROOLING, SLAVERING, TERRIFYING MONSTER! I'M JUST NOT GETTING IT ALL TOGETHER!

YOU HAD A MEDICAL YET?

N-NO!

FOLLOW ME!

SEX!SEX!SEX!
THIS STRIP IS TOTALLY DEVOID OF ANY INTELLECTUAL CONTENT!

AND WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING!

TRAINING, SARG—IN CASE WE EVER HAVE A CAVALRY UNIT!

THE OIL CRISIS AIN'T THAT BAD, SOLDIER! —I'LL TAKE OVER HERE!

WOW! AREN'T YOU FELLOWS THTRONG!

IF IT'S PROMOTION YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, MY LITTLE CHICKADEE!

*EDITOR'S NOTE. IN THE INTEREST OF PUBLIC MORALITY, PENTHOUSE ADVISES IT'S READERS AGAINST LETTING THEIR MOTHERS OR SISTERS JOIN SUCH ORGANIZATIONS



OH, WICKED WANDA!

WHILE WANDA IS IN THE MUDDLE-EAST SCREWING THE ARABS WITH HER NEW SECRET WEAPON (A "MIRACLE OIL SUBSTITUTE"), HOWARD HUGES' TROJAN HORSE-SIX MINICHEKS-MAKE THEMSELVES AT HOME IN THE SCHLOSS

COMMANDER
GRRRR.....
OOPS, SORRY!

HOMER SAPIENS?
GROOVY NAME! IS
THAT HIS LABORATORY?

AND YOU'RE BOTH
CHOPPER PILOTS?
WOW-WHAT A
TURN-ON!

YOU'RE PUTTING
ME ON! NO ONE
HAS THAT MUCH
GOLD BULLION
STASHED AWAY!

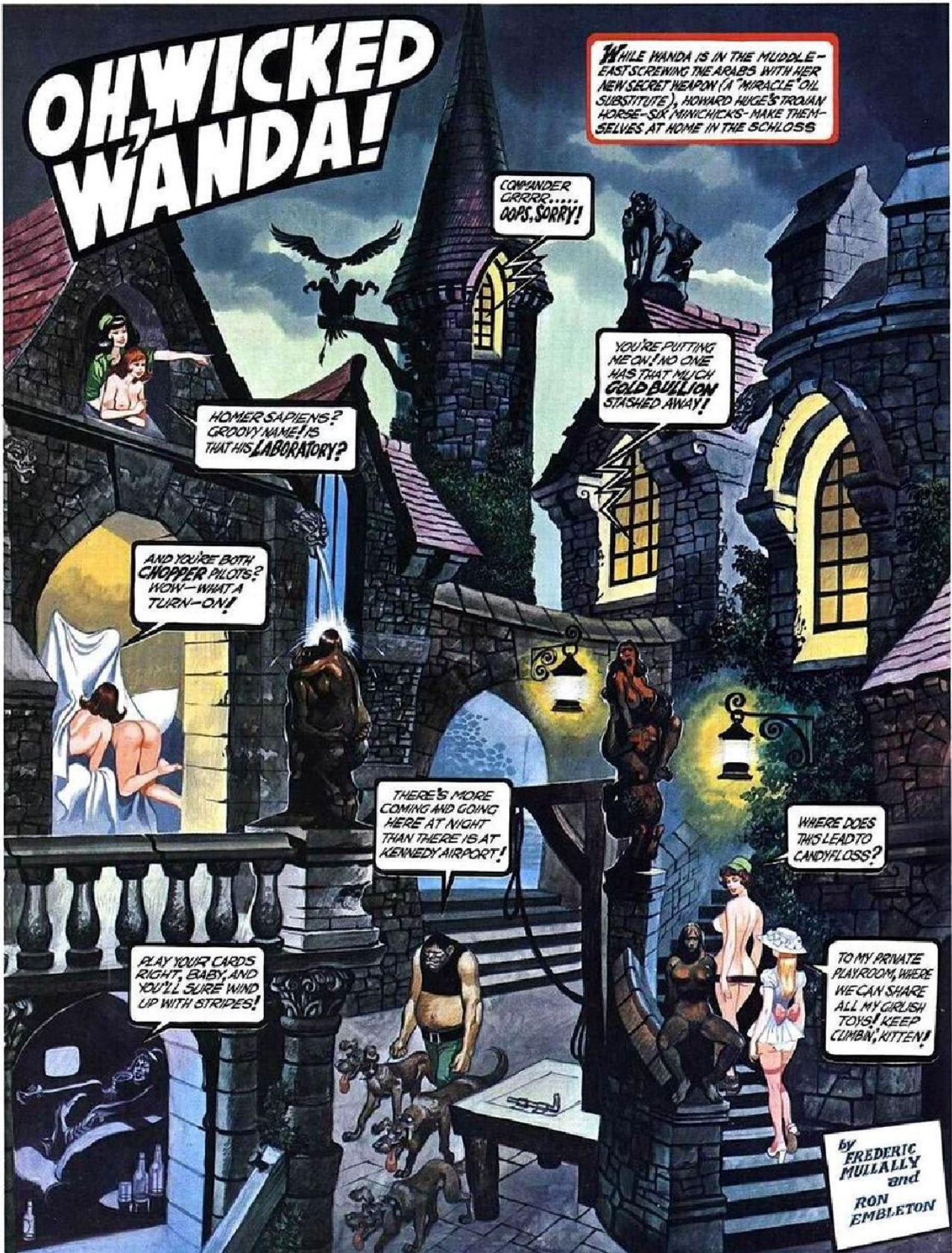
THERE'S MORE
COMING AND GOING
HERE AT NIGHT
THAN THERE IS AT
KENNEDY AIRPORT!

WHERE DOES
THIS LEAD TO
CANDYFLOSS?

PLAY YOUR CARDS
RIGHT, BABY, AND
YOU'LL SURE WIND
UP WITH STRIPES!

TO MY PRIVATE
PLAYROOM, WHERE
WE CAN SHARE
ALL MY GIRLISH
TOYS! KEEP
CLIMBING, KITTEN!

by
FREDERIC
MULLALLY
and
RON
EMBLETON





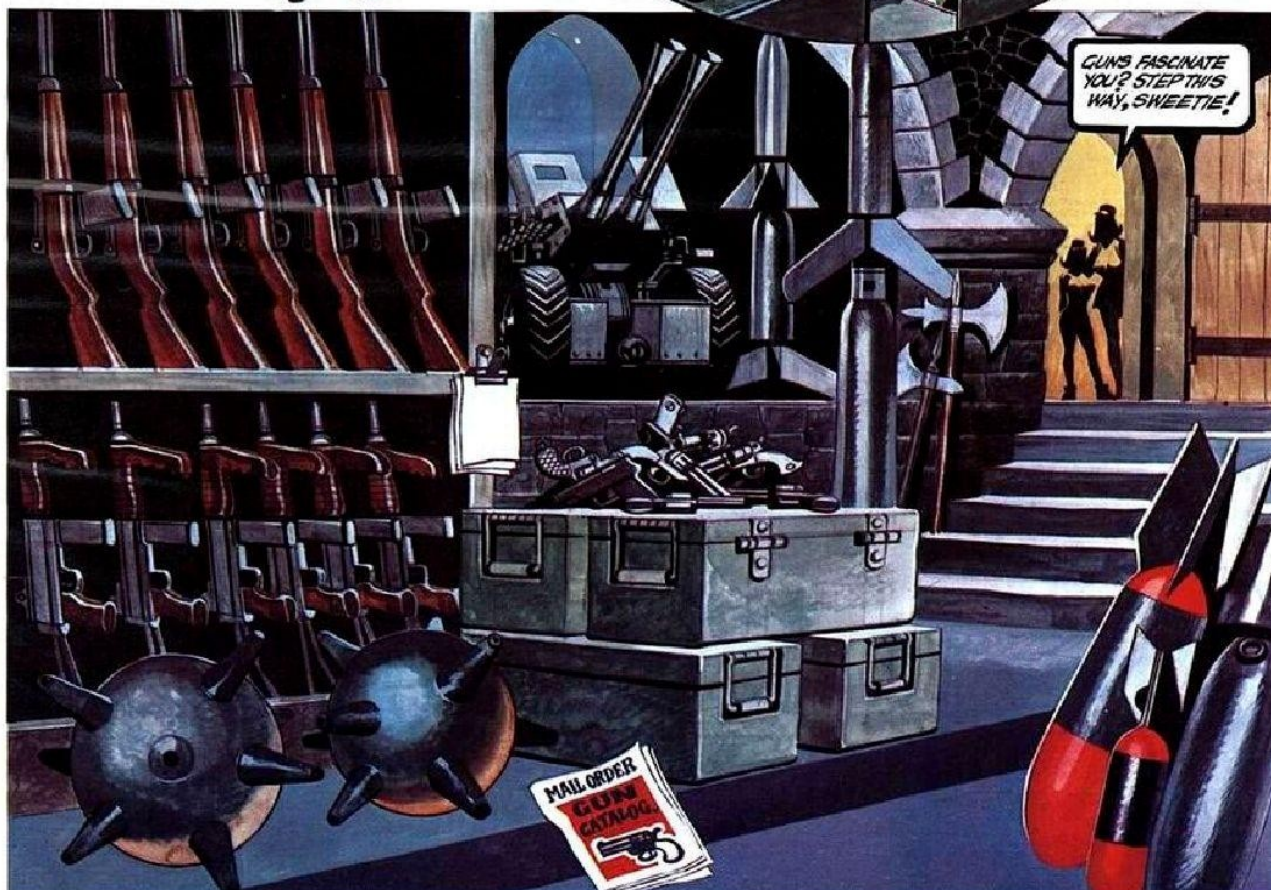
YIKE!

AND THAT'S JUST THE PETTY CASH!

THE BESOTTED PUSS
COMMANDOS REVEAL ALL
TO THE WILY MINI-CHICKS



YOU MEAN THOSE
RUNNY LITTLE SQUIGGLES
ARE THE FORMULA
THAT WILL MAKE
WANDA ECONOMIC
DICTATOR OF THE
WHOLE WORLD?



GUNS FASCINATE
YOU? STEPTHWIS
WAY, SHEETIE!

MAIL ORDER
GUN
CATALOG

AS THE SUN SETS SLOWLY ON THE WEST..... WANDA, LADEN WITH THE TREASURES OF THE MIDDLE EAST, SETS OFF FOR HOME

WE'VE GOT TO GET TUTANKHAMEN'S TREASURE IN THERE SOMEWHERE!

PLEASURE TO DO BUSINESS WITH THEE, MA'AM! AND NO MORE WILL BE HEARD OF THE SAPIENS FORMULA?

WE'RE GONNA NEED THREE MORE PLANES FOR ALL THIS LOOT!

NOT SO LONG AS THOSE OIL BILLIONS KEEP FLOWIN' MY WAY, SHEIKHIE - BABY!

MAY YOU DROP DEAD SOON!

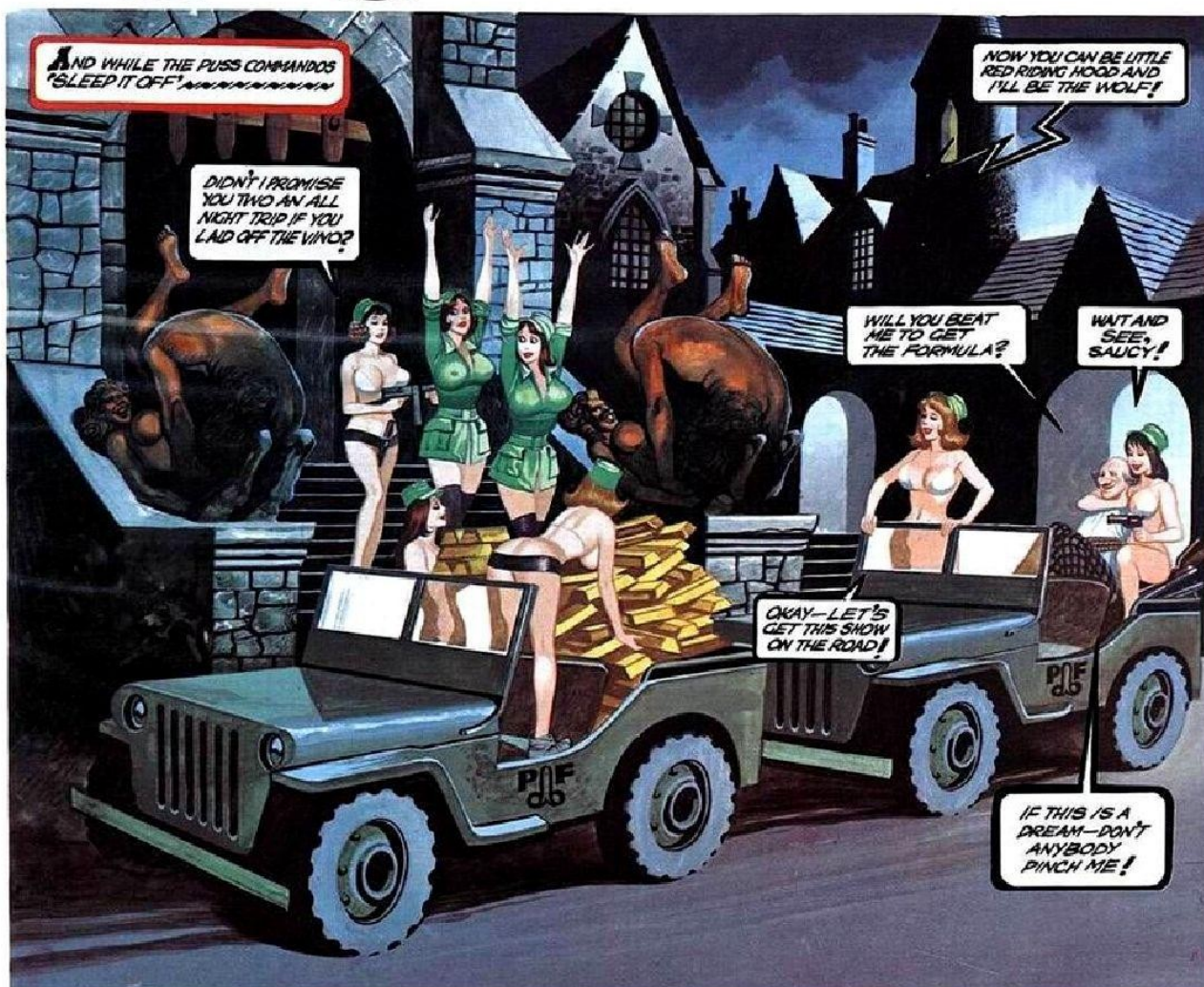
TUT-TUT! DIPLOMACY!

I SORTED OUT THE APACHE PROBLEM, I FIXED THE WARS ON TWO JIMA - AND THE GOOKS IN NAM! I CAN HANDLE THIS BUNCH OF BUMS!

THIS SURE IS A WORLD OF RAPIDLY CHANGING VALUES!

YEAH! I LIKE MY COMIC STRIPS MUCH SIMPLER!





THE FOLLOWING DAY, WANDA RETURNS—LIKE A TORNADO!

**NO SENTRIES!
NO DUTY OFFICER!
WHAT THE HELL
IS GOING ON
HERE?**

**SHE SEEMS A
BIT OUT OF SORTS
THIS MORNING!**

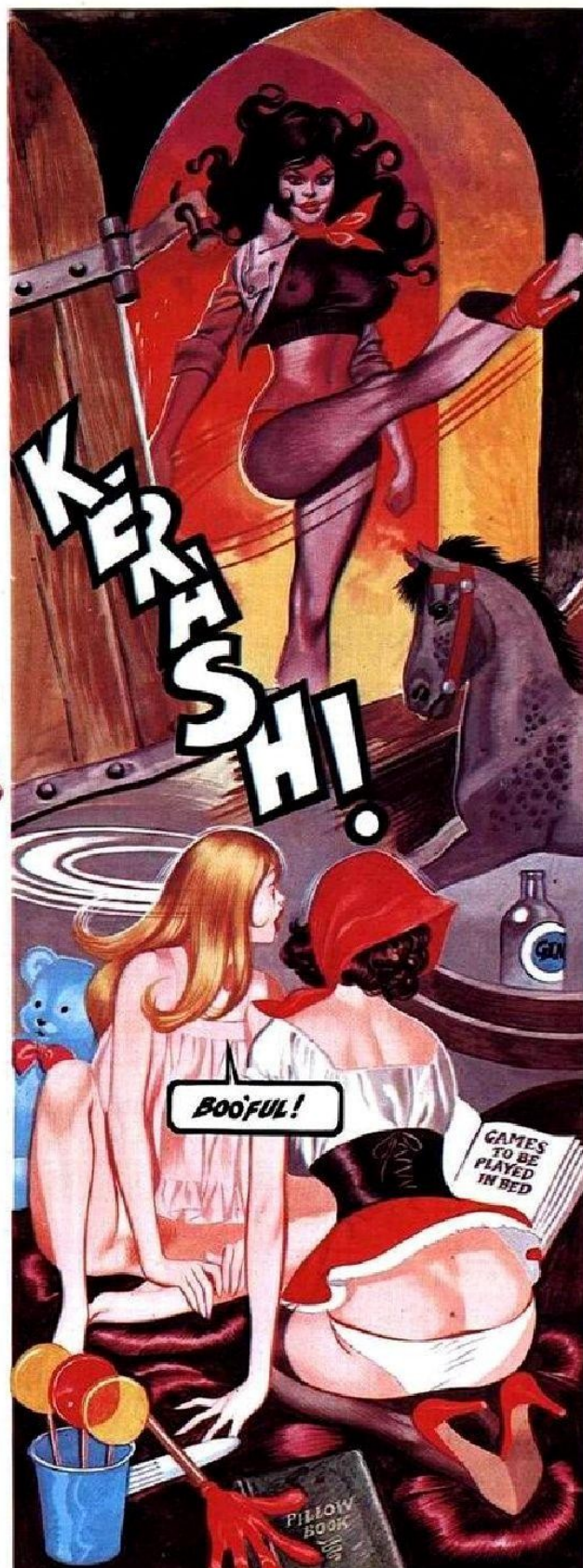
**WHERE'S
CANDYFLOSS!**

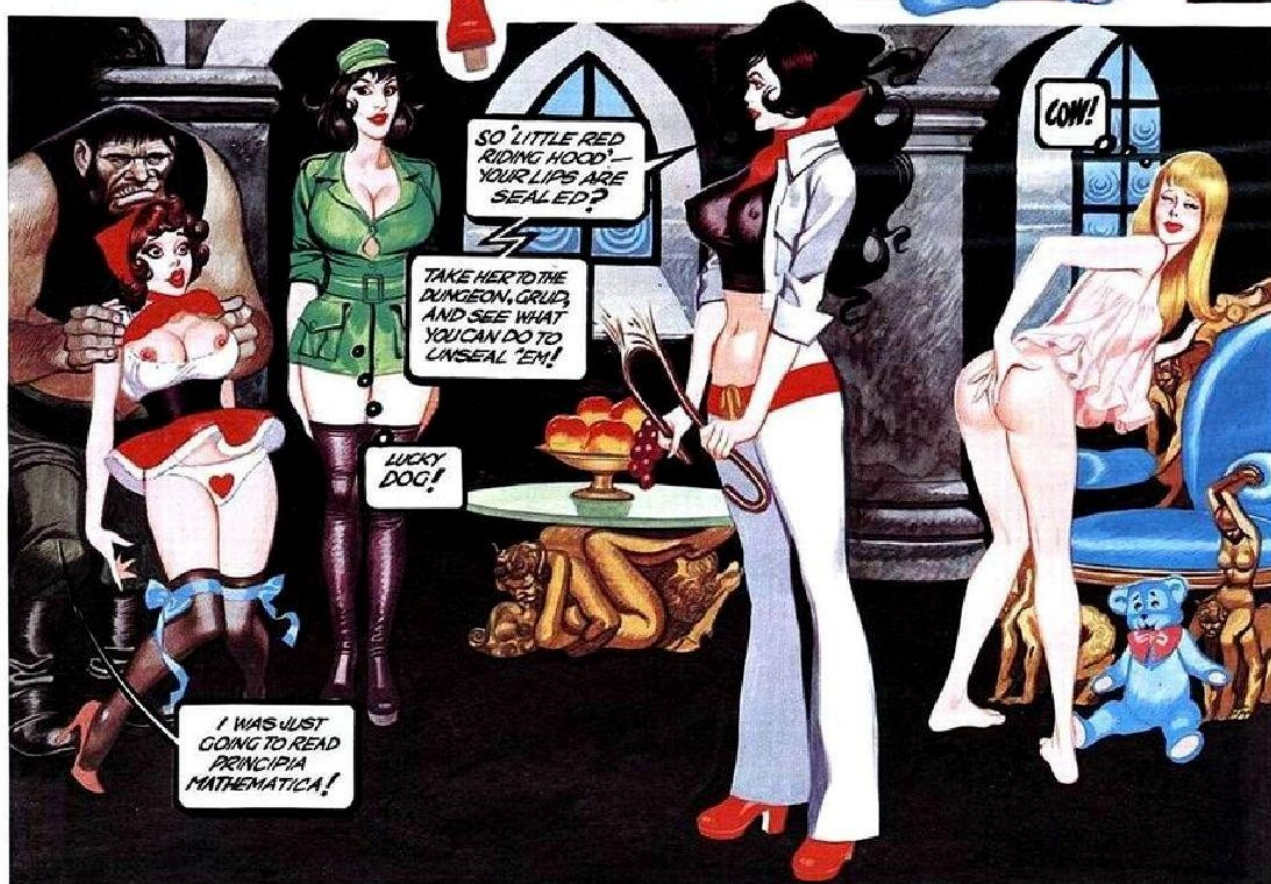
**AND I'M ONLY
AN INNOCENT
BYSTANDER!**

**I'LL G—GO
FETCH HER!**

**NOW THERE'S A
REAL CONTENDER
FOR THE WORLD
TITLE!**









**TWO HOURS
LATER, *again***

CHIEF! I THINK
YOU'D BETTER
TAKE A LOOK
AT THIS!

WHY DIDN'T
WE THINK
OF THAT?

♪ WALKIE ROUND THE
GARDEN, LIKE A
TEDDY BEAR, ONE
STEP-TWO STEPS-
'AND TICKLY UNDER
THERE! ♪



**HAARGH-
HAARGH!
AGAIN-DO
IT AGAIN!**

THAT DOES IT!
GIVE HER
TO THE APE!

**NOT THE DREADED UTANG
PRIAPOS?! BUT THEN
AGAIN- WHY NOT, NOW THE
VON KREESUS FORTUNES
ARE IN JEOPARDY?**

OH, WICKED WANDA!

HOWARD HUGHES'S MINICHICKS HAVE MADE OFF WITH HOMER SAPIENS AND HIS MIRACLE FORMULA FOR AN OIL SUBSTITUTE. ONE MINICHICK DIDN'T GET AWAY, ON WANDA'S ORDERS SHE IS PRESENTED TO THE DREADED UTANG PRIAPUS.....

WHAT'S THAT HE'S HOLDING?

YOU MEAN THE IRON BAR?

I MEAN IN HIS OTHER HAND!

I PRESUME THAT UNDERNEATH THE STORY LINE THIS STRIP CONTAINS A HEAVY VEIN OF SYMBOLISM

YES - IT'S A QUESTION OF SELF IDENTIFICATION. THERE'S SOMETHING OF THE UTANG PRIAPUS IN ALL OF US!

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'RE TALKIN' ABOUT?

OF COURSE - THAT'S CALLED PSYCHOLOGICAL JARGON! THEY'RE JUST MAKING A LIVING - LIKE THE REST OF US!

YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP YOURSELF IN THE PUBLIC EYE - OTHERWISE THEY'LL DISCOVER THEY CAN DO WITHOUT YOU!

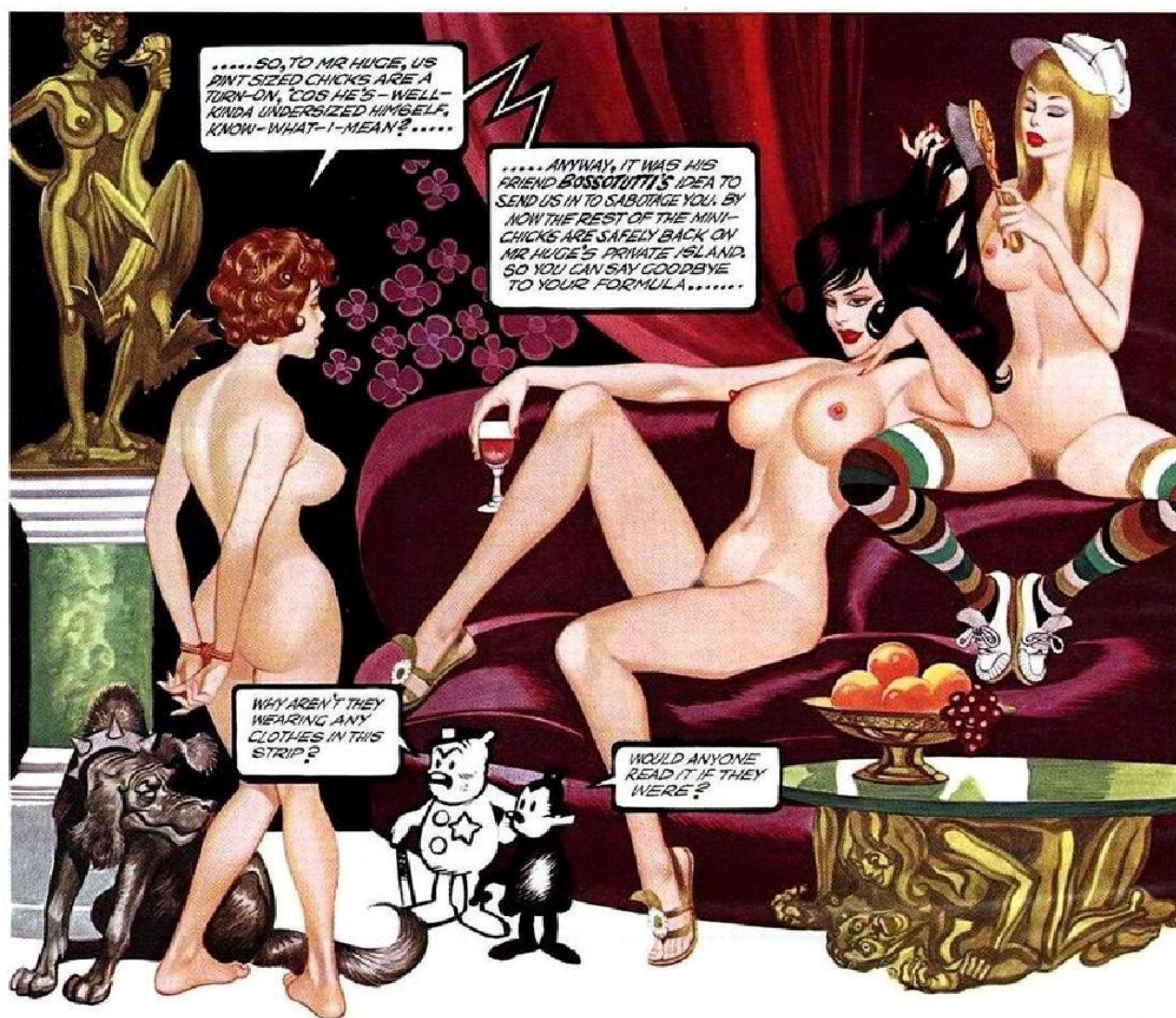
TRUE!

by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

VISIT DISNEY WORLD









SUDDENLY.....

MR HUGE, SAH—
JES I' LOOK WHAT'S
CLOSIN' IN ON US!

WHAT THE
HELL IS IT?

....OR
LEBANESE
FASCISTS..

.....OR
THE ULSTER
DEFENCE
FORCE...

.....OR
ISRAELI
COMMANDOS...

THEY COULD
BE THE
IRA...

....OR THE
PALESTINE
LIBERATION
ARMY....

...OR BLACK
AFRICAN
FREEDOM
FIGHTERS...

WHOEVER THEY
ARE THEY LOOK
PRETTY REVOLTING!

.....OR ANY BUNCH OF
HOODLUMS UNDER A
SOCIAL CHANGE BANNER!

YOU'LL SWING FROM
THE YARDARM FOR
THIS, MR CHRISTIAN!

YIKE!

I'LL SAY THIS FOR
THE CAPT—ES GOT
BIGGER BOOBS THAN
WOT OLD 'ENRY
MORGAN 'AD!

THE GOOD
SHIP
VENUS

POOF

AVAST,
YE
LUBBERS!

ALL RIGHT,
YE SCUM!
STAND BY
FOR BOARDING!





I'VE ALWAYS
ENVIED
THOSE
SABINE
WOMEN!

WHY THE HELL
SHOULD I BE
THE SCAPEGOAT
FOR 25,000
YEARS OF MALE
DOMINATION?

I WANT
'EM ALIVE,
MEN!

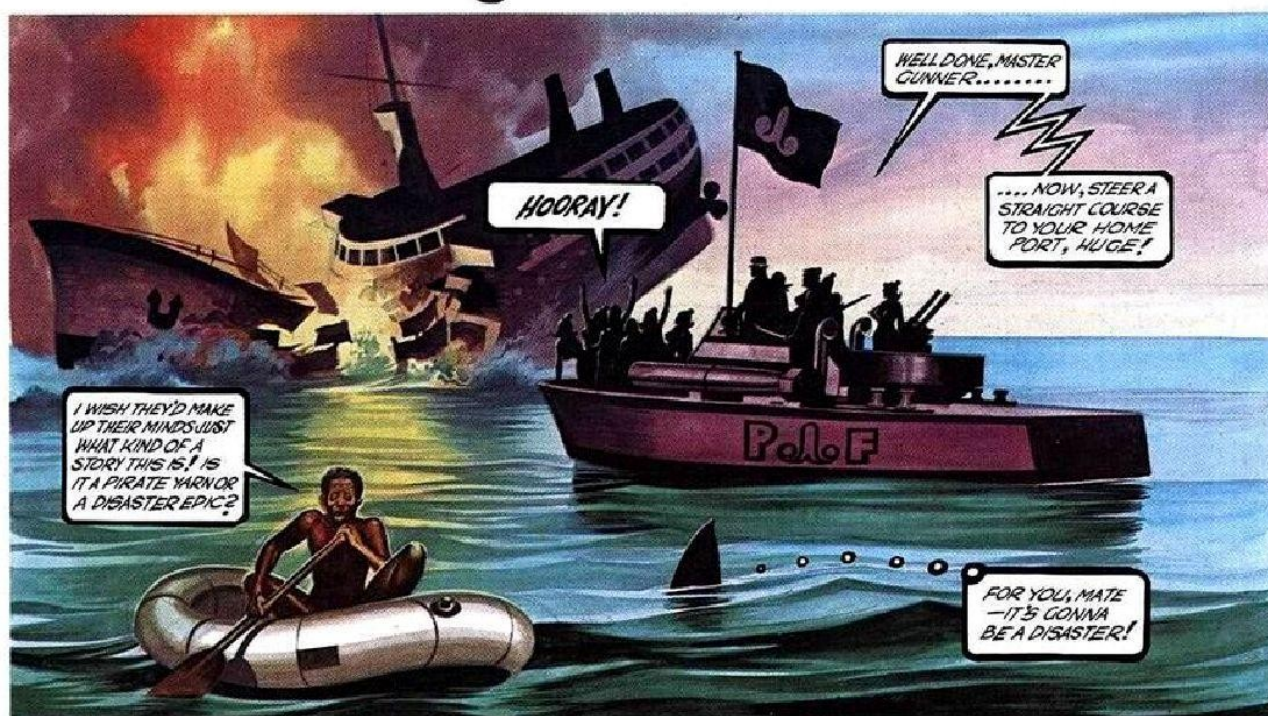
THIS
SITUATION'S
GOT
POSSIBILITIES!

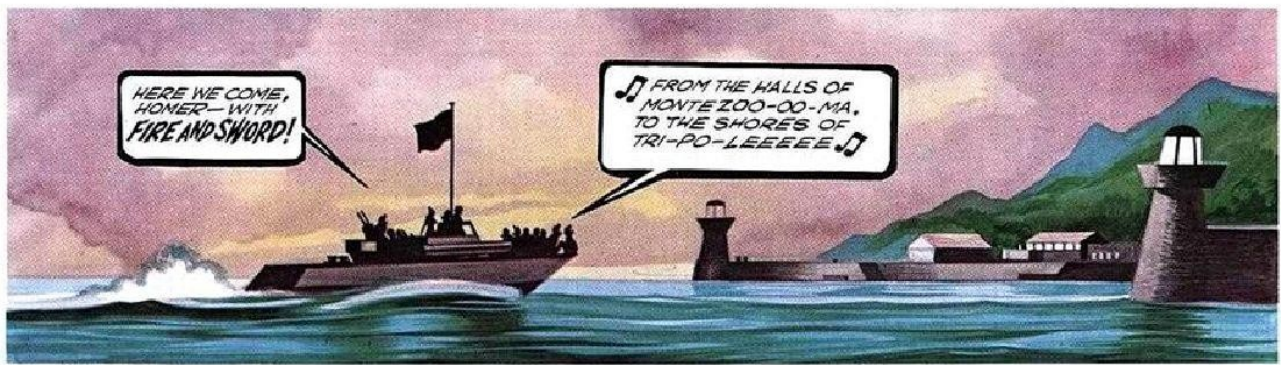
LEAVE SOME OF
THE LOOT FOR
ME!

THE PACKAGE
TOUR HAS RUINED
THE CARIBBEAN!

IF YOU THINK I'M
GONNA CHASE
AROUND WAVING
A CUTLASS IN THE
AIR, YOU ARE
MISTAKEN!

DON'T PAY ANY
ATTENTION AND
THEY'LL PROBABLY
GO AWAY!





OH, WICKED WANDA!

WANDA AND HER PUSS
PIRATES ARE PRISONERS
OF HOWARD HUGE, WHO NOW
GIVES HIS FIENDISH
ORDERS TO HALDERLICH
— THE MAN WHOM ALL
THE WORLD THINKS IS
HOWARD HUGE *MAKING*

AFTER ONE COCK
— UP AFTER
ANOTHER YOU
NOW HAVE THE
OPPORTUNITY
TO REDEEM
YOURSELF!

YOU ARE GOING
TO PRODUCE A
SPECTACULAR
FOR THESE UADED
OLD EYES OF
MINE. GO STUDY
THIS SCRIPT....

by *FREDERIC
MULLALLY*
and
*RON
EMBLETON*

.... BUT FIRST
CHECK THE
PROGRESS HOMER
SAPIENS IS MAKING
WITH THAT OIL-
SUBSTITUTE
APPARATUS

TAP TAP

YESSIR,
MR HUGE,
SIR!

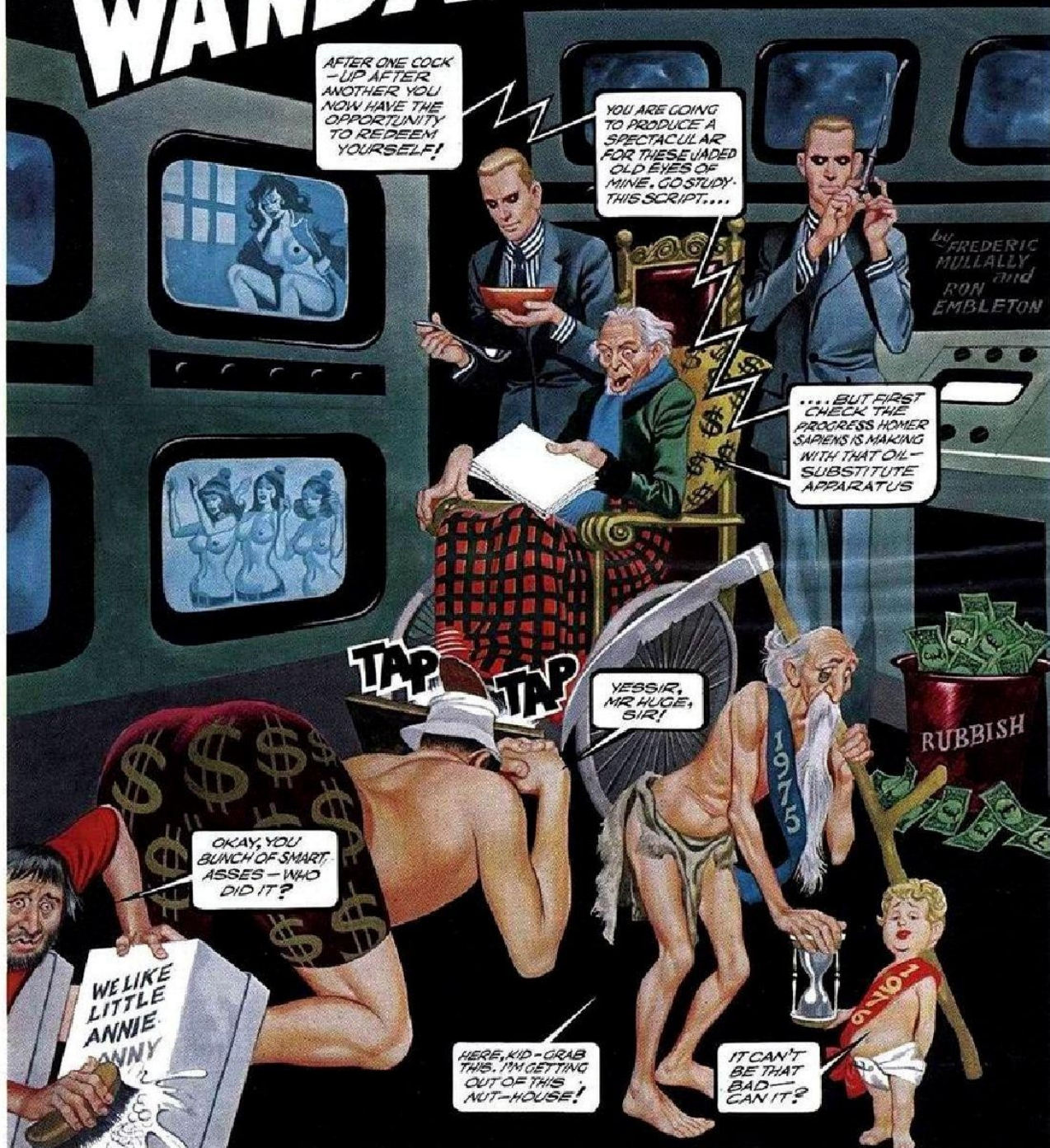
OKAY, YOU
BUNCH OF SMART
ASSES — WHO
DID IT?

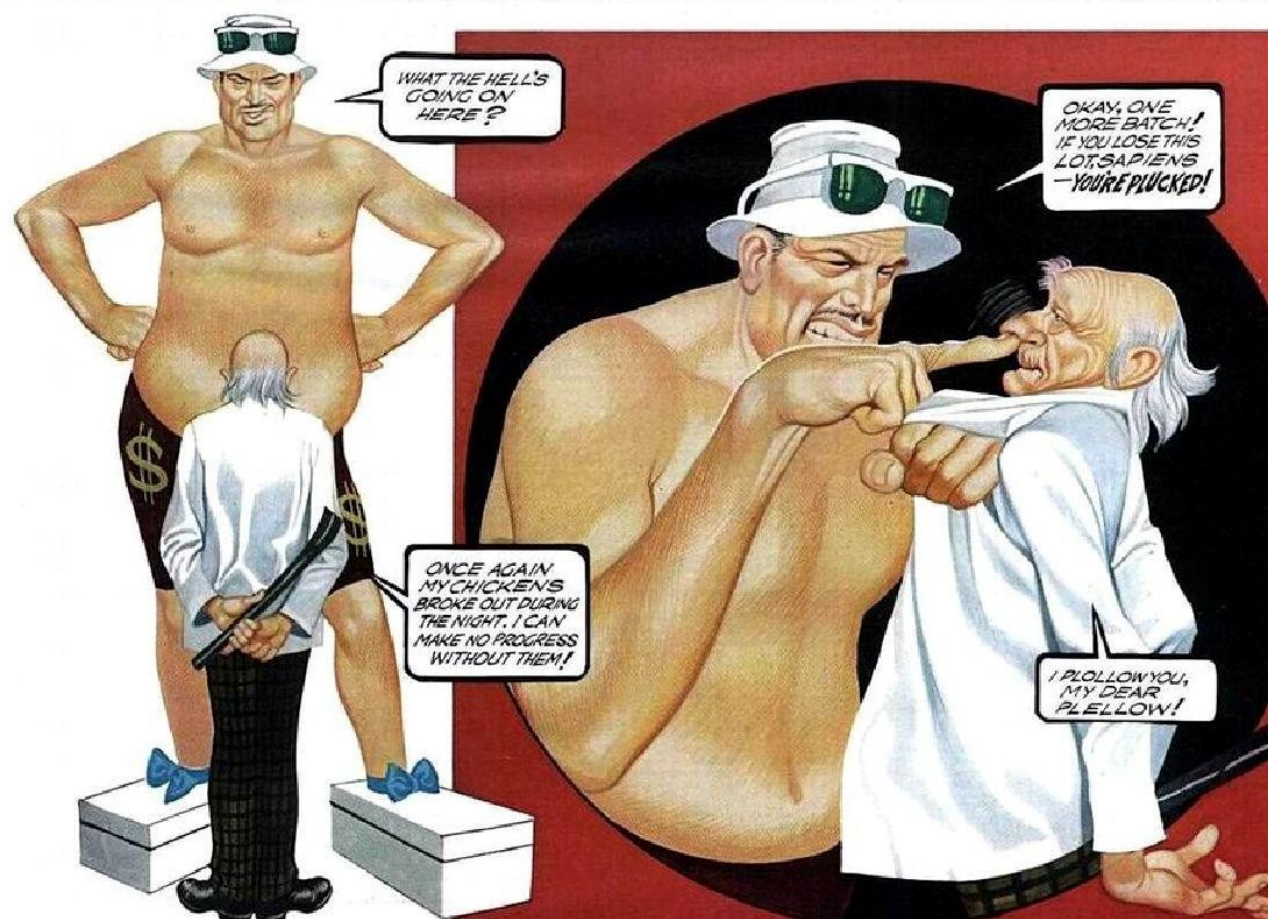
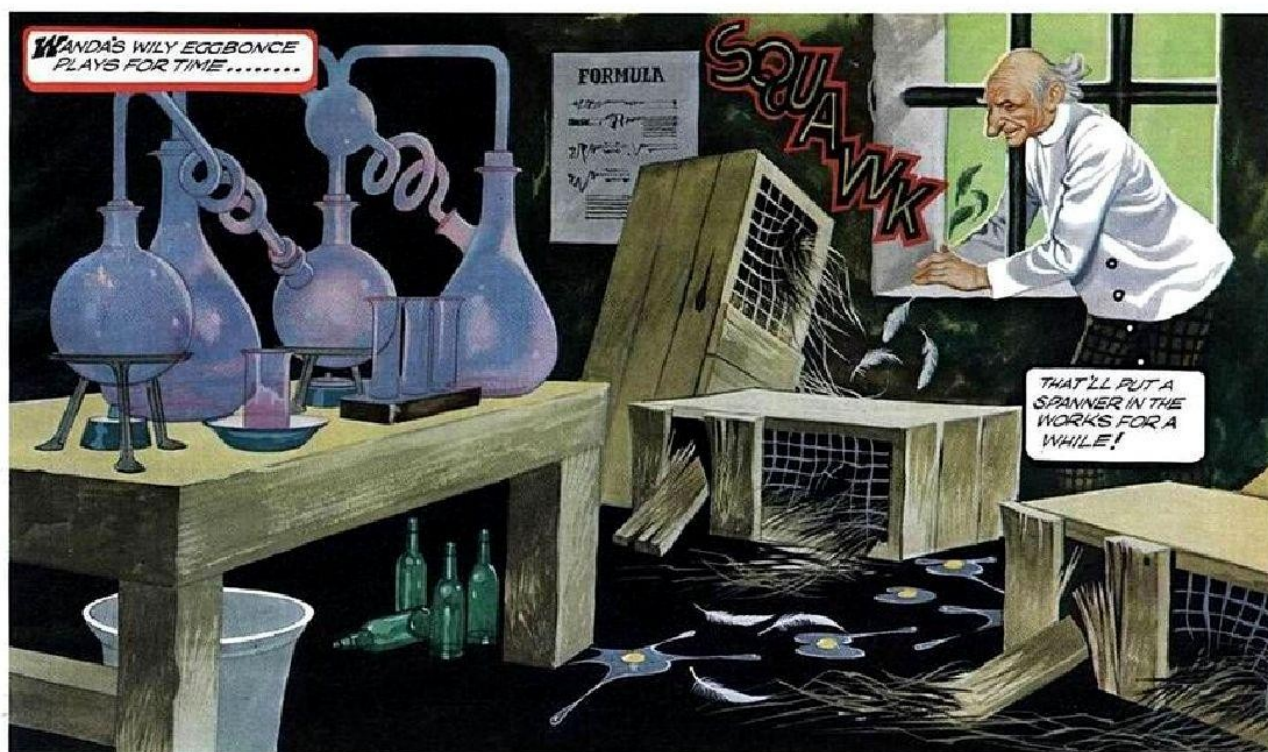
WE LIKE
LITTLE
ANNIE.

HERE, KID — GRAB
THIS. I'M GETTING
OUT OF THIS
NUT-HOUSE!

IT CAN'T
BE THAT
BAD —
CAN IT?

RUBBISH





MEANWHILE, WANDA
WHILES AWAY THE HOURS
IN HER SOLITARY CELL.....

SO THAT'S LA,
VON KREESUS!
SHE DOESN'T
LOOK ANYTHING
SPECIAL TO ME!

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S HAPPENING
TO THE WORLD—
IT'S GETTING TO BE
FULL OF SADISTS!

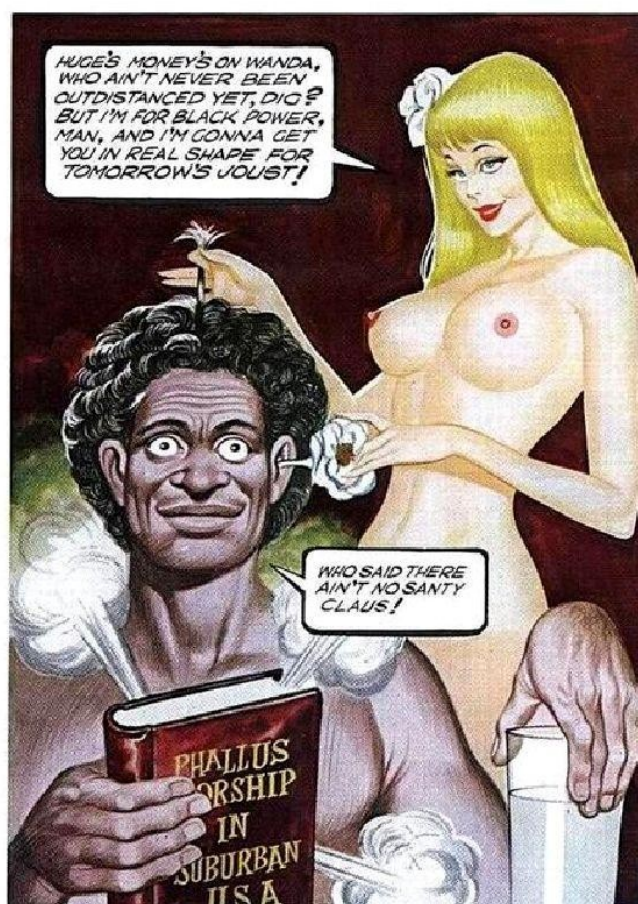
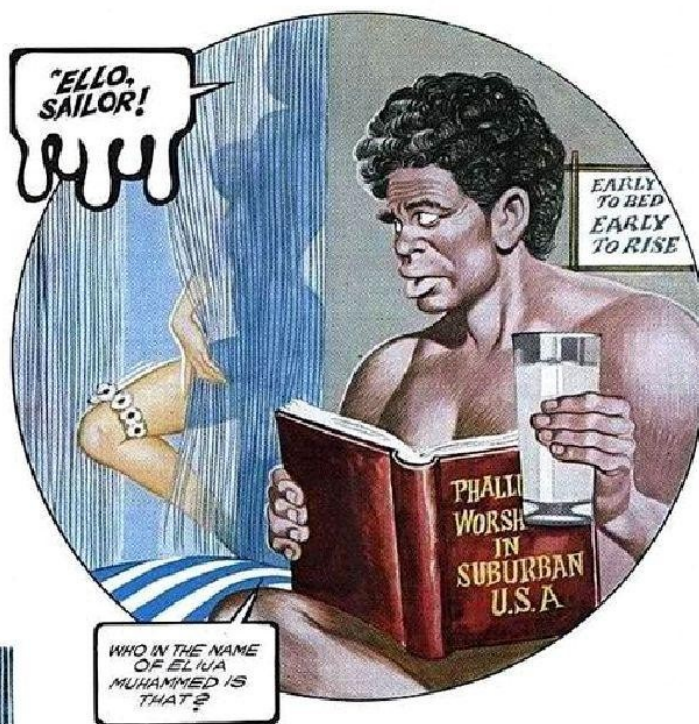
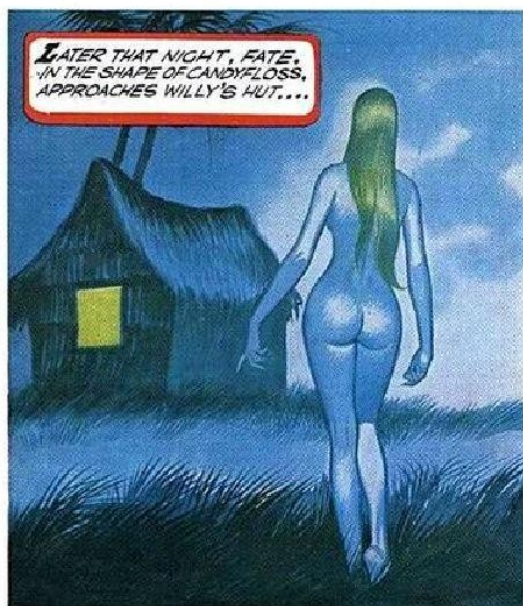
AND IN ANOTHER SECTION
OF THE JAIL, CANDYFLOSS
GOES TO WORK.....

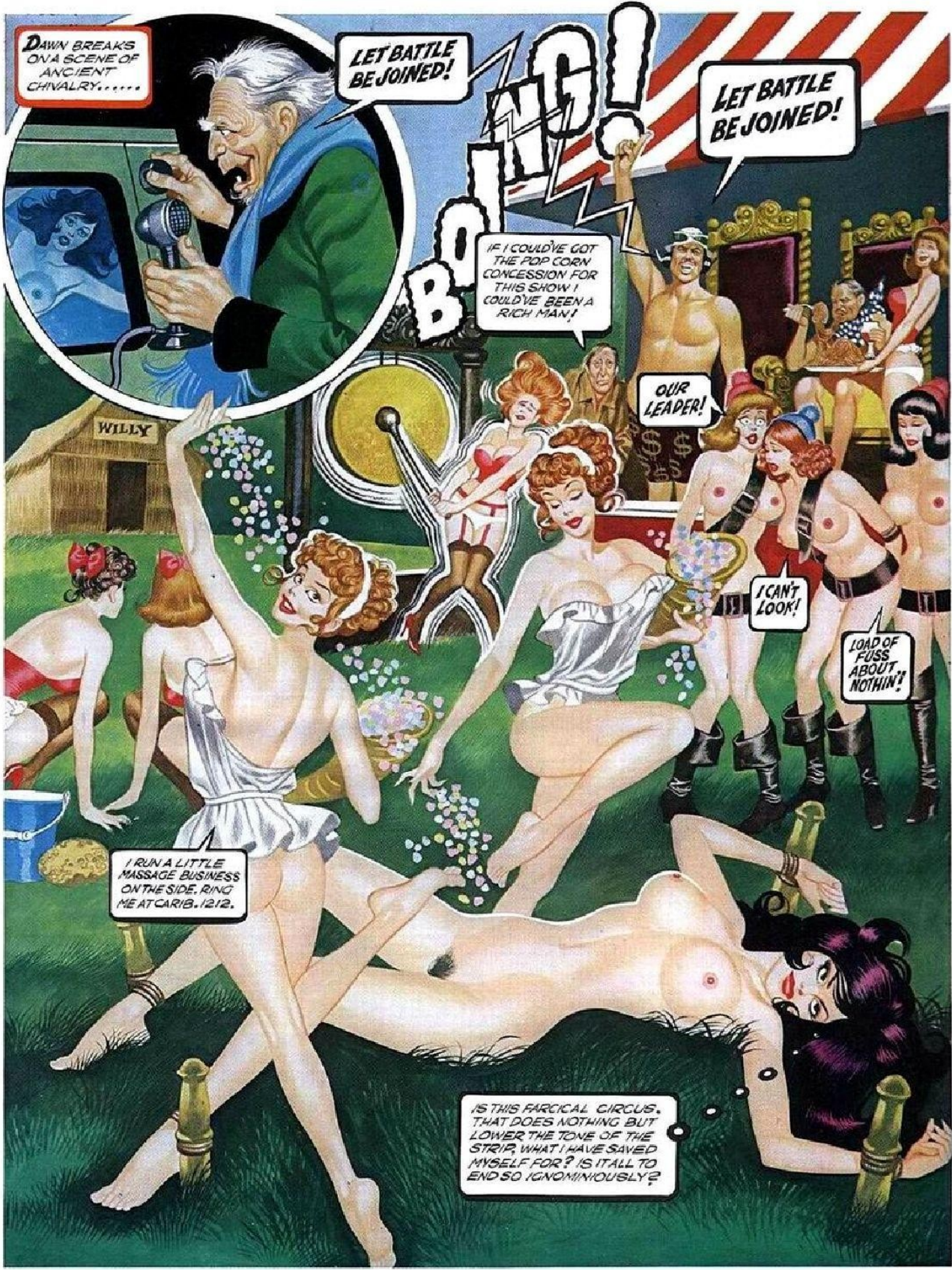
YOU DON'T SAY!
THAT BIG! AND
THEY'RE GONNA
MATCH HIM
WITH MY BOSS
AT DAWN!

DON'T YOU WORRY,
SWEETIE—I'LL FIX
YOU UP WITH OUR
MOB. MEANWHILE,
I'VE LACED YOUR
BREAD AND WATER
WITH BOURBON!

MINUTES LATER.....

JEEPERS! I
CAN'T LET THEM
DO THIS TO
BOO-FULL THINGS
WON'T EVER BE
THE SAME!





DAWN BREAKS
ON A SCENE OF
ANCIENT
CHIVALRY.....

LET BATTLE
BE JOINED!

LET BATTLE
BE JOINED!

BOING!

IF I COULD'VE GOT
THE PDP CORN
CONCESSION FOR
THIS SHOW I
COULD'VE BEEN A
RICH MAN!

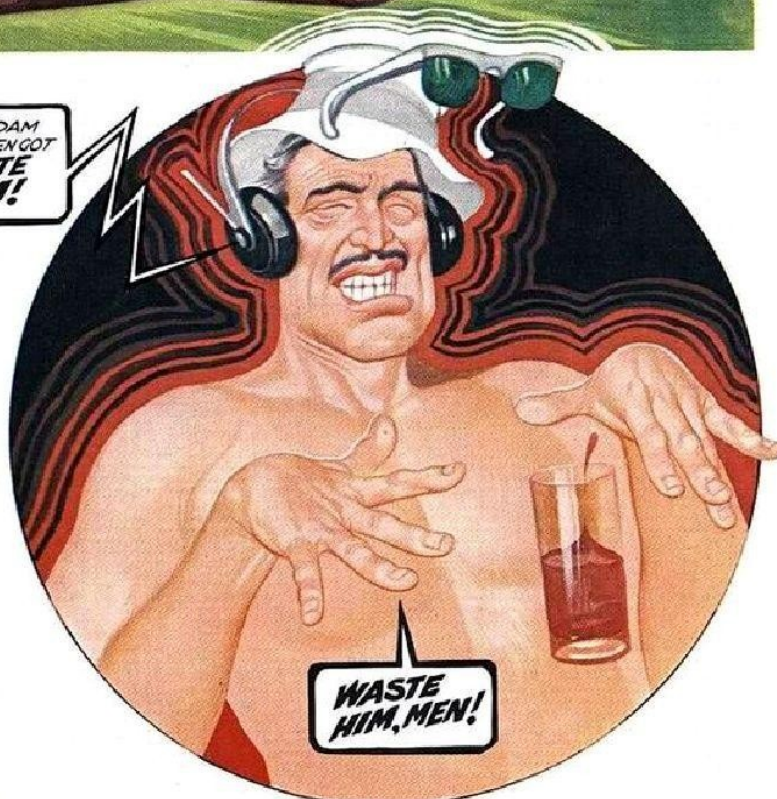
OUR
LEADER!

I CAN'T
LOOK!

LOAD OF
FUSS
ABOUT
NOTHIN'!

I RUN A LITTLE
MASSAGE BUSINESS
ON THE SIDE. RING
ME AT CARIS. 1212.

IS THIS FARICAL CIRCUS,
THAT DOES NOTHING BUT
LOWER THE TONE OF THE
STRIP, WHAT I HAVE SAVED
MYSELF FOR? IS IT ALL TO
END SO IGNOMINIOUSLY?





NOT OUR
WILLY
YOU DONT!

I'VE BEEN WANTING
TO DO THAT EVER
SINCE THIS STRIP
BEGAN!

THUD!

OOF!

WHATEVER IT IS
THEY'VE DONE IT
PRETTY THOROUGHLY!

WILLY!
WHAT HAVE THEY
DONE TO YOU?

BIG
DEAL!

RUSSCAKE! HOW
CAN I EVER
SPANK YOU
ENOUGH!

YEP-YOU'RE RIGHT, WHO
THE HELL INVENTED
HAPPY ENDINGS?
THERE'S ONE CONSOLATION
— **WANDA LIVES!!**
SO STAY TUNED IN,
FELLERS

OH WICKED WANDA!

SAVED BY CANDYLOSS'S CENER-ASS-ITY FROM A SPECTACULAR RAVISHING BY WILLY THE WHOPPER, WANDA RESUMES COMMAND OF HER LIBERATED PUSS PIRATES. ~~~~~

COULD YOU MEN GO RESCUE PROFESSOR SAPIENS

PUSSCAKE-YOU'LL RECEIVE A DECORATION FOR YOUR PART IN THIS CAMPAIGN!

PAT PAT

ON BEHALF OF THE PIF, I'D LIKE TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR ESCAPE, CHIEF

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, CREEP! I'D LIKE TO HAVE SEEN IT!

A SUBVERSIVE! GET THAT MAN'S NAME AND NUMBER!

HE'LL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!

SPEAK TO ME, WILLY!

SHUCKS, I ONLY DID WHAT ANY OTHER SEX-MANIAC WOULD HAVE DONE IN SIMILAR CIRCUMSTANCES!

BLABBER-BLABBER!

A BEAUTIFUL INNOCENT-DESTROYED BY THE EVIL MACHINATIONS OF BIG BUSINESS!

by
FREDERIC
MULLALLY
and
RON
EMBLETON

ISOLATED IN HIS OVAL
SECRET SANCTUM, THE REAL
HOWARD HUGO FUMES
IMPOTENTLY OVER THE
CANCELLATION OF HIS EARLY
MORNING SCENARIO.

WHILE IN ANOTHER PART
OF HUGO'S VILLA

SCREWED AGAIN
BY THE VONKREESUS
G*XX*G!
GODAMMIT, I'LL
HAVE THAT G*XX*
HALDERLICH'S
G*XX*G!
FOR THIS!

YOU'RE FREE,
EGGBONCE!
LET'S GET GOING!

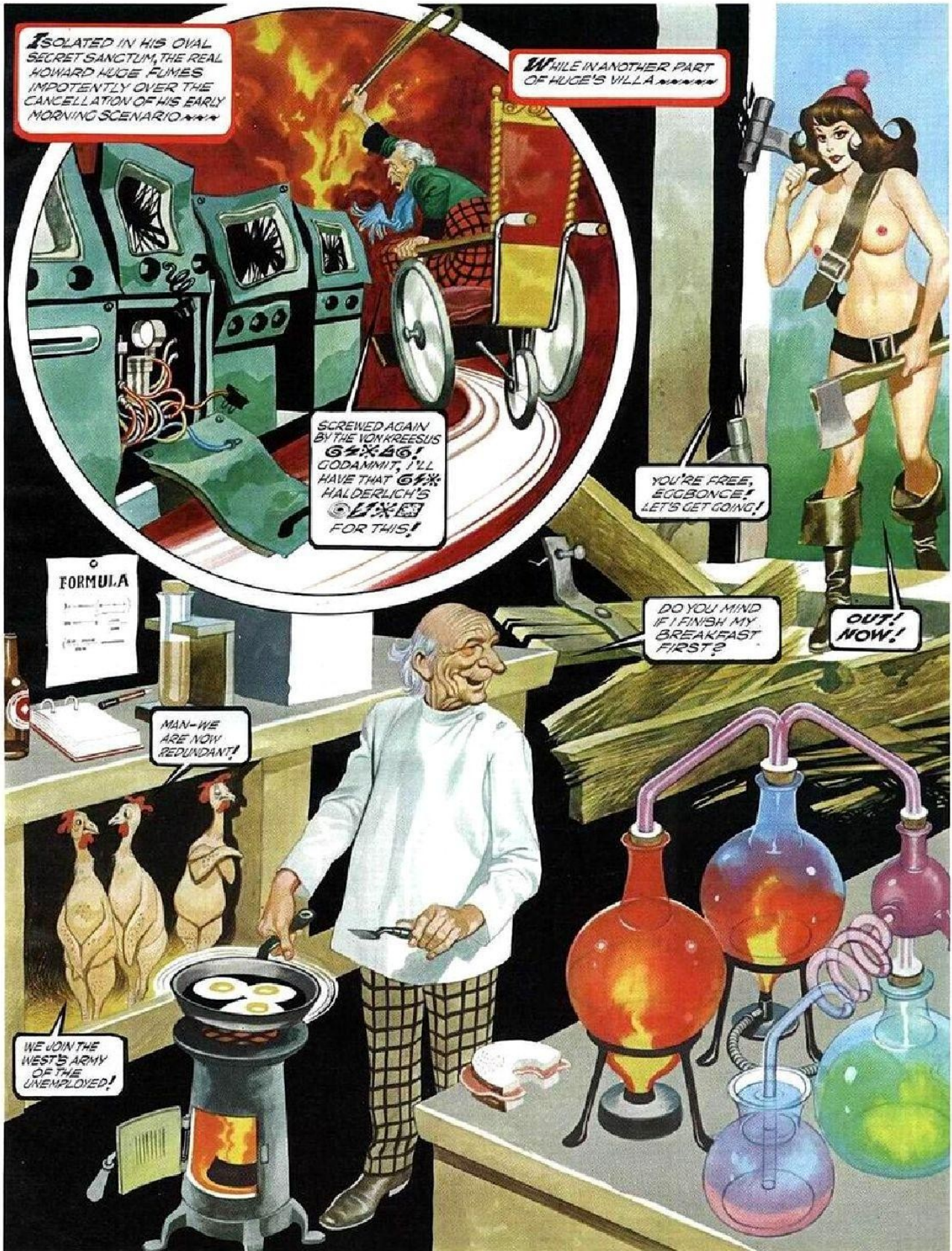
DO YOU MIND
IF I FINISH MY
BREAKFAST
FIRST?

OUT!
NOW!

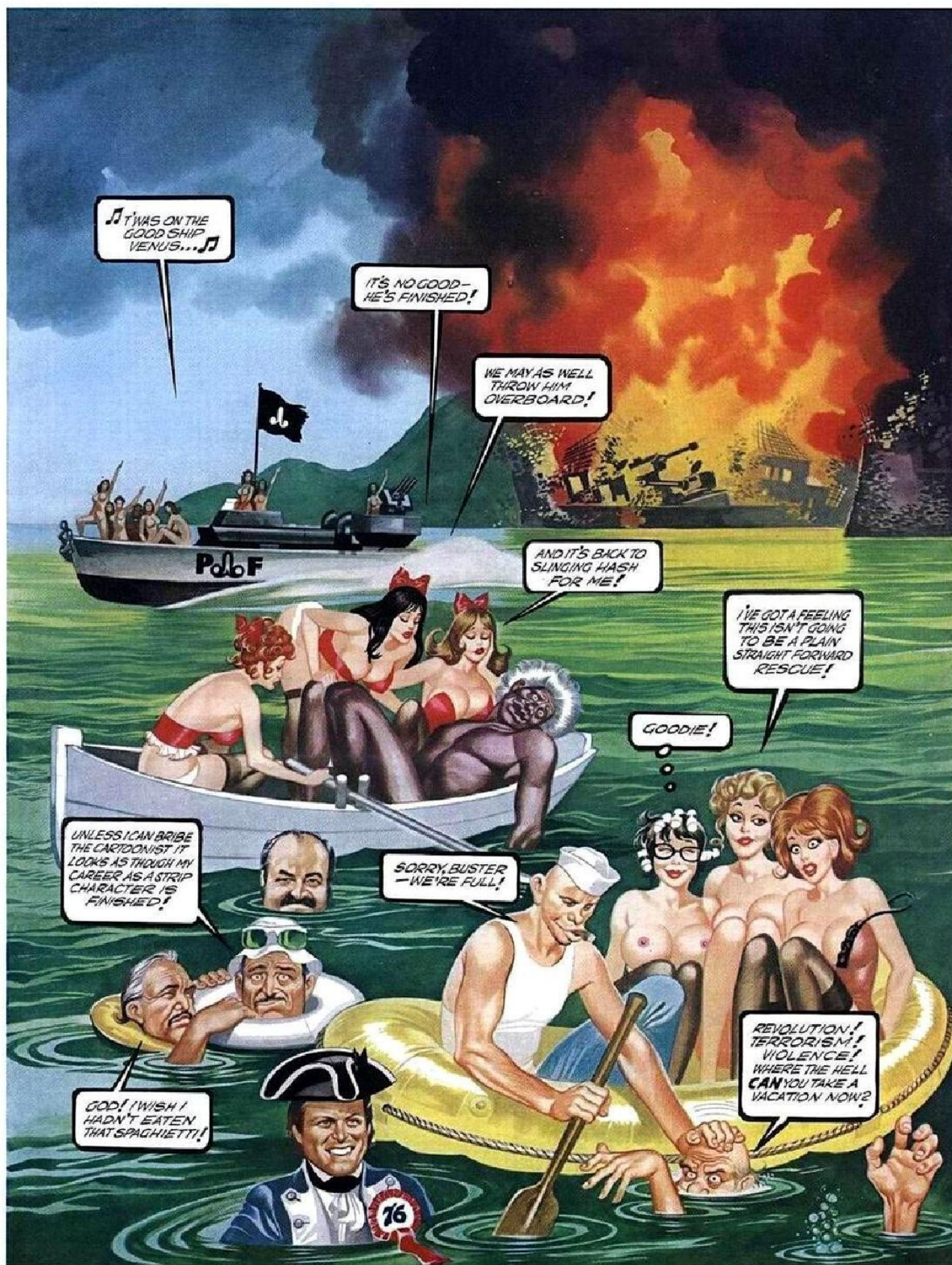
FORMULA

MAN-WE
ARE NOW
REDUNDANT!

WE JOIN THE
WEST'S ARMY
OF THE
UNEMPLOYED!







♪ IT WAS ON THE GOOD SHIP VENUS... ♪

IT'S NO GOOD—HE'S FINISHED!

WE MAY AS WELL THROW HIM OVERBOARD!

AND IT'S BACK TO SLINGING HASH FOR ME!

I'VE GOT A FEELING THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE A PLAIN STRAIGHT FORWARD RESCUE!

GOODIE!

UNLESS I CAN BRIBE THE CARTOONIST IT LOOKS AS THOUGH MY CAREER AS A STRIP CHARACTER IS FINISHED!

SORRY, BUSTER—WE'RE FULL!

GOD! I WISH I HADN'T EATEN THAT SPAGHIETTI!

REVOLUTION! TERRORISM! VIOLENCE! WHERE THE HELL CAN YOU TAKE A VACATION NOW?

76

LATER, AT THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS, WANDA CELEBRATES HER TRIUMPH WITH AN ORGY.

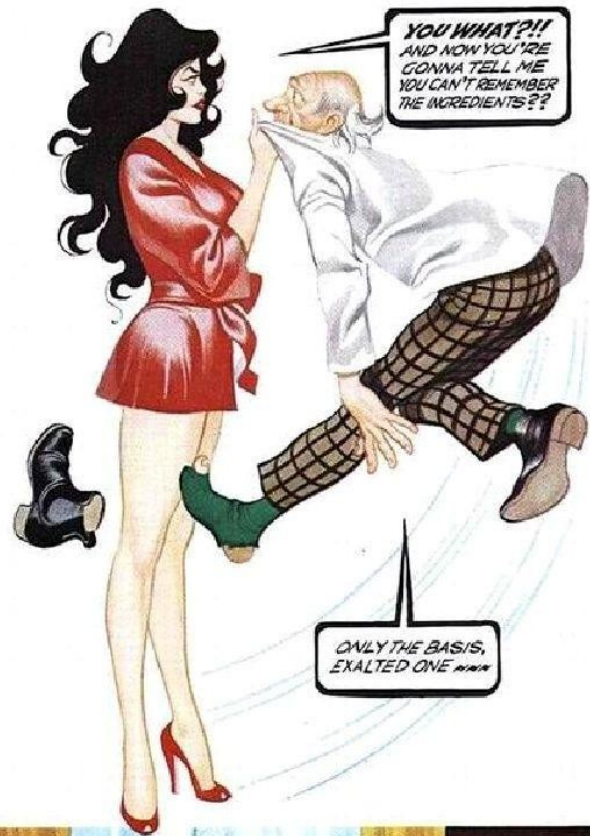
HEY, GRUD! WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED CLEARING UP - SEND SAPIENS TO ME!

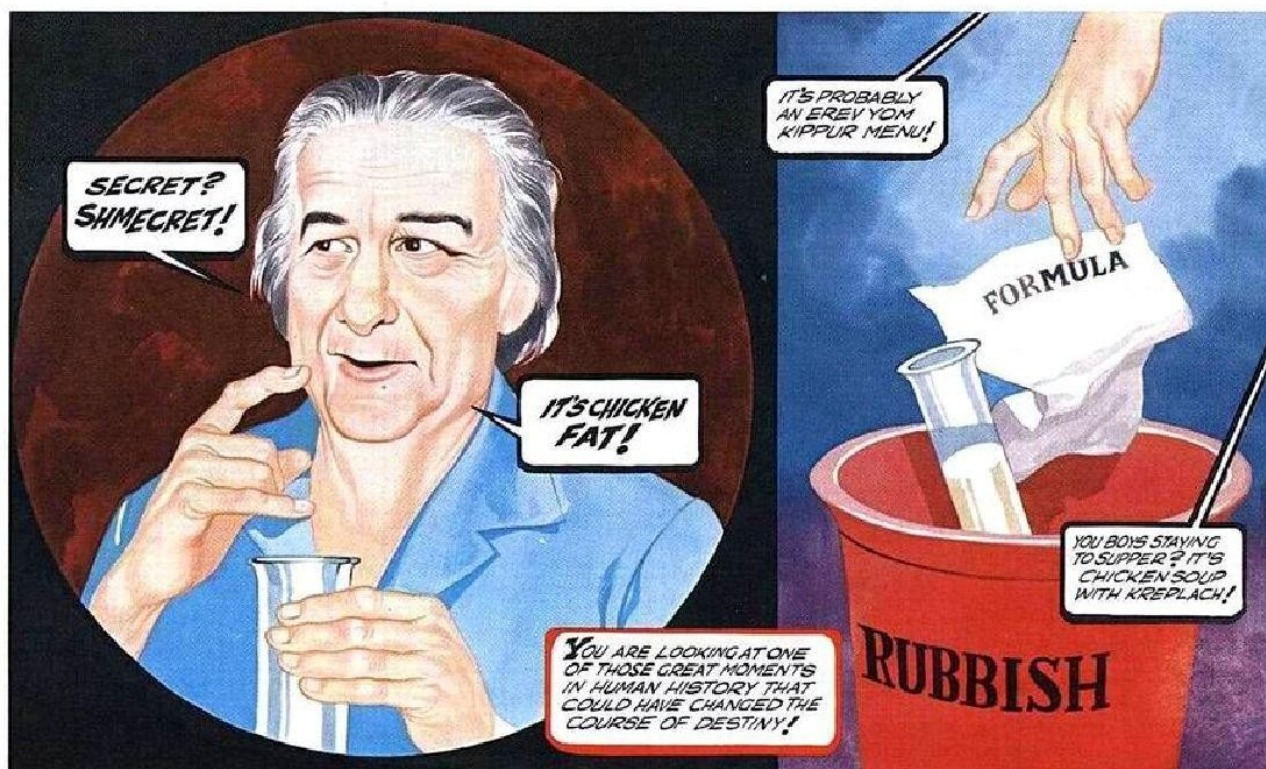
YOU'VE MISSED THE ORGY, K'IDDO, BUT DON'T FRET - I'LL COME AND SEE YOU AFTER LIGHTS OUT!

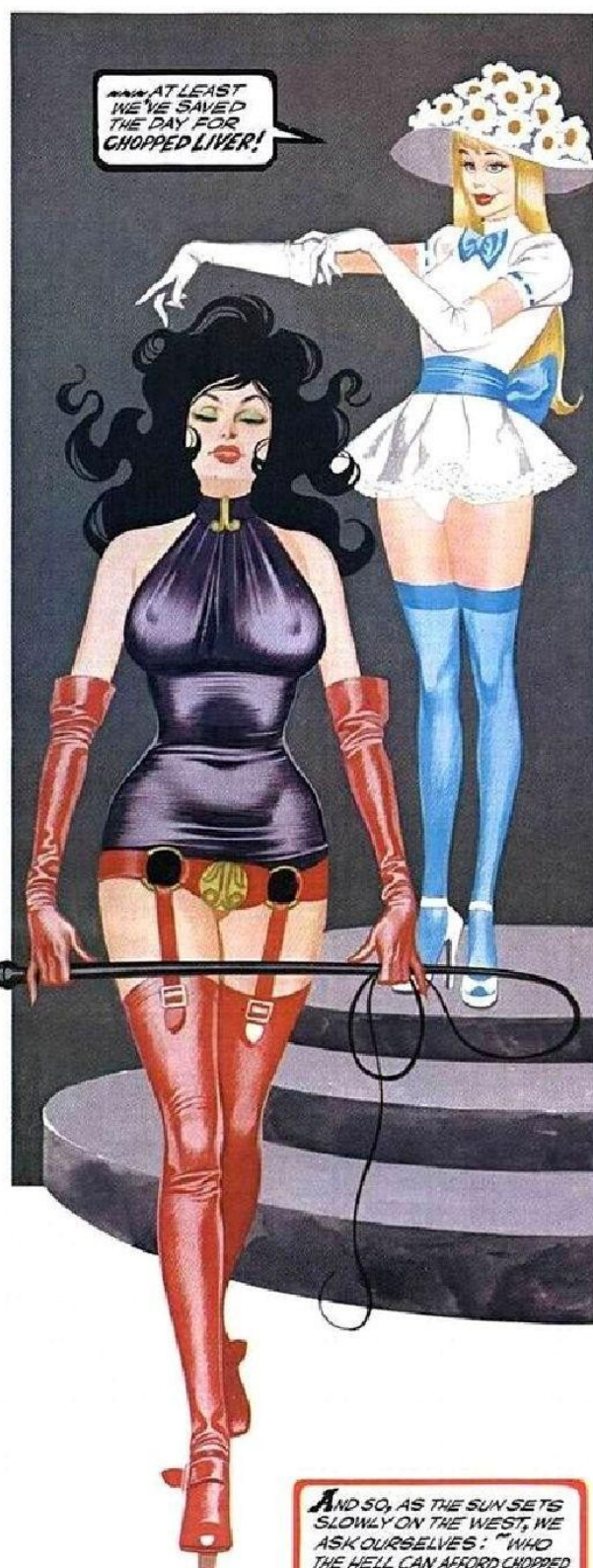


IF THIS IS WOMEN'S LIB IT'S GONNA BE THE END OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION!









AND SO, AS THE SUN SETS SLOWLY ON THE WEST, WE ASK OURSELVES: "WHO THE HELL CAN AFFORD CHOPPED LIVER THESE DAYS?" BUT AS EGGBOUCE WOULD SAY, "ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WEALED!"

OH, WICKED
WANDA!



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